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THE
LADIES' READER

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF

LADIES' SCHOOLS

AND

FAMILY READING CIRCLES:

COMPRISING CHOICE SELECTIONS FROM STANDARD AUTHORS, IN

PROSE AND POETRY;

WITH THE ESSENTIAL RULES OF ELOCUTION,

SIMPLIFIED AND ARRANGED FOR STRICTLY PRACTICAL USE.

BY

JOHN W. S. HOWS,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION,

AUTHOR OF "THE PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST," "THE SHAKSPEAREAN READER," ETC., ETC.



"NATURE without *Discipline* is of small force, and DISCIPLINE without *Nature* more feeble: if exercise or study be void of these, it availeth nothing."

MILES COVERDALE

PHILADELPHIA:
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1860.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

JOHN W. S. HOWS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO THE MANY
MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA

TO WHOM I HAVE SUSTAINED THE HONORED RELATION OF

INSTRUCTOR

IN THE ART, SO JUSTLY DESIGNATED

"THE CROWNING GRACE OF EDUCATION,"

This Work

IS DEDICATED

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PREFACE.

A "LADIES' READER" adapted to the tastes of advanced and intelligent pupils is a want so generally acknowledged by Teachers, that the attempt to supply this need has been pressed upon me rather as a *necessity*, than from any desire to increase the number of Elocutionary Text Books.

With the young, Elocution must be rendered an attractive study, or it is at best **INEFFECTIVE** in its results. Examples for practice must be varied and interesting in their character, or they will not command the attention and sympathies of Pupils: and the selections must afford illustrations of all the varieties and modifications of Elocutionary expression, or the work will be comparatively valueless, in the hands of the best Instructors of the Art. An excellence that shall be unmistakable in the *literary* and *poetic* character of the selections must be combined with an *interest* equally sustained in the Pieces themselves.

Attractiveness and instructiveness are the two essentials which I have endeavored to unite in the present work. A wide field of literature has been embraced in my choice of subjects. The most approved specimens of standard authors have been used, a large portion of which have never before been introduced into "School Readers"—and these have been chosen and arranged with a due regard to the development of a purely *natural* and *impressive* method of delivery. I have also provided a rich and varied collection of *Poetic* examples for practice in *Modulation*, and *emotional expression*. At the same time I have not neglected a phase of the Art which may be characterized as the "*Colloquial style*,"

and which, in view of its importance as a means of really and practically enlarging the enjoyments of the *Family Circle*, deserves a more than generally admitted prominence. From these peculiar features of the work, I venture to anticipate its welcome reception in the *Social Reading Circle*, although its specific destination is intended for a Text Book in our higher Ladies' Classes in Schools.

I need scarcely add that I have carefully revised each Selection, so as to make the entire work perfectly unexceptionable in its tone; I have studiously avoided, also, any sectional or sectarian tendencies in my choice of selections. A brief compendium of Elocutionary Instruction is prefixed to the work, comprising all the really needful rules of the Art; which, from its simplicity and directness, will, I trust, be found acceptable and useful both to Teachers and Pupils.

JNO. W. S. HOWS.

5 COTTAGE PLACE, NEW YORK,
June 9, 1859.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

THAT the study and practice of ELOCUTION should form a branch in our systems of Education, is now generally conceded. The true method of conveying a knowledge of this art is, however, still open to much discussion.

A very large class of intelligent and educated persons adopt the radical opinions of Archbishop Whately, and, echoing his injunctions to students, say—

“Don’t use any system of elocution: it will give you a false style; but read and speak naturally, as if you understood and felt what you are reading and speaking. NATURE and HABIT will show you how.” While in direct opposition to this high authority we have elaborated treatises on the Art, from popular Teachers, which insist upon a perfect *system* of ARTIFICIAL training, by which the pupil is reduced to a mere mechanical automaton, acted upon only by arbitrary and complicated Rules, and graduating every emotional expression of the voice by a scale of MUSICAL NOTATION. Now, these ultra views of the Art I conceive to be equally remote from a true conception of the requirements necessary to form a *natural*, graceful, and impressive mode of delivery either in Reading or Speaking.

In my long experience as a Professor of this Art, I have never found that NATURE, uneducated, untrained NATURE, ever made a naturally correct reader, or an impressive and eloquent speaker. At the same time I am free to confess that experience has confirmed me in the opinion that *elaborated* ARTIFICIAL rules are almost “worse than useless,” for they fetter all the natural impulses of the Pupil, and too frequently substitute mannerisms and affectations for a direct, earnest, natural method of delivery. And yet ELOCUTION has its rules, as essential and as necessary to be understood and

studied as are the rules which govern a thorough knowledge of the exact sciences.

To simplify these rules, and to present only those which are absolutely requisite to form a strictly natural and finished reader and speaker, has been the aim and labor of my professional life. In the compendium I now proceed to offer are embodied the results of my practical experiences of the requirements of the Art—presented in the most direct and brief form I could adopt.

As this work is more especially designed for the use of “Ladies’ Reading Classes,” a few suggestions of a general character may not inappropriately precede the Rules I have given for study and practice.

I assume that the only true basis of Instruction for this Art is, to lead the Pupil into that perception of the *meaning* and *construction* of language, that, in its delivery, a full appreciation of its sense shall be *felt*, and that, in this *vocal* expression, more especially in *READING*, the nearer we approach to the tones of the voice we employ in speaking, the more agreeable will be our efforts to those who listen, and the nearer we shall approach to a purely *natural* style of Elocution—an accomplishment than which, none can be more desirable for a young Lady to take home for the adornment and enjoyment of the social circle.

This intellectual *talking style* in reading can be acquired by very youthful pupils, and it is with such I would imperatively recommend its practice. It is while the young organs are flexible, and the habits are fresh and untrammelled by conventionalisms, and before mannerisms are contracted and confirmed, that this all-important Elocutionary instruction can be most effectively carried out; and the habit thus obtained will never be eradicated.

I would also recommend this method as the only one to be used for adult practice. The perceptions are constantly quickened into action, and an acute, vivid appreciation of the beauties of language is acquired, that necessarily leads to the adoption of tones perfectly in accordance with the sense, and an appreciative and refined taste is cultivated, which will prefer taking *NATURE* as its Elocutionary model, rather than the *ARTIFICIAL* and *ARBITRARY* rules of *systems*.

The human voice, however, requires to be trained; the vocal organs can be improved and developed; and aids are afforded in the *essential* rules of Elocution.

Practice on the elementary sounds of letters, upon Elocutionary principles, will produce a rich, pure, and finished *ARTICULATION*.

A knowledge of the positive rules which govern INFLECTIONS, and practice on the same to enable the Pupil to inflect with ease; the general knowledge of Rules governing EMPHATIC STRESS, and a practice on MODULATION in its varieties of *level*, *emotional*, and *imitative* tones, are all the necessary mechanical auxiliaries which Elocution as an Art affords to the Student.

These essential rules I now present, condensed into the briefest and most practical form, the due practice of which in classes, accompanied by the application of the principles to the daily READING from *Examples* I have furnished in this work, will, I trust, materially assist in the formation of an eminently *natural* and correct style of Reading.

THE ESSENTIAL RULES OF ELOCUTION.*

ELOCUTION has been divided into—

ARTICULATION and PRONUNCIATION, embracing distinctness, force, and freedom from Provincialisms.

INFLECTION, having a regard to the slides, shifts, and pauses of the voice.

MODULATION is the proper management of the tones of the voice, so as to produce grateful melody to the ear, in accordance with the sense.

EMPHASIS marks the comparative importance of words in a sentence.

ARTICULATION.

Correct articulation is the most important exercise of the voice and of the organs of speech. It consists in giving every letter in a syllable its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved standard of pronunciation, and in making a distinct syllabication of words.

In just articulation the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable, nor melted together into a mass of confusion; they should be delivered full, pure, and, as it were, chiselled from the lips—and thus only can words make their due impression upon hearers.

For the benefit of youthful and untrained Pupils, I annex the following Examples for Practice on Elementary Sounds of Letters and Syllables, on which depend the clear and distinct ARTICULATION of words.

ELEMENTARY VOWEL SOUNDS.

A has eight sounds:

1. as in game, debate.
2. “ any, many, miscellany, herbage.
3. “ care, dare, fare.
4. “ liar, regular, inward.
5. “ father, calm.

* I claim no originality in the creation of any new system of Elocutionary Instruction. I have only compiled and adapted Rules from acknowledged Masters of the Art, rejecting those which my experience has satisfied me are but extraneous and non-essential.

6. as in that, glass.
7. " all, law, salt.
8. " what, want, was.

E has five sounds.

1. as in me, theme.
2. " pretty, been, England, faces, linen.
3. " bet, end, sell.
4. " where, there, ere, e'er, ne'er.
5. " herd, merchant.

I has four sounds.

1. as in chide, decide.
2. " machine, caprice.
3. " chin, wit, hill.
4. " bird, flirt, virtue.

O has six sounds.

1. as in tone, droll.
2. " love, money, other.
3. " do, more.
4. " woman, wolf.
5. " cost, former, nor.
6. " not, robber.

U has five sounds.

1. as in mule, pure.
2. " full, push.
3. " dull, tub.
4. " busy, minute.
5. " bury.

Y, when a vowel, has four sounds.

1. as in my, tyrant.
2. " fancy, envy.
3. " lyric, system.
4. " myrtle.

W, as a vowel, has no independent sound; in conjunction with another vowel it forms a diphthong—as in blow, cow, howl, scowl.

N. B.—The Teacher will explain to the Pupil the variations in the sounds of the vowel—whether alphabetical, short, or varying in the sound of the letter.

When vowels appear in combination they are called diphthongs and triphthongs.

A diphthong is the union of two vowels in one articulation, as ou in sour.

A triphthong is a union of three vowels in one articulation, as *eau* in *beau*.

Diphthongs and Triphthongs are divided into proper and improper. Proper diphthongs and triphthongs blend their vowels, and form one sound; as *ou* in *sour*, and *eau* in *beau*. Improper have only one of their vowels vocal, as *ea* in *beat*, *eau* in *beauty*.

N. B.—As the insertion of Tables for the varied diphthongal and triphthongal sounds would occupy more space than I can allot for them in this work, I beg to suggest that attention be paid to them in Orthography Lessons, and in Reading of words containing their varieties.

ELEMENTARY CONSONANT SOUNDS.

B as it sounds in *rebel*, *robber*, *cub*, *babe*, *ball*, *bead*, *mob*. It is silent after *m*, except in *accumb*, *succumb*, *rhomb*, and also before *t* in the same syllable as in *lamb*, *bomb*, *thumb*, *debtor*.

F as heard in *fancy*, *muffin*.

H as in *hat*, *horse*, *hedge*, *hail*.

When silent, as in *heir*, *herb*, *honest*, *hour*, *rhomb*, *rhetoric*, *ah*, *oh*, *humble*, *hostler*, *exhale*, *exhort*, *exhaust*, *exhilarate*.

J as in *jelly*, *James*, and its *y* sound in *hallelujah*, *joy*, *jar*, *jilt*.

K as in *keep*, *skirt*, *smirky*, *ink*, or mute before *n*, as in *knife*, *knew*.

L as in *sorrel*, *billow*, *love*, *lull*, *lie*, *lad*, *all*, *weal*.

When silent, as in *could*, *calf*, *talk*, *balm*, *salve*.

M as in *man*, *maim*, *mime*, *may*, *more*, *am*, *him*, *hum*, *deem*, *murmur*.

P as in *pay*, *lip*, *puppy*.

When silent, as in *pneumatics*, *tempt*, *psalm*, *corps*, *raspberry*, *receipt*.

R as in *rage*, *brimstone*, *hurra*, *rap*, *tar*, *hare*, *ire*, *ore*, *lure*, *bur*, *rare*, *rear*, *roared*, *rarely*, *drier*, *error*, *honor*, *terror*, *brier*, *prior*, *truer*.

V as in *valve*, *vaunt*, *cave*, *leave*, *velvet*, *survive*, *vain*, *levity*, *relieve*.

W as in *want*, *reward*, *woe*, *way*, *was*, *ware*, *wed*, *wine*.

When silent, as in *answer*, *sword*, *wrap*, *wreck*, *wrong*.

Y as in *ye*, *yes*, *young*, *yawn*, *yearly*.

Sh as in *short*, *relish*.

Th as in *thine*, *they*, *than*, *then*, *thee*, *bathe*, *beneath*, *them*, *clothe*, *think*, *with*.

When silent, in asthma, isthmus, phthisic, Thomas, Thames, thyme.

W as in woe, way, was, ware, wed, wine.

Wh as in which, what, whale, when.

When silent, in whole, who, whoop.

D as in did, dawn, den, laid, mad, bed, dead, meddle, ruddy.

When taking a t sound in faced, stuffed, cracked, tripped, vexed, vouched, flashed, piqued.

When silent, as in handsome, stadtholder, and Wednesday.

G hard, as in gag, gave, gall, gull, bag, hag, log, rug, game, gone, glory, grandeur.

Soft, as in gem, giant, ginger, Egypt, gyration, badge, edge.

When silent, as in phlegm, gnash, malign, intaglio, seraglio.

N as in nun, nine, nay, now, an, den, din, manner, number, bank, distinct, bronchial, banquet, anxiously.

When silent, as in kiln, hymn.

S as in sap, passing, use, Sabbath, set, smile, strifes, sugar, sure, rakes, hops, dissolve, possess, disarm, discern, disdain, disease, dishonor, wise, disguise, otherwise, sorry, curiosity, monstrosity, as, is, was, his, has, these, those, others, ribs, rugs, praises, riches, dies, tries, flies, reserve, reside, result, expulsion, transient, mansion, version, censure, pressure, ambrosial, vision, passion, usual, pleasure, erasure.

When silent, as in aisle, corps, demesne, isle, island, puisne, viscount.

T as in ten, met, written, patient, notation, fustian, question.

When silent, as in hasten, bustle, éclat, hautboy, mortgage, chestnut.

X as in exit, exercise, excellence, luxury, expense, excuse, extent, Xenophon, Xerxes, Xanthus, doxology, proximity, vexation, relaxation, exhale, exhibit, exhort, exhaust.

Z as in zone, maze, haze, azure, zest, zinc, glazier.

Ch as in chin, chub, church, machine, chagrin, chaise, scheme, chorus, distich.

When silent, as in schism, yacht, drachm.

Ng as in sing, song, sang, mingling, arrange, derange.

C as in cart, cat, colt, cut, cur, college, cottage, cedar, cider, cymbal, mercy, ocean, social, special, species, spacious, discern, sacrifice, suffice.

When silent, as in czar, czarina, indict, muscle, victuals.

Gh as in laugh, cough, trough.

Ph as in philosopher, caliph.

Q as in banquet, conquer, coquet.

N. B.—By continuous practice on the foregoing elementary sounds of letters, with reference to their importance in Elocutionary expression—that is, the development of the pure *vocal tone* in their pronunciation—Pupils would be insensibly led into a correct knowledge, and a finished execution of what have been designated Tonic and Subtonic Sounds, without being distracted by the elaborated rules and tables of examples, deemed essential by those who are advocates for complicated artificial rules. To further aid Pupils of matured capabilities, I annex a Table of Tonics, Subtonics, and Atonics, as arranged by Dr. Rush, and which are generally adopted by Professors of Elocution.

But all the essential principles of Articulated Sounds may be evolved in the examples I have before given. The exercise on the following Tables may be found advantageous in developing and strengthening the vocal organs, if the practice is made to involve the prolonged sounds of the vowels and vocal consonants—with a full expulsion of the chest tones, and with varied modulations of the voice.

TONICS.

Tonics are elementary sounds, which have a distinct and perfect tone proper to themselves, and capable of being held or prolonged by the voice indefinitely. They are—A, E, I, O, U, as heard in

ALL,	ON,	ARM,	AT,	ALE,
THERE,	END,	EVE,	ILL,	OLD,
DO,	BULL,	URN,	US.	

The DIPHTHONGAL TONICS are—

AIL,	ISLE,	OUR,	OIL,	UNION.
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SUBTONICS.

Subtonics have tone or vocality, but are inferior to *tonics* in fullness of power of sustainment. They are—

B as in bad.	Y as in yet.
D “ dash.	W “ wild.
G “ gum.	R “ Rome.
V “ vat.	L “ lull.
Z “ zeal.	M “ mum.
J “ judge.	N “ nun.
Zsh “ azure.	Ng “ England.
Th “ then.	

ATONICS.

Atonics.—Sounds without tones—a mere impulsion of the breath without vocality. They are—

P as in pay.	H as in hit.
T “ task.	Wh “ when.
K “ kill.	R “ ride.
F “ fight.	L “ lily.
S “ same.	M “ mind.
Ch “ church.	N “ now.
Sh “ shame.	Th “ thing.
Th “ thin.	

The following Examples may be used as a further practice on *prolonged vowel and vocal consonant sounds*, fusing the sound of one word into the next following, to acquire the power of sustaining the voice in the use of suspensive tones:

A in age, air, aim, fate.
 E in eel, eve, ear, fear.
 I in isle, ire, mind, bind.
 O in old, oar, do, our.
 U in use, nature, future, mature.

B as in orb.	N as in own.
D “ aid.	R “ war.
L “ all.	V “ save.
M “ arm.	Z “ amaze.

Practice on unaccented vowels, or attention to their correct articulation in Reading or Reciting, should be observed by careful Teachers and Pupils; as, for example, on the words be-lieve, be-fore, be-hind, be-gin, be-stride, be-stir, be-long, pre-fer, pre-fix, pre-clude, pro-mote, pro-claim, pro-trude, etc.

As pronunciation belongs more exclusively to dictionaries, it is unnecessary to attempt giving any rules in this book. In the varieties of pronunciation on particular words which have crept into use, I do not presume to offer an opinion—further than to state my own practice, which is, where a choice has been left to the student by standard orthoëpists, I decide upon using the most euphonious of the varieties.

INFLECTION.

INFLECTION is the bending or sliding of the voice either upward or downward. There are two inflections; the one called the *Upward*, or rising *Inflection*; the other the *Downward*, or *Falling Inflection*. As connected with *pauses*, there is one inflection which denotes that the sense or meaning is suspended, and another which denotes that the sense is completed. "To be carnally minded"—is —death\."

In *elementary* Elocutionary training it is essential that the *ear* should be practised on the different sounds of Inflections, and the voice should be trained to inflect with ease and facility; the following compilation of Tables will be found essential for these purposes.

Let the following list of numbers be pronounced slowly, distinctly, and loud; marking each inflection with precision.

The acute accent (') denotes the rising Inflection.

The grave accent (`) denotes the falling Inflection.

TABLE OF INFLECTIONS.

One', two', three', four', five', six', seven', eight', nine', ten', eleven'', twelve\.

N. B.—Note that the number preceding the last is marked with a double rising inflection, to indicate that it precedes the final close of the list. The application of this Rule to sentences, and groups in sentences, will be noticed under the proper heads.

One.

One, two.

One, two, three.

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four, five.

One, two, three, four, five, six.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve.

EXAMPLES OF THE RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS CONTRASTED.

The Rising, followed by the Falling Inflection.

Does he talk rationally', or irrationally'?
 Does he pronounce correctly', or incorrectly'?
 Does he mean honestly', or dishonestly'?
 Does she dance gracefully', or ungracefully'?
 Do they act cautiously', or incautiously'?

The Falling, followed by the Rising.

He talked rationally', not irrationally'.
 He pronounces correctly', not incorrectly'.
 He means honestly', not dishonestly'.
 She dances gracefully', not ungracefully'.
 They acted cautiously', not incautiously'.

To enable the Pupil to *slide* without angularity or abruptness, a practice on the following exercise, from numbers one to ten, may be used :



EXERCISES ON THE INFLECTIONS.

Blessed' are the poor in spirit'. Blessed' are the meek'.
 Blessed' are the peace-makers'.

Let your light so shine before men', that they may see your good works', and glorify your Father'' which is in heaven'.

And now abideth faith', hope'', charity\; these three: but the greatest of these'—is—charity\.

When all thy mercies', O my God',
My rising soul surveys'—
Transported with the view', I'm lost
In wonder', love'', and praise\.

Correct articulation', is the most important exercise of the voice', and of the organs of speech\.

The sorrow for the dead', is the only sorrow' from which we refuse to be divorced\.

Age', that lessens the enjoyment of life', increases our desire of living\.

Christianity' bears all the marks of a divine original\.

It came down from heaven', and its purpose is to carry us up thither\.

Year' steals upon us' after year\.

Life' is never still for a moment', but continually', though insensibly', sliding into a new form\.

Infancy' rises up fast to childhood\—childhood' to youth\—youth passes quickly into manhood', and the gray hair' and the fading look', are not long in admonishing us'', that old age is near at hand\.

True gentleness teaches us to bear one another's burdens; to
rejoice with those who rejoice; to weep with those who weep; to
please every one his neighbor for his good; to be kind and tender-
hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be
patient toward all men.

When the Pupil has learned to inflect with ease, the following specific rules should be committed to memory, and the Examples affixed to the rules may be practised, until the application of the rules is thoroughly understood :

GENERAL ESSENTIAL RULES ON INFLECTION.

Interrogation.

When a question commences with a verb, it terminates with the rising inflection.

When a question commences with an interrogative adverb or pronoun, it terminates with a falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Interrogations Governed by a Verb.

Did he say he would come?

Will he come?

Is he here?

Shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory', before which principalities and powers bow down, tremble and adore'? Shall guilty and condemned creatures appear in the presence of Him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly'?

Interrogations Governed by Relative Pronouns.

Who will come?

Which of them will come?

What will he do?

When will he come?

Where will he go?

How can he exalt his thoughts to any thing great' and noble', who only believes that after a short turn on the stage of this world', he is to sink into oblivion'', and to lose his consciousness forever'?

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave',
 By nature's law design'd',
 Why was an independent wish'
 E'er planted in my mind'?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty', or scorn'?
 Or, why hath man the will', and power''!
 To make his fellows mourn'?

Who can look down upon the grave', even of an enemy', and not feel a compunctious throb', that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth'', that lies mouldering before him'?

Who can hold a fire in his hand',
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus'?
 Or, wallow naked in December's snow',
 By mere remembrance of the summer's heat'?

EXCEPTIONS.

Emphasis breaks through this rule.

Note.—See rule under the division of Emphasis.

When a series of questions is long and terminates a paragraph, the last number may take the falling inflection, as—

Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dress'd yourself'? Hath it slept since'?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale,
 At what it did so freely'? From this time,
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own act' and valor',
 As thou art in desire''? Would'st thou have that'
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life',
 And live a coward in thine own esteem'',
 Letting *I dare not'* wait upon *I would'*,
 Like the poor cat i' the adage'?

When two or more questions in succession, the first beginning with a verb, are separated by the disjunctive particle *or*, the last question requires the falling, and the preceding ones the rising inflection:

Can *honor's voice* provoke the silent dust?
 Or *flattery* soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Do the perfections of the Almighty lie dormant, or are they not rather in *continual* exercise?

EXCLAMATIONS of joy and surprise take the *rising*; fear, anger, scorn, grief, and awe, the *falling inflection*.

NEGATION is governed by the rising inflection, except when emphatic.

AFFIRMATION invariably by the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Affirmation.

That is my book.

Negation.

It is not my book.

I said good, not bad.

NEGATIVE SENTENCES.

Negative sentences, and negative members of sentences, when they do not conclude a paragraph, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

You are not left alone' to climb the arduous ascent—God is with you; who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail, nor the man who seeks his favor to seek it in vain'.

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness';
 I never gave *you* kingdoms'; call'd you children';
 You owe me no subscription'; why, then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure': here I stand—your slave—
 A poor', infirm', weak'', and despised old man'.

Virtue is of intrinsic value' and good desert'; not the creature of will', but necessary and immutable'; not local', or temporary', but of equal extent' and antiquity with the divine mind'; not a mode of sensation', but everlasting truth'; not dependent on power', but the *guide* of all power'.

When a series of negative sentences concludes a paragraph, the last member of the series takes the falling inflection.

EXAMPLE.

In death', the poor man' lays down', at last', the burden of his wearisome life'. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master', from whom he received his scanty wages'. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw' nor be hurried away from his homely meal'', to undergo the repeated labors of the day'.

A concession or admission takes the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

Painting', poetry', eloquence', and every other art, on which the genius of mankind has exercised itself, may be abused', and prove dangerous in the hands of bad men''; but it were ridiculous to contend', that, on this account', they ought to be abolished'.

One' may be a speaker', both of much reputation', and much in-

fluence', in the calm', argumentative manner''; to attain the pathetic' and the sublime of oratory', requires those strong sensibilities of mind', and that high power of expression', which are given to few'.

A parenthesis should be read more quickly and in a lower tone of voice, than those parts of the sentence which precede and follow it.

EXAMPLES.

Know ye not brethren'—for I speak to them that know the law'—that the law' hath dominion over a man' as long as he liveth''?

If envious people were to ask themselves', whether they would exchange their situations with the persons envied' (I mean their minds', passions', notions', as well as their persons', fortunes', and dignities',) I believe the self-love common to human nature', would, generally, make them prefer their own condition'.

If there's a God above us'—

And that there is', all nature cries aloud',

Through all her works''—He must delight in virtue';

And that which He' delights' in, must be happy'.

But to my mind—though I am native here

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honored in the breach than in the observance.

SERIES.

A series is a number of particulars, immediately following one another, whether independent (1), or having one common reference (2).

EXAMPLES.

(1) The wind and rain are over'; Calm is the noon' of day: The clouds are divided' in heaven; Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun': Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill'.

(2) The characteristics of chivalry were—valor', humanity', courtesy', justice', and honor'.

When the members of a series consist of several words, as in the former example, the series is called *compound*; when of single words, as in the latter, it is called *simple*.

When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called a commencing series; when it ends it, whether it begins it or not, it is called a concluding series.

COMMENCING SERIES.

Each particular of a commencing series takes the rising inflection

—with this special observance, that the last particular must have a greater degree of inflection, thereby intimating that the enumeration is finished.

EXAMPLES.

Beauty', strength', youth', and old age'', lie undistinguished, in the same promiscuous heap of matter'.

Hatred', malice', and anger'', are passions unbecoming a disciple of Christ'.

Regulation', proportion', order', and color'', contribute to grandeur as well as to beauty'.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

Each particular of a concluding series, except the last, takes the rising inflection. The particular preceding the last requires a greater degree of the rising inflection than the others, thereby intimating, that the next particular will close the enumeration. The last is pronounced with the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

They, through faith, subdued kingdoms', wrought righteousness'; obtained promises', stopped the mouths of lions', quenched the violence of fire', escaped the edge of the sword', out of weakness were made strong', waxed valiant in fight'', and turned to flight the armies of the aliens'.

Where'er he turns', he meets a stranger's eye:
His suppliants scorn him', and his followers fly';
Now, drops at once the pride of awful state',
The golden canopy', the glittering plate',
The regal palace', the luxurious board',
The liv'ried army'', and the menial lord.

Note.—I have given a somewhat elaborated exposition of the Rules which govern ARTICULATION and INFLECTION.—As these two important branches of Elocutionary Study are definite and positive—on the divisions of EMPHASIS and MODULATION—so much must be left to that higher, or more philosophical department of the art, which is drawn from a careful analysis of the meaning of language and the adapting of modulated *sounds* to the *sense*, that I shall confine myself to a few essential general rules, rather than follow out **any** system of elaborated *Artificial Instruction*.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is that stronger, fuller sound of the voice by which, in reading or speaking, we distinguish the accented syllable of words on which we design to throw particular stress, in order to show how they affect the rest of the sentence. On the right management of Emphasis depend the whole life and spirit of delivery: *false* emphasis perverts the meaning of language, *feeble* emphasis is ineffective, and emphasis overdone is repulsive to good taste.

There are two kinds of emphasis:—

1. Emphasis of *sense*—governed by inflection proper to the sentence.

2. Emphasis of *force*—always made with the *falling* inflection.

EXAMPLES IN EMPHASIS.

Of Sense.

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Did you walk home to-day?

Of Force.

Could you be so cruel?

Could you be so cruel?

I Did not say so.

EXAMPLE OF ACCUMULATED EMPHASIS.

I tell you I will not do it; nothing on earth shall persuade me.

Exclamations and interjections require impassioned, impressive emphasis.

Every new *incident* in a narrative, each particular *object* in description, and each new subject in passages, should be marked with distinctive emphatic stress.

Corresponding and antithetical words should be emphatic: when contrasted or compared, the objects of *greater importance* should be given with stronger emphatic stress with the *falling* inflection—the *less important* ones with the *rising* inflection.

When greater force is desired in the delivery of a particular phrase, every word and even parts of compound words, are given with emphatic expression.

A climax gradually ascends in expression to its close.

EXAMPLE.

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others'; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves'; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory'; it is pleasant to command our appetites' and passions', and to keep them in due order', within the bounds of reason and religion'', because that is empire'.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow!
Hyperion's curls'; the front of Jove himself';
An eye like Mars', to threaten and command';
A station like the herald Mercury'',
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill'.
A combination' and a form' indeed,
Where every god' did seem to set his seal'',
To give the world assurance of a man'.

An anti-climax should be read with decreasing energy, as you proceed; until the last member, being strongly emphatic, takes a fall instead of a rise.

EXAMPLE.

What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it': must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented': must he lose
The name of king'?—let it go!
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads';
My gorgeous palace' for a hermitage';

My gay apparel', for an almsman's gown';
 My figur'd goblets', for a dish of wood';
 My sceptre', for a painter's walking staff';
 My subjects', for a pair of carvèd saints':
 And my large kingdom', for a little grave':—
 A little', little grave'—an obscure grave'.

Repetition requires high rising inflection, acquiring fresh intensity from the iteration, as—

Tell them I grieve not for my death—
Grieve!—Ours hath been a race of steel;
 Steadfast and stern—yea, fixed in faith,
 Though doom'd Power's scourge to feel.

What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom'? What motive? That' which Nature, the common parent', plants in the bosom of man', and which, though it may be less active in the Indian' than in the Englishman', is still congenial with' and makes part of his being'.

Banish'd from Rome? What's *banish'd'* but set free
 From daily contact of the things I loathe?

Circumflex, or *wave*, is a species of emphasis which combines the rising and falling inflection on the same word. It is used in the tones of mockery and irony, and to mark a peculiar or double meaning.

EXAMPLES.

Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion', avarice'', and pride'.

Queen. Hamlet, you have your father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Most courteous tyrants! Romans! rare patterns of humanity!

If you said so, then *I* said so.

Monotone.—When words are not varied by inflection, they are said to be pronounced in a Monotone. This is used when any thing awful or sublime is to be expressed.

EXAMPLE.

O when he comes',
 Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme',
 To heaven ascending from some guilty land',
 Now, *ripe for vengeance*'; when he comes, *array'd*
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath',—
 Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm',
 And on the miscreants pours destruction down'',
Who can abide his coming'? *Who can bear*
 His whole displeasure'?

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearls and gold,
 Satan exalted sat!

MODULATION.

MODULATION is the giving to each tone of the voice its appropriate character and expression—so as to produce a grateful melody to the ear.

According to the subject the *time* of modulation should be regulated. *Narration* proceeds equally; the *pathetic* slowly; *instruction*, authoritatively; determination, with vigor; and passion with rapidity.

The voice is defined as capable of assuming three keys, the low, the high and middle, or conversational key, and to acquire the power of ranging in these with varieties of degrees of loudness, softness, stress, continuity and rapidity—I recommend the practice upon the elementary sounds of LETTERS and SYLLABLES, and the examples afforded under the head of INFLECTION. Instructions in these particulars can only be efficiently carried out, under a capable teacher. The following characteristics of varied modulation will be found useful to the student.

EXAMPLES.

ADORATION, ADMIRATION, SOLEMNITY, SUBLIMITY, are governed by low, loud, slow tones.

Mournfulness, Despondency—by low, soft, tremulous tones.

Fear, without guilt—by low, soft, tremulous tones.

Fear, with guilt—very low, slow tones.

Deep emotion—low, quick and broken tones.

Conversational voice—is light, and of moderate time.

Dignity—loud and slow tones.

Earnestness—loud, middle tone.

Revenge—loud, aspirated.

Courage—high, loud and slow.

In the practice of reading, these varieties of expressive modulation can be better understood, and the attention directed to a more *natural* management of the tones, than by taking *isolated* passages for practice. Exaggeration and artificial tones are too frequently acquired, where modulation is practised upon the latter method.

Imitative modulation is a great power in the hands of a skilful speaker or reader. It marks the reader's appreciation of the sense and beauty of a passage. In poetic reading and recitation, this branch of elocutionary art is especially desirable to attain.

Immensity, Sublimity—are expressed by a prolongation and swell of the voice.

*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.*

Motion and sound, in all their modifications, are, in descriptive reading, more or less imitated.

To glide, to drive, to swell, to flow, to skip, to whirl, to turn, to run, to rattle, etc., all partake of a peculiar modification of the voice, which expresses imitation.

The *sound* must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.

PAUSES.

Pauses are of consequence to a correct rendering of sense. They are of two kinds, first emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made after something has been said of peculiar meaning, but the most frequent use of pauses is, to mark the divisions of sense, and to allow the speaker to draw breath. By practising the pupil on the method of suspending the tone on elementary sounds of words, and then to gather the breath sufficiently to carry a long sentence to its final completion would entirely eradicate the vicious habit of dividing words having an intimate relation to each other, by which sense is destroyed, and the force of emphasis is entirely lost by divisions being made in the wrong place.

CLOSING REMARKS.

The foregoing compilation of elementary and strictly essential rules will assist in the formation of a correct, impressive and *natural* style of reading. Much, however, must depend upon the cultivation of an intellectual and sympathetic appreciation of the sense and beauty of language in all its varieties of sentiment, emotion and passion. It is in these all-important points of elocutionary instruction, that the capable and intelligent *Teacher* is needed, to develop and quicken the perceptions of the pupil. With such teaching the result would be a much more *natural* style of reading and speaking than now obtains in schools or in society.



THE LADIES' READER.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTICE IN READING AND RECITATION.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—JUDGE STORY.

IF Christianity may be said to have given a permanent elevation to woman, as an intellectual and moral being, it is as true, that the present age, above all others, has given play to her genius, and taught us to reverence its influence. It was the fashion of other times to treat the literary acquirements of the sex, as starched pedantry, or vain pretension; to stigmatize them as inconsistent with those domestic affections and virtues, which constitute the charm of society. We had abundant homilies read upon their amiable weaknesses and sentimental delicacy, upon their timid gentleness and submissive dependence; as if to taste the fruit of knowledge were a deadly sin, and ignorance were the sole guardian of innocence. Their whole lives were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" and concealment of intellectual power was often resorted to, to escape the dangerous imputation of masculine strength.

In the higher walks of life, the satirist was not without color for the suggestion, that it was—

"A youth of folly, an old age of cards;"

and that, elsewhere, "most women had no character at all," beyond that of purity and devotion to their families. Admireable as are these qualities, it seemed an abuse of the gifts of Providence, to deny to mothers the power of instructing their children, to wives the privilege of sharing the intellectual pursuits of their husbands, to sisters and daughters the delight of ministering knowledge in the fireside circle, to youth and beauty the charm of refined sense, to age and infirmity the consolation of studies which elevate the soul, and gladden the listless hours of despondency.

These things have in a great measure, passed away. The

prejudices which dishonored the sex, have yielded to the influence of truth. By slow, but sure advances, education has extended itself through all ranks of female society. There is no longer any dread, lest the culture of science should foster that masculine boldness, or restless independence, which alarms by its sallies or wounds by its inconsistencies. We have seen that here, as everywhere else, knowledge is favorable to human virtue and human happiness; that the refinement of literature adds lustre to the devotion of piety; that true learning, like true taste, is modest and unostentatious; that grace of manners receives a higher polish from the discipline of the schools; that cultivated genius sheds a cheering light over domestic duties, and its very sparkles, like those of the diamond, attest at once its power and its purity.

There is not a rank of female society, however high, which does not now pay homage to literature, or that would not blush, even at the suspicion of that ignorance, which, a half century ago, was neither uncommon nor discreditable. There is not a parent, whose pride may not glow at the thought, that his daughter's happiness is, in a great measure, within her own command, whether she keeps the cool, sequestered vale of life, or visits the busy walks of fashion.

A new path is thus opened for female exertion, to alleviate the pressure of misfortune, without any supposed sacrifice of dignity, or modesty. Man no longer aspires to an exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals, or allies, in almost every department of knowledge; and they are to be found among those, whose elegance of manners, and blamelessness of life, command his respect, as much as their talents excite his admiration.

THE WIFE.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and ten-

der female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blast of adversity.

As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune, but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more torturing was the thought that he was soon to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from the cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart which

now beats lightly in that bosom will be weighed down like mine by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through, I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?" At the question he burst into an agony of tears. "For God's sake!" cried he, "if you have any pity on me, don't mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness!"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest tidings. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only bond that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will soon perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve; it feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it."

"Oh, but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar! that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to shrink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every heart!—how can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinement of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh, it will break her heart—it will break her heart!"

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully, but positively.

"But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living — nay," observing a pang to pass across his countenance, "don't let that afflict you. I am sure you have never placed your happiness in outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being

less splendidly lodged; and surely it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary—”

“I could be happy with her,” cried he, convulsively, “in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could——God bless her!—God bless her!” cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

“And, believe me, my friend,” said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, “believe me she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman’s heart a spark of heavenly fire which lies dormant in the broad daylight of prosperity; but which kindles up and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.”

There was something in the earnestness of my manner and the figurative style of my language that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and following up the impression I had made, I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark downward path of low humility suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to the sunny regions in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which in other ranks it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

“And how did she bear it?”

“Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl,” added he, “she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she suffers no loss of accustomed conveniences nor elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares,

its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be the real trial."

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over: whereas, you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day. It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterward, he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, excepting his wife's harp. That, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves: for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doting husband.

He was now going out to the cottage where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in the progress of this family story, and, as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and, as we walked out, fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke with a heavy sigh from his lips.

"And what of her?" asked I: "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever

known her; she has been to me all love, and tenderness, and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I. "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasure of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh! but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience; she has been introduced into an humble dwelling—she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments—she has, for the first time, known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has, for the first time, looked round her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, almost of every thing convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door and on the grass-plot in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a footpath that wound through some shrubbery at the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice, singing, in a style of the most touching simplicity, a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk. A bright, beautiful face glanced out at the window and vanished—a light footstep was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us; she was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you, and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some

of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—and we have such excellent cream—and we have every thing so sweet and still here. Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his and looking up brightly in his face, "oh, we shall be so happy!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom—he folded his arms round her—he kissed her again and again—he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes; and he has often assured me that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has indeed been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of more exquisite felicity.

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark

With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.

There is a tale about these gray old rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love,
And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
When over these fair vales the savage sought
His game in the thick woods. There was a maid,
The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes,
Too near of kin, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
Its lightness, and the gray old men that passed
Her dwelling, wondered that they heard no more
The accustomed song and laugh of her, whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they said
Upon the Winter of their age. She went
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found
When all the merry girls were met to dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were out;
Nor when they gathered from the rustling husk
The shining ear; nor when, by the river's side,
They pulled the grape and startled the wild shades
With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed Indian dames
Would whisper to each other as they saw
Her wasting form, and say, *the girl will die*.

One day into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent years,
She poured her griefs. Thou know'st, and thou alone,
She said, for I have told thee, all my love,
And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of life.
All night I weep in darkness, and the morn

Glares on me as upon a thing accursed,
That has no business on the earth. I hate
The pastimes and the pleasant toils that once
I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
Have an unnatural horror in mine ear.
In dreams my mother, from the land of souls,
Calls me and chides me. All that look on me
Do seem to know my shame; I cannot bear
Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must die.

It was a Summer morning, and they went
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize and shaggy skins
Of wolf and bear, the offerings of the tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit, for they deemed,
Like worshipers of the elder time, that God
Doth walk on the high places, and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
The ornaments with which her father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
And bade her wear when stranger warriors came
To be his guests. Here the friends sat them down
And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
Below her—waters resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades
Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
She gazed upon it long, and at the sight
Of her own village peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
And came to dié for, a warm gush of tears
Ran from her eyes. But when the sun grew low
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock and perished. There was scooped,
Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave;
And there they laid her, in the very garb
With which the maiden decked herself for death,
With the same withering wild flowers in her hair.
And o'er the mould that covered her, the tribe
Built up a single monument, a cone
Of small, loose stones. Thenceforward, all who passed,
Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone
In silence on the pile. It stands there yet.
And Indians from the distant West, who come
To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and to this day
The mountain where the hapless maiden died
Is called the Mountain of the Monument.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.—LONGFELLOW.

At the foot of the mountain height
 Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
 When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree
 In the plain below were growing white,
 This is the song one might perceive
 On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve :

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
 Seemed from the clouds descending;
 When lo ! a merry company
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
 Each one with her attendant swain,
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
 Rejoicing angels, that kind heaven had sent
 For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,
 And soon descending
 The narrow sweep
 Of the hill-side steep,
 They wind aslant
 Towards Saint Amant,
 Through leafy alleys
 Of verdurous vallies
 With merry sallies,
 Singing their chant :

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
 With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of gloom,
 The sun of March was shining brightly,
 And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
 Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
 A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !
 To sounds of joyous melodies,

That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
 A band of maidens,
 Gayly frolicking,
 A band of youngsters
 Wildly rollicking!
 Kissing,
 Caressing,
 With fingers pressing,
 Till in the veriest
 Madness of mirth, as they dance,
 They retreat and advance,
 Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and
 merriest;
 While the bride, with roguish eyes,
 Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:
 "Those who catch me
 Married verily
 This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,
 And all attain what they pursue,
 And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
 And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
 So joyous with such laughing air,
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
 And yet the bride is fair and young!
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
 O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
 Never bore so lofty a brow!
 What lovers! they give not a single caress!
 To see them so careless and cold to-day,
 These are grand people, one would say.
 What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half way up the hill,
 In yon cottage, by whose walls
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
 Daughter of a veteran old;
 And you must know, one year ago,
 That Margaret, the young and tender,
 Was the village pride and splendor,
 And Baptiste her lover bold.
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
 For them the altar was prepared;
 But alas! the summer's blight,
 The dread disease that none can stay,

The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain;
She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing color, as well he might,
When the beldame wrinkled and gray
Takes the young bride by the hand.
And, with the tip of her reedy wand,
Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"

And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear;
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom.
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

[Margaret, the Blind Girl, learns that Baptiste is to be married to Angela; grief-stricken at the intelligence, she determines to be present at the wedding.]

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
The one puts on her cross and crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
Looks at herself and cannot rest.
The other, blind, within her little room,
Has neither crown nor flowers' perfume;
But in their stead for something gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
"O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind,
Conducted by her brother's hand,
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.
Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high degree,
A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is builded there;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!"
Thus Margaret said. "Where are we? we ascend!"

"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
 Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
 The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
 Dost thou remember when our father said,
 The night we watched beside his bed,
 'O daughter, I am weak and low;
 Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
 And here they brought our father in his shroud.
 There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
 Come in! the bride will be here soon:
 Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"
 She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
 "What wouldst thou do, my daughter?" and she started,
 And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
 But Paul, impatient, urges ever more
 Her steps towards the open door;
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
 Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
 And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
 Touches the crown of filigrane
 Suspended from the low-arched portal,
 No more restrained, no more afraid,
 She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
 And in the ancient chapel's sombre night,
 They both are lost to sight.

 At length the bell.
 With booming sound,
 Sends forth, resounding round,
 Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
 It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
 And yet the guests delay not long,
 For soon arrives the bridal train,
 And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
 For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
 Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
 To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
 "How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

 But she must calm that giddy head,
 For already the Mass is said;
 At the holy table stands the priest;
 The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;

Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it.

He must pronounce one word at least!

'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsman's side

"'Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,

Opens the confessional, and the blind girl, see!

"Baptiste," she said, "since thou hast wished my death,

As holy water be my blood for thee!"

And calmly in the air a knife suspended!

Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,

For anguish did its work so well,

That, ere the fatal stroke descended,

Lifeless she fell!

At eve, instead of bridal verse,

The De Profundis filled the air;

Decked with flowers a simple hearse

To the church-yard forth they bear;

Village girls in robes of snow

Follow, weeping as they go;

Nowhere was a smile that day,

No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:—

"The roads should mourn and be veiled in gloom,

So fair a corpse shall leave its home!

Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away!

So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

AMERICAN HISTORY.—JARED SPARKS.

IN many respects the history of North America differs from that of every other country, and in this difference it possesses an interest peculiar to itself, especially for those whose lot has been cast here, and who look back with a generous pride to the deeds of ancestors, by whom a nation's existence has been created, and a nation's glory adorned. We shall speak of this history, as divided into two periods, the colonial and the revolutionary.

When we talk of the history of our country, we are not to be understood as alluding to any particular book, or to the labors of any man, or number of men, in treating this subject. If we have a few compilations of merit, embracing detached portions and limited periods, there is yet wanting a work, the writer of which shall undertake the task of plodding his way through all the materials, printed and in manuscript, and digesting them into a united, continuous, lucid and philosophical whole, bear-

ing the shape, and containing the substance of genuine history. No tempting encouragement, it is true, has been held out to such an enterprise. The absorbing present, in the midst of our stirring politics and jarring party excitements, and bustling activity, has almost obliterated the past, or at least has left little leisure for pursuing the footsteps of the pilgrims, and the devious fortunes of our ancestors. The public taste has run in other directions, and no man of genius and industry has been found so courageous in his resolves, or prodigal of his labor, as to waste his life in digging into mines for treasures which would cost him much and avail him little. But symptoms of a change are beginning to appear, which it may be hoped will ere long be realized.

And when the time shall come for illustrating this subject, it will be discovered that there are rich stores of knowledge among the hidden and forgotten records of our colonial history; that the men of those days thought and acted, and suffered with a wisdom, a fortitude, and an endurance, which would add lustre to any age; and that they have transmitted an inheritance as honorable in the mode of its acquisition as it is dear to its present possessors. Notwithstanding the comparatively disconnected incidents in the history of this period, and the separate communities and governments to which it extends, it has nevertheless a *unity* and a consistency of parts, as well as copiousness of events, which make it a theme for the most gifted historian, and a study for every one who would enlarge his knowledge and profit by high example.

Unlike any other people, who have attained the rank of a nation, we may here trace our country's growth to the very elements of its origin, and consult the testimonies of reality, instead of the blind oracles of fable, and the legends of a dubious tradition. Besides a love of adventure and an enthusiasm that surmounted every difficulty, the character of its founders was marked by a hardy enterprise and sturdiness of purpose, which carried them onward through perils and sufferings, that would have appalled weaker minds and less resolute hearts. This is the first great feature of resemblance in all the early settlers, whether they came to the north or to the south, and it merits notice from the influence it could not fail to exercise on their future acts and character, both domestic and political. The timid, the wavering, the feeble-minded, the sons of indolence and ease, were not among those who left the comforts of home, braved the tempests of the ocean, and sought danger on the

shores of an unknown and inhospitable world. Incited by various motives they might have been ; by a fondness for adventure, curiosity, gain or a dread of oppression, yet none but the bold, energetic, determined, persevering, would yield to these motives or any other.

Akin to these characteristics, and indeed a concomitant with them, was a spirit of freedom, and a restlessness under constraint. The New England settlers, we know, came away on this ground alone, goaded to a sense of their invaded rights by the thorns of religious intolerance. But whatever motives may have operated, the prominent fact remains the same, and in this we may see throughout the colonies a uniform basis of that vigor of character and indomitable love of liberty which appeared ever afterward, in one guise or another, whenever occasions called them out.

Hence it was, also, that the different colonies, although under dissimilar modes of government, some more and some less dependent on the crown, preserved a close resemblance in the spirit of their internal regulations, that spirit or those principles which entered deeply into the opinions of the people, and upon which their habits were formed.

The instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with better promise, than in the revolutionary period of America, and especially by us, who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit or gain that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling ; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty ; the tongue mute that would dishonor their names by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory ; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land ; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it ; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts, and aspiring knavery may at last sing its

requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives—in this are our safety and our hope—the spirit of our fathers—and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts; while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done, the honor and praise will be ours, to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance, which they so nobly achieved.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers!
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
 The young birds are chirping in the nest,
 The young fawns are playing in the shadows,
 The young flowers are blowing from the west;
 But the young, young children, O my brothers!
 They are weeping bitterly!
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
 In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
 Why their tears are falling so?
 The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
 Which is lost in long ago.
 The old tree is leafless in the forest,
 The old year is ending in the frost;
 The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
 The old hope is hardest to be lost!
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 Do you ask them why they stand
 Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
 In our happy fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their looks are sad to see;
 For the man's grief untimely draws and presses
 Down the cheeks of infancy.
 "Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
 "Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
 Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
 Our grave-rest is very far to seek!
 Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,
 For the outside earth is cold.
 And we young ones stand without, in our bewild'ring,
 And the graves are for the old."

"True," say the young children, "it may happen
That we die before our time!
Little Alice died last year,—the grave is shapen
Like a snow-ball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her,
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying—"Get up, little Alice, it is day!"
If you listen by that grave in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries;
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the new smile which has grown within her eyes.
For merry go her moments, lull'd and still'd in
The shroud, by the kirk chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time!"

Alas, the young children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do!
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
But the children say, "Are cowslips of the meadows
Like the weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of our coal shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine.

"For oh!" say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
*If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.*
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall on our face trying to go;
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flowers would look as pale as snow;
For all day, we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or, all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round.

"All day long the wheels are droning, turning,
Their wind comes in our faces!
Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places!
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
Are all turning all the day, and we with all!
All day long, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels, (breaking off in a mad moaning,)
Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay, be silent! let them hear each other breathing,
 For a moment, mouth to mouth;
 Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing,
 Of their tender human youth;
 Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
 Is not all the life God giveth them to feel;
 Let them prove their inward souls against the notion
 That they live in you, or under you. O wheels!
 Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
 As if fate in each were stark!
 And the childrens' souls, which God is calling sunward,
 Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the weary children, O my brothers!
 That they look to Him and pray,
 For the bless'd One who blesseth all the others,
 To bless them another day.
 They answer—"Who is God that He should hear us,"
 While this rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
 When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
 Pass unhearing—at least, answer not a word;
 And we hear not, (for the wheels in their resounding)
 Strangers speaking at the door.
 Is it likely God with angels singing round Him,
 Hears our weeping any more?

Two words, indeed, of praying we remember;
 And at midnight's hour of harm,
 "*Our Father!*" looking upward in our chamber,
 We say softly for a charm.
 We say no other words except "*Our Father!*"
 And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
 He may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
 And hold both in His right hand, which is strong.
Our Father! If He heard us, He would surely—
 For they call Him good and mild—
 Answer, smiling down the steep would very purely,
 "Come and rest with me, my child."

"But no," say the children, weeping faster,
 "He is silent as a stone;
 And they tell us, of His image is the master
 Who commands us to work on."
 "Go to!" say the children; "up in Heaven,
 Dark, wheel-like turning clouds are all we find!
 Do not mock us! we are atheists in our grieving,
 We look to Him—but *tears have made us blind!*"
 Do you hear children weeping and disproving,
 O my brothers, what ye teach?
 For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
 And the children doubt of each!

And well may the children weep before ye,
They are weary ere they run!

They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
 Which is brighter than the sun!
 They know the grief of men, but not the wisdom,
 They sink in their despair, with hope at calm,
 Are slaves without liberty in Christdom,
 Are martyrs by the pang without the palm!
 Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievingly
 No joy of memory keep,
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly,
 Let them weep, let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
 And their look is dread to see;
 For you think you see their angels in their places,
 With eyes meant for Deity.
 "How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation!
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart?
 Trample down with mailèd heel its palpitation,
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
 Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants!
 And your purple shows your path,"
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!

THE BELLS.—EDGAR A. POE.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What a tale their terror tells,
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
 Rolls,
 A pæan from the bells—
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

TITANIA, BOTTOM AND FAIRIES.—SHAKESPEARE

Enter TITANIA *and her train.*

Tit. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
 Then, *for the third part of a minute*, hence ;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves' coats ; and some keep back
 The clamorous owl, *that nightly hoots and wonders*
At our quaint spirits : Sing me now asleep ;
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1st Fai. You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen.
 Newts and blind worms, do no wrong ;
 Come not near our fairy queen.

Chorus. Philomel with melody
 Sing in our sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby : lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;
 So, good night, with lullaby.

2d Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here ;
 Hence you long-legged spinners, hence :
 Beetles black, approach not near ;
 Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Chorus. Philomel with melody, &c.

1st Fai. Hence, away ; now all is well ;
 One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt* FAIRIES. TITANIA *sleeps.*

Enter OBERON.

Ober.—What thou seest when thou dost awake

[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids*
 Do it for thy true love take ;
 Love and languish for his sake :
 Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
 Pard or boar with bristled hair,
 In thy eye that shall appear
 When thou wak'st, it is thy dear ;
 Wake, when some evil thing is near.

[*Exit.*

Enter BOTTOM, *singing ;* PUCK *having clapt on him an ass's head.*

SONG.

Bot. The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
 With orange-tawny bill,
 The throstle with his note so true,
 The wren with little quill—

Tit. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed ?

[*Wakes.*

I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again;
 Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;
 And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,
 On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that, and yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
 Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate;
 The summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I do love thee; therefore go with me;
 I'll give thee faries to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
 And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
 And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
 That thou shalt like an airy spirit go,
 Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1st Fai. Ready.

2d Fai. And I.

3d Fai. And I.

4th Fai. Where shall we go?

Tit. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
 Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
 Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
 With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries:
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes;
 Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1st Fai. Hail, mortal!

2d Fai. Hail!

3d Fai. Hail!

4th Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to

Master Peasecod, your father. Good Master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well. *That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many gentlemen of your house.* I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.

OBERON *enters unseen.*

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy *amiable cheeks* do coy
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. *Scratch my head,* Peas-blossom. Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb, good Monsieur, get up your weapons in your hands, and kill me a *red-hipped humble bee on the top of a thistle*; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. *Do not fret yourself too much with the action, monsieur*; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; *I would be loth to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.*—Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help Cavaliero Cobweb to scratch.

Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable ear in music: let us have *the longs and the bones.*

Tit. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of provender. I could munch your *good dry oats.* Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tit. I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. *I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas*:—but, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, begone, and be always away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle

Gently entwist;—the female ivy so

Enrings the *barky fingers* of the elm,

O, how I love thee! How I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

OBERON *advances.* Enter PUCK.

Ober. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hateful fool,

I did upbraid her, and fall out with her :
 For she his hairy temples then had rounded
 With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers ;
 And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes,
 Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
 When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
 And she, in mild tones, begged my patience,
 I then did ask of her my changeling child ;
 Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
 To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
 And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
 And, gentle Puck, take this transformèd scalp
 From off the head of this Athenian swain ;
 That she awaking when the other do,
 May all to Athens back again repair,
 And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
 But first, I will release the fairy queen.
 Be as thou wert wont to be ;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See as thou wert wont to see ;
 Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
 Hath such force and blessed power.
 Now, my Titania ; wake you, my sweet queen.
Tit. My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !
 Methought I was enamored of an ass.
Ober. There lies your love.
Tit. How came these things to pass ?
 O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now !
Ober. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.—
 Titania, music call ; and strike more dead
 Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Tit. Music ! ho ! music ! such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ober. Sound music ! [*still music.*] Come, my queen, take hand
 with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
 Now thou and I are new in amity,
 And will to-morrow midnight, solemnly
 Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
 And bless it to all fair posterity ;
 There shall the pair of faithful lovers be
 Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark ;
 I do hear the morning lark.
Ober. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
 Trip we after the night's shade.
 We the globe can compass soon,
 Swifter than the wandering moon.

Till Come, my lord, and in our flight
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping here was found
 With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*
[Horns sound within.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH LIFE—THE AINSLIE FAMILY.—

PROFESSOR WILSON.

GILBERT AINSLIE was a poor man, and he had been a poor man all the days of his life, which were not few, for his thin hair was now waxing gray. He had been born and bred on the small moorland farm which he now occupied; and he hoped to die there, as his father and grandfather had done before him, leaving a family just above the more bitter wants of this world. Labor, hard and unremitting, had been his lot in life; but although sometimes severely tried, he had never repined; and through all the mist and gloom, and even the storms that had assailed him, he had lived on from year to year in that calm and resigned contentment, which unconsciously cheers the hearth-stone of the blameless poor.

With his own hands he had ploughed, sowed, and reaped his often scanty harvest, assisted, as they grew up by three sons, who even in boyhood were happy to work along with their father in the fields. Out of doors or in, Gilbert Ainslie was never idle. The spade, the shears, the plough-shaft, the sickle, and the flail, all came readily to hands that grasped them well; and not a morsel of food was eaten under his roof, or a garment worn there that was not honestly, severely, nobly earned. Gilbert Ainslie was a slave, but it was for them he loved with a sober and deep affection. The thralldom under which he lived God had imposed, and it only served to give his character a shade of silent gravity, but not austere; to make his smiles fewer, but more heartfelt; to calm his soul at grace before and after meals; and to kindle it in morning and evening prayer.

There is no need to tell the character of the wife of such a man. Meek and thoughtful, yet gladsome and gay withal, her heaven was in her house; and her gentler and weaker hands helped to bar the door against want. Of ten children that had

been born to them, they had lost three, and as they had fed, clothed, and educated them respectably, so did they give them who died a respectable funeral. The living did not grudge to give up for awhile some of their daily comforts for the sake of the dead, and bought with the little sums which their industry had saved, decent mournings, worn on Sabbath, and then carefully laid by. Of the seven that survived, two sons were farm-servants in the neighborhood, while three daughters and two sons remained at home, growing or grown up, a small, happy, hard-working household.

The boys and girls had made some plots of flowers among the vegetables that the little garden supplied for their homely meals; pinks and carnations brought from walled gardens of rich men farther down in the cultivated valleys, grew here with somewhat diminished lustre; a bright show of tulips had a strange beauty in the midst of that moorland; and the smell of roses mixed well with that of the clover, the beautiful fair clover that loves the soil and the air of Scotland, and gives the rich and balmy milk to the poor man's lips.

In this cottage Gilbert's youngest child, a girl about nine years of age, had been lying for a week in a fever. It was now Saturday evening, and the ninth day of the disease. Was she to live or die? It seemed as if a very few hours were between the innocent creature and heaven. All the symptoms were those of approaching death. The parents knew well the change that comes over the human face, whether it be in infancy, youth or prime, just before the departure of the spirit; and as they stood together by Margaret's bed, it seemed to them that the fatal shadow had fallen upon her features.

The surgeon of the parish lived some miles distant, but they expected him now every moment, and many a wistful look was directed by tearful eyes along the moor. The daughter, who was out at service came anxiously home on this night, the only one that could be allowed her, for the poor must work in their grief, and hired servants must do their duty to those whose bread they eat, even when nature is sick—sick at heart. Another of the daughters came in from the potato field beyond the brae with what was to be their frugal supper. The calm, noiseless spirit of life was in and around the house, while death seemed dealing with one who, a few days ago, was like light upon the floor, and the sound of music that always breathed up when most wanted; glad and joyous in common talk—sweet, silvery and mournful when it joined in hymn or psalm.

One after another, they all continued going up to the bed-side, and then coming away sobbing or silent, to see their merry little sister, who used to keep dancing all day like a butterfly in a meadow field, trifling for awhile in the silence of her joy—now tossing restlessly on her bed, and scarcely sensible to the words of endearment whispered around her, or the kisses dropped with tears, in spite of themselves on her burning forehead.

Utter poverty often kills the affections, but a deep, constant and common feeling of this world's hardships, and an equal participation in all those struggles by which they may be softened, unite husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in thoughtful and subdued tenderness, making them happy indeed while the circle round the fire is unbroken, and yet preparing them every day to bear the separation, when some one or other is taken slowly or suddenly away. Their souls are not moved by fits and starts, although, indeed, nature sometimes will wrestle with necessity; and there is a wise moderation both in the joy and the grief of the intelligent poor, which keeps lasting trouble away from their earthly lot, and prepares them silently and unconsciously for heaven.

"Do you think the child is dying?" said Gilbert with a calm voice to the surgeon, who, on his wearied horse, had just arrived from another sick bed over the misty range of hills, and had been looking steadfastly for some minutes on the little patient. The humane man knew the family well in the midst of whom he was standing, and replied, "While there is life there is hope; but my pretty little Margaret is, I fear, in the last extremity." There was no loud lamentation at these words—all had before known, though they would not confess it to themselves what they now were told—and though the certainty that was in the words of the skillful man made their hearts beat for a little with sicker throbbings, made their pale faces paler, and brought out from some eyes a greater gush of tears; yet death had been before in this house, and in this case he came, as he always does, in awe, but not in terror.

There were wandering and wavering and dreamy phantoms in the brain of the innocent child; but the few words she indistinctly uttered were affecting, not rending to the heart, for it was plain that she thought herself herding her sheep in the green, silent pastures, and sitting wrapped in her plaid upon the sunny side of the mountain. She was too much exhausted—there was too little life, too little breath in her heart, to frame a tune; but some of her words seemed to be from favorite old songs; and at

last her mother wept, and turned aside her face, when the child, whose blue eyes were shut, and her lips almost still, breathed out these lines of the beautiful twenty-third psalm.

“The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.”

The child was now left with none but her mother by the bedside, for it was said to be best so; and Gilbert and his family sat down round the kitchen fire for awhile in silence. In about a quarter of an hour they began to rise calmly, and to go each to his allotted work. One of the daughters went forth with the pail to milk the cow, and another began to set out the table in the middle of the floor for supper, covering it with a white cloth. Gilbert viewed the usual household arrangements with a solemn and untroubled eye; and there was almost the faint light of a grateful smile on his cheek, as he said to the worthy surgeon, “You will partake of our fare after your day’s travel and toil of humanity.”

In a short, silent half hour the potatoes and oat-cakes, butter and milk were on the board; and Gilbert, lifting up his toil-hardened but manly hand, with a slow motion at which the room was as hushed as if it had been empty, closed his eyes in reverence, and asked a blessing. There was a little stool on which no one sat by the old man’s side. It had been put there unwittingly, when the other seats were all placed in their usual order; but the golden head that was wont to rise at that part of the table was now wanting. There was silence—not a word was said—their meal was before them—God had been thanked, and they began to eat.

While they were at their silent meal, a horseman came galloping to the door, and with a loud voice called out, that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Ainslie, at the same time rudely, and with an oath demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse and turned his head away from the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off.

Gilbert took the letter from his son’s hand, casting at the same time a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former color. “I feared,” said the youth, with a tear in his eye, “I feared that the brute’s voice and the trampling of

the horse's feet would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid, at that moment to read it; at length he said aloud to the surgeon, "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due, is no dishonor." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence.

At this moment his wife came from her child's bed-side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man who knew him would arrest his goods or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our child is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter, with a face on which no emotion could be discovered; and then folding it up, he gave it to his wife, told her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room beside the poor dear child. She took it from him without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear toward her child, and thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bedside.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why, and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter. "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribbon and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball.

And at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep and bitter groan; at which the boy nearest in age to his dying sister looked up, weeping, in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads which he had been poring over, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him, for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that in his innocence and simplicity he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer door gently opened, and he whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of the parish never left his Manse, except as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed-room and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep, and when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles, and calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb, irrational creature, whose eyes it is certain sparkled with a sort of joy.

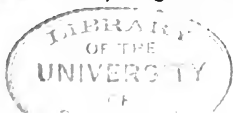
The letter received by the rude horseman proved to be from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Ainslie fifteen hundred pounds. "This sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, and will do more, far more than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe that with it, I may buy this very farm on which my forefathers have toiled. May God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, send us also wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to him for his goodness."

There was silence, gladness and sorrow and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and setting of the stars that were now out in thousands clear, bright and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed, could scarcely be said to have slept; and when, about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one who stood there forget that Sabbath morning on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fair and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.—N. P. WILLIS.

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,
 To listen for his coming. Her loose hair
 Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud
 Floating around a statue, and the wind,
 Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape
 Praxiteles might worship. She had clasp'd
 Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
 Her beautiful, dark, Jewish eyes to heaven,
 Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
 Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
 Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,
 Just where the cheek was melting to its curve
 With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
 Was shaded, as if light had fallen off,
 Its surface was so polished. She was stilling
 Her light, quick breath, to hear; and the white rose
 Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swell'd,
 Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
 To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
 Her countenance was radiant with love.
 She look'd like one to die for it—a being
 Whose whole existence was the pouring out
 Of rich and deep affections. I have thought
 A brother's and a sister's love were much;
 I know a brother's is—for I have been
 A sister's idol—and I know how full
 The heart may be of tenderness to her!
 But the affection of a delicate child
 For a fond father, gushing, as it does,
 With the sweet springs of life, and pouring on,
 Through all earth's changes, like a river's course,
 Chastened with reverence, and made more pure
 By the world's discipline of light and shade—
 'Tis deeper—holier.

The wind bore on
 The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes
 Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;
 And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts
 Returning from the battle, pour'd from far,
 Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.
 They came, as earthly conquerors always come,
 With blood and splendor, revelry and wo.
 The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod
 The brow of death, as well. The chariot wheels
 Of warriors roll magnificently on—
 Their weight hath crushed the fallen. *Man* is there—
 Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime
 And elevated brow, and godlike frame;



Lifting his crest in triumph—for his heel
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down

The mighty Jephthah led his warriors on
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,
And his stern lip curl'd slightly, as if praise
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,
But free as India's leopard, and his mail
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look
Of his dark, lofty eye and bended brow,
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts
Seemed gathering round which troubled him. The veins
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,
And his proud lip was press'd as if with pain.
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill
He dared not meet, were there. His home was near;
And men were thronging with that strange delight
They have in human passions, to observe
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.
He gazed intensely forward. The tall firs
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves
Of the sweet aloe, and the clustering vines
Which half concealed his threshold, met his eye,
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one,
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,
And the Circassian rose, and all the crowd
Of silent and familiar things stole up,
Like the recover'd passages of dreams.
He strode on rapidly. A moment more,
And he had reach'd his home; when, lo! there sprang
One with a bounding footstep and a brow
Of light to meet him. Oh how beautiful!—
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem—
And her luxuriant hair!—'twas like the sweep
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,
As if the sight had withered him. She threw
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.
She call'd him "Father"—but he answered not.
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.
Had sickness seized him? She unclasp'd his helm,
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,
And spoke the name of God in agony.
She knew that he was stricken, then; and rush'd
Again into his arms; and, with a flood
Of tears she could not bridle, sobb'd a prayer
That he would breathe his agony in words.
He told her—and a momentary flush

Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul
 Of Jephthah's daughter waken'd; and she stood
 Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—
 And she would die. * * * * *

The sun had well nigh set.
 The fire was on the altar; and the priest
 Of the High God was there. A pallid man
 Was stretching out his trembling hands to Heaven,
 As if he would have prayed, but had no words—
 And she who was to die, the calmest one
 In Israel at that hour, stood up alone,
 And waited for the sun to set. Her face
 Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip
 Had a more delicate outline, and the tint
 Was deeper; but her countenance was like
 The majesty of angels.

The sun set—
 And she was dead—but not by violence.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE MUSICIAN.—JOHN FORD.

Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
 Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
 To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
 Desire of visiting that paradise.
 To Thessaly I came, and living private,
 Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
 Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
 I day by day frequented silent groves,
 And solitary walks. One morning early
 This accident encountered me: I heard
 The sweetest and most ravishing contention
 That art or nature ever were at strife in.
 A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather
 Indeed entranc'd my soul; as I stole nearer,
 Invited by the melody, I saw
 This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
 With strains of strange variety and harmony
 Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge
 To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
 That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
 Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
 A Nightingale,
 Nature's best-skilled musician, undertakes
 The challenge; and for every several strain
 The well-shap'd youth could touch, she sung her down
 He could not run division with more art

Upon his quaking instrument, than she
 The nightingale did with her various notes
 Reply to.
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
 Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
 To end the controversy, in a rapture,
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning,
 Concord in discord, lines of diff'ring method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.
 "The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
 These several sounds: which when her warbling throat
 Fail'd in, for grief down dropt she on his lute
 And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
 He looks upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd, and cried,
 "Alas, poor creature, I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it.
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end;" and in that sorrow,
 As he was pashing it against a tree,
 I suddenly stept in.

MOUNT VERNON.—ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

At this moment they drew near the rude wharf at Mount Vernon; the boat stopped; and the crowd of passengers landed.

By a narrow pathway they ascended a majestic hill thickly draped with trees. The sun scarcely found its way through the luxuriant foliage. They mounted slowly, but had only spent a few minutes in ascending, when they came suddenly upon a picturesque nook, where a cluster of unostentatious, white marble shafts, shot from greenly sodded earth, inclosed by iron railings. These unpretending monuments mark the localities where repose the mortal remains of Washington's kindred.

Just beyond stands a square brick building. In the center you see an iron gate. Here the crowd pauses in reverential

silence. Men lift their hats and women bow their heads. You behold within two sarcophagi. In those mouldering tombs lie the ashes of the great Washington and his wife.

Not a word is uttered as the crowd stand gazing on this lowly receptacle of the dust of America's mighty dead.

Are there any in that group who can say, "this was *our* country's father?" If there be, can they stand pilgrims at that grave without Washington's examples, his counsels, his words, heretofore, it may be half forgotten, stealing back into their minds, until the sense of reverence and gratitude is deepened almost to awe? Do they not feel that Washington's spirit is abroad in the world, filling the souls of a heaven-favored people with the love of freedom and of country, though his ashes are gathered here?

Some one moves to pass on, and with that first step the spell is broken; others follow. Herman and Jessie linger last. After a period of mute and moving reflection, they turn away and slowly approach the mansion that in simple, rural stateliness, stands upon a noble promontory, belted with woods, and half-girdled by the sparkling waters of the Potomac which flow in a semicircle around a portion of the mount.

The water and woodland view from the portico is highly imposing. But it was not the mere recognition of the picturesque and beautiful in nature that moved Herman and Jessie. They would have felt that they were on holy ground, had the landscape been devoid of natural charm. Here the feet of the first of heroes had trod—here in boyhood he had sported with his beloved brother Lawrence—in those forests, those deep-wooded glens, he had hunted, when a stripling, by the side of old Lord Fairfax—here he took his first lessons in the art of war—to this home he brought his bride—by this old-fashioned, hospitable-looking fireside, he sat with that dear and faithful wife; beneath yonder alley of lofty trees he has often wandered by her side—here he indulged the agricultural tastes in which he delighted—here resigned his Cincinnati vocation and bade adieu to his cherished home at the summons of his country. Here his wife received the letter which told her that he had been appointed commander-in-chief of the army—here, when the glorious struggle closed at the trumpet notes of victory—when the British had retired—when, with tears coursing down his benignant, manly countenance, he had uttered a touching farewell—bestowed a paternal benediction on the American army, and resigned all public service—here he returned, think-

ing to resume the rural pursuits that charmed him, and to end his days in peace! Here are the trees—the shrubbery he planted with his own hands and noted in his diary; here are the columns of the portico round which he twined the coral honeysuckle; the ivy he transplanted still clings to yonder garden wall; these vistas he opened through yon pine groves to command far-off views! Here the valiant Lafayette sojourned with him; there hangs the key of the Bastile which he presented. Here flocked the illustrious men of all climes, and were received with warm, unpretending, almost rustic hospitality. Here the French Houdon modelled his statue, and the English Pine painted his portrait, and caused that jocose remark, “I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painters’ pencil, that I am altogether at their beck, and sit like ‘Patience on a monument!’”

Then came another summons from the land he had saved, and he was chosen by unanimous voice its chief ruler.

Thousands of men, women and children sent up acclamations, and called down blessings on his head, as he made his triumphal progress from Mount Vernon to New York, to take the presidential oath. The roar of cannon rent the air. The streets through which he passed were illuminated and decked with flags and wreaths. Bonfires blazed on the hills. From ships and boats floated festive decorations. At Gray’s Ferry, he passed under triumphal arches. On the bridge across the Assumpink, (the very bridge over which he had retreated in such blank despair before the army of Cornwallis on the eve of the battle of Princeton,) thirteen pillars, twined with laurel and evergreens, were reared by woman’s hands. The foremost of the arches those columns supported, bore the inscription, “The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters.” Mothers, with their white-robed daughters, were assembled beneath the vernal arcade. Thirteen maidens scattered flowers beneath his feet as they sang an ode of gratulation. The people’s hero ever after spoke of this tribute as the one that touched him most deeply.

When his first presidential term expired, and his heart yearned for the peace of his domestic hearth, the entreaties of Jefferson, Randolph, and Hamilton, forced him to forget that home for the one he held in the hearts of patriots, and to allow his name to be used a second time. A second time he was unanimously elected to preside over his country’s welfare. But, the period happily expired, he thankfully laid aside the mantle

of state, the scepter of power, and, five days after the inauguration of Adams, returned here to his Mount Vernon home. And here the good servant, whom his Lord, when he came, found watching and ready, calmly yielded up his breath, exclaiming, "It is well!" and his spirit was wafted to heaven by the blessings of his enfranchised countrymen.

Such were the events upon which Herman and Jessie conversed during the hours that glided away at Mount Vernon.

Herman could not but wonder, and not wholly without indignation, that while the earthly dwellings of so many men, rendered illustrious by their genius or their great deeds, were held sacred in the old world, this home of America's peerless patriot, the most hallowed ground of the new land, had not been snatched from the chances of profanation and ruin, and set apart as a shrine to which young and old might make pilgrimages, and be inspired with holy and patriotic emotions as they visited the scenes consecrated by the memory—the virtues of the departed hero.

"The day for that token of a nation's reverence must—will come"—answered Jessie confidently. "The land is young—it has not had time, in its bustling struggle for existence, to claim to itself the tomb upon which the spirit of liberty sits enthroned. But Mount Vernon will not be desecrated. If governments are forgetful, there are too many grateful hearts in the breasts of American *women* for Mount Vernon, the home of their father, to become a ruin. What did you tell me of the raising of the Bunker Hill Monument? When men shrank at the prospect of failure, did not woman press forward and finish what their brothers began? And may not the efforts of the faithful and devoted women of the land preserve, enshrine Mount Vernon.

"Enthusiast!" said Herman, "do you suppose they could accomplish such an Herculean task?"

"Yes," replied Jessie with fervor, "that, or any good and holy work to which they devote their best energies. Let but a master-spirit (heaven-appointed) lead them and mark out the way—one noble, self-sacrificing and wholly unselfish, patriotic woman, and thousands of hands and hearts will labor with her—they will share her laurels, but the work will truly be hers, and it will surely be accomplished."

At this moment the sounding of a bell gave warning that the boat was about to return, and they reluctantly retraced their steps to the wharf.

UNA AND THE LION.—SPENSER.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while,
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's press, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
 To seek her knight, who subtilly betray'd
 Through that late vision which the enchanter wrought
 Had her abandon'd. She, of naught afraid,
 Through *woods and wateness wide* him daily sought,
 Yet wish'd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unbasty beast she did alight,
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow far from all men's sight:
 From her fair head her fillet she undight
 And laid her stole aside: *her angel's face*
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place?
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rush'd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuag'd with remorse,
 And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
 And lick'd her lily hand with fawning tongue;
 As he her wrong'd innocence did weet.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death when she had mark'd long
 Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion:
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"*The lion, lord of every beast in field,*"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prick'd with pity of my sad estate—
But he my lion and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd
As the god of my life? Why hath he me abhorr'd?"

THE DIVER.—SCHILLER.

“Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
 I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
 And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
 Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
 Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
 That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
 Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
 Swirl'd into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
 “And where is the diver so stout to go—
 I ask ye again—to the deep below?”

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around,
 Stood silent—and fix'd on the ocean their eyes;
 They look'd on the dismal and savage profound,
 And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.
 And thrice spoke the monarch—“The cup to win,
 Is there never a wight who will venture in?”

And all as before heard in silence the king—
 Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
 'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
 Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
 And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
 On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
 One glance on the gulf of that merciless main;
 Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
 Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
 And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
 And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
 Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
 Through the breakers that whiten'd the waste of the swell,
 Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
 The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
 Round and round whirl'd the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
 Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
 That path through the riven abyss closed again—
 Hark ! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
 And, behold ! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main !
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
 And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
 But the deep from below murmur'd hollow and fell ;
 And the crowd, as it shudder'd, lamented aloud—
 " Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well !"
 And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
 More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, " Who may find it shall win it, and wear ;"
 God's wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
 A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
 For never did lips of the living reveal,
 What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

O many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave ;
 Again, crash'd together, the keel and the mast,
 To be seen, toss'd aloft in the glee of the wave.—
 Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
 Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commix'd and contending ;
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
 And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo ! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
 What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white ?
 Lo ! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb !—
 They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
 It is he—it is he !—in his left hand behold,
 As a sign—as a joy !—shines the goblet of gold !

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
 And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
 They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
 " He lives—lo the ocean has rendered its prey !
 And out of the grave where the Hell began,
 His valor has rescued the living man !"

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
 And the goblet his daring has won from the water ;
 He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee ;
 And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter—

And he bade her the wine to his cup-bearer bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more—never more may he lift from the mirror,
The Veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play,
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

"And I call'd on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And show'd me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A Silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appall'd might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawl'd—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Like masses unshapen, made life hideously—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the Hammer-fish darken'd the dark of the sea—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gather'd icily o'er me,
So far from the earth where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a lonesomeness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limb'd creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvel'd—quoth he
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,

And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
 Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
 If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
 To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main!"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
 "Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
 Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
 He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
 If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
 Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
 And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
 But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
 And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side,
 And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
 The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listen'd, there leapt the wild joy—
 And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
 On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
 The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
 Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
 He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
 Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
 Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
 They come, the wild waters in tumult and throng.
 Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
 But no wave ever brought the lost youth to the shore.

CHRISTMAS GAROL—BOB CRATCHIT'S DINNER.—DICKENS.

BUT soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bye-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-

carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment!"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or, at least, in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name; who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done, in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led

him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen shillings a week himself; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribands, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribands; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in the luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onions, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid, to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim; and Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day, by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits.

"Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her, with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were every where at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging

down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper!

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, *who* made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs, as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course: and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master

Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner, at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose; a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that? That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the

weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass; two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest that he never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What, then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of heaven

you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children; Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake, and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!—he'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday, she passed at home. Also how she had seen a

countess and a lord, some days before, and how the lord was much about as tall as Peter; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and bye and bye they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim; who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well, indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawn-broker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sparklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she;
What is the Lily dreaming of?
Why crisp the waters blue?
See, see, she is lifting her varnish'd lid!
Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide;
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true;
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
And look'd at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride?
"O, the Rose is old, and thorny and cold,
And he lives on earth," said she;
"But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud shall come,
 And ruffle the silver sea?
 Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
 To smile on a thing like thee?
 O, no! fair Lily, he will not send
 One ray from his far-off throne;
 The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
 And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
 Nor a drop of evening dew,
 Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
 Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
 That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
 And warm'd with his faithless beam—
 And will he be true to a pallid flower
 That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,
 But turned to the skies afar,
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray
 That shot from the rising star;
 The cloud came over the darken'd sky,
 And over the waters wide;
 She look'd in vain through the beating rain,
 And sank in the stormy tide.

CHRISTABEL.—COLERIDGE.

It was a lovely sight to see
 The lady Christabel, when she
 Was praying at the old oak tree.
*Amid the jagged shadows
 Of massy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight
 To make her gentle vows:*
 Her slender palms together press'd,
*Heaving sometimes on her breast;
 Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
 Her face, O call it fair, not pale!*
 And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
 O Geraldine! since arms of thine
 Have been the lovely lady's prison.
 O Geraldine! one hour was thine—
 Thou hast thy will. *By tarn and rill—
 The night-birds all that hour were still.*

But now they are *jubilant* anew,
 From cliff and tower tu-whoo! tu-whoo!
 Tu-whoo! tu-whoo! from wood and fell.

And see! the lady Christabel
 Gathers herself from out her trance;
 Her limbs relax, her countenanced
 Grows sad and soft; the smooth thin lids
 Close o'er her eyes; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright!
 And oft the while she seems to smile,
 As infants at a sudden light.

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who praying always, prays in sleep.
 And, if she move unquietly,
 Perchance 't is but the blood so free
 Comes back and tingles in her feet.
 No doubt she hath a vision sweet:
 What if her guardian spirit 't were?
 What if she knew her mother near?
 But this she knows, in joys and woes,
 The saints will aid, if men will call,
For the blue sky bends over all.

* * * * *

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
 And the lady's eyes they shrank in her head,
 Each shrank up to a serpent's eye;
 And with somewhat of malice and more of dread,
 At Christabel she look'd askance.

* * * * *

The maid devoid of guile and sin
 I know not how, in fearful wise,
 So deeply had she drunken in
 That look, those *shrunk serpent eyes*,
 That all her features were resign'd
 To this sole image in her mind,
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate.

THE INDIAN WOMAN'S LAMENT.—MRS. HEMANS.

An Indian woman, driven to despair by her husband's desertion of her for another wife, entered a canoe with her children, and rowed it down the Mississippi toward a cataract. Her voice was heard from the shore singing a mournful death-song, until overpowered by the sound of the

waters, in which she perished.—*Long's Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River.*

Down a broad river of the western wilds,
Piercing thick forest glooms, a light canoe
Swept with the current: fearful was the speed
Of the frail bark, as by tempest's wing
Borne leaf-like on to where the mist of spray
Rose with the cataract's thunder. Yet within,
Proudly, and dauntlessly, and all alone
Save that a babe lay sleeping at her breast,
A woman stood: upon her Indian brow
Sat a strange gladness, and her dark hair waved
As if triumphantly. She press'd her child,
In its bright slumber to her beating heart,
And lifted her sweet voice, that rose awhile
Above the sound of waters, high and clear
Wafting a wild *proud* strain, her song of death:

Roll swiftly to the spirit's land, thou mighty stream and free!
Father of ancient waters, roll! and bear our lives with thee!
The weary bird that storms have toss'd, would seek the sunshin's calm,
And the deer that hath the arrow's hurt, flies to the woods of balm;
Roll on! my warrior's eye hath look'd upon another's face,
And mine hath faded from his soul, as fades a moonbeam's trace;
My shadow comes not o'er his path, my whisper to his dream,
He flings away the broken reed—roll swifter yet, thou stream!
The voice that spoke of other days is hush'd within *his* breast,
But *mine* its lonely music haunts, and will not let me rest.
It sings a low and mournful song of gladness that is gone,
I cannot live without that light—Father of waves! roll on!
Will he not miss the bounding step that met him from the chase?
The heart of love that made his home an ever-sunny place?
The hand that spread the hunter's board, and deck'd his couch of yore?
He will not!—*roll, dark, foaming stream, ON to the BETTER SHORE!*
Some blessed fount amidst the woods of that bright land must flow,
Whose waters from my soul may lave the memory of this woe;
Some gentle wind must whisper there, whose breath may waft away
The burden of the heavy night, the sadness of the day.
And thou my babe! though born, like me, for woman's weary lot,
Smile!—to that wasting of the heart, my own! I leave thee not—
Too bright a thing art *thou*, to pine in aching love away—
Thy mother bears thee, fair young Fawn! from sorrow and decay;
She bears thee, to the glorious bowers where none are heard to weep,
And where th' unkind one hath no power again to trouble sleep;
And where the soul shall find its youth, as wak'ning from a dream—
One moment, and that realm is ours—on, on, dark rolling stream!

HALF-LENGTHS FROM LIFE—OPERATIVE DEMOCRACY.—MRS. KIRKLAND.

“A theme of perilous risk
Thou handlest, and hot fires beneath thy path
The treacherous ashes nurse.”

“CAN’T you let our folks have some eggs?” said Daniel Webster Larkins, opening the door, and putting in a little straw-colored head and a pair of very mild blue eyes just far enough to reconnoitre; “can’t you let our folks have some eggs? Our old hen don’t lay nothing but chickens now, and mother can’t eat pork, and she a’n’t had no breakfast, and the baby a’n’t drest, nor nothin’!”

“What is the matter, Webster? Where’s your girl?”

“Oh! we ha’n’t no girl but father, and he’s had to go ’way to-day to a raisin’—and mother wants to know if you can’t tell her where to get a girl?”

Poor Mrs. Larkins! Her husband makes but an indifferent “girl,” being a remarkable public-spirited person. The good lady is in very delicate health, and having an incredible number of little blue eyes constantly making fresh demands upon her time and strength, she usually keeps a girl when she can get one. When she cannot, which is unfortunately the larger part of the time, her husband dresses the children—mixes stir-cakes for the eldest blue eyes to bake on a griddle, which is never at rest—milks the cow—feeds the pigs—and then goes to his “business,” which we have supposed to consist principally in helping at raisings, wood-bees, huskings, and such like important affairs; and “girl” hunting—the most important and arduous, and profitless of all.

Yet it must be owned that Mr. Larkins is a tolerable carpenter, and that he buys as many comforts for his family as most of his neighbors. The main difficulty seems to be that “help” is not often purchasable. The very small portion of our damsels who will consent to enter anybody’s doors for pay, makes the chase after them quite interesting from its uncertainty; and the damsels themselves, subject to a well known foible of their sex, become very coy from being over-courted. Such racing and chasing, and begging and praying, to get a girl for a month! They are often got for life with half the trouble. But to return.

Having an esteem for Mrs. Larkins, and a sincere experi-

mental pity for the forlorn condition of "no girl but father," I set out at once to try if female tact and perseverance might not prove effectual in ferreting out a "help," though mere industry had not succeeded. For this purpose I made a list in my mind of those neighbors, in the first place, whose daughters sometimes condescended to be girls; and, secondly, of the few who were enabled by good luck, good management, and good pay, to keep them. If I failed in my attempts upon one class, I hoped for some new lights from the other. When the object is of such importance, it is well to string one's bow double.

In the first category stood Mrs. Lowndes, whose forlorn log-house had never known door or window; a blanket supplying the place of the one, and the other being represented by a crevice between the logs. Lifting the sooty curtain with some timidity, I found the dame with a sort of reel before her, trying to wind some dirty, tangled yarn; and ever and anon kicking at a basket which hung suspended from the beam overhead by means of a strip of hickory bark. This basket contained a nest of rags and an indescribable baby; and in the ashes on the rough hearth played several dingy objects, which I suppose had once been babies.

"Is your daughter at home now, Mrs. Lowndes?"

"Well yes! M'randy's to hum, but she's out now. Did you want her?"

"I came to see if she could go to Mrs. Larkins, who is very unwell, and sadly in want of help."

"Miss Larkins! why, do tell! I want to know! Is she sick agin? and is her gal gone? Why! I want to know! I thought she had Lo-i-sy Paddon! Is Lo-i-sy gone?"

"I suppose so. You will let Miranda go to Mrs. Larkins, will you?"

"Well, I donnow but I would let her go for a spell, just to 'commodate 'em. M'randy may go if she's a mind ter. She needn't live out unless she chooses. She's got a comfortable home, and no thanks to nobody. What wages do they give?"

"A dollar a week."

"Eat at the table?"

"Oh! certainly."

"Have Sundays?"

"Why no—I believe not the whole of Sunday—the children you know—"

"Oh ho!" interrupted Mrs. Lowndes, with a most disdainful

toss of the head, giving at the same time a vigorous impulse to the cradle, "if that's how it is, M'randy don't stir a step! She don't live nowhere if she can't come home Saturday night and stay till Monday morning."

I took my leave without farther parley, having often found this point the *sine qua non* in such negotiations.

My next effort was at a pretty-looking cottage, whose overhanging roof and neat outer arrangements, spoke of English ownership. The interior by no means corresponded with the exterior aspect, being even more bare than usual, and far from neat. The presiding power was a prodigious creature, who looked like a man in woman's clothes, and whose blazing face, ornamented here and there by great hair moles, spoke very intelligently of the beer barrel, if of nothing more exciting. A daughter of this virago had once lived in my family, and the mother met me with an air of defiance, as if she thought I had come with an accusation. When I unfolded my errand, her *aberd* softened a little, but she scornfully rejected the idea of her Lucy living with any more Yankees.

"You pretend to think everybody alike," said she, "but when it comes to the pint, you're a sight more uppish and saucy than the ra'al quality at home; and I'll see the whole Yankee race to ——"

I made my exit without waiting for the conclusion of this complimentary observation; and the less reluctantly for having observed on the table the lower part of one of my silver teaspoons, the top of which had been violently wrenched off. This spoon was a well-remembered loss during Lucy's administration, and I knew that Mrs. Larkins had none to spare.

Unsuccessful thus far among the arbiters of our destiny, I thought I would stop at the house of a friend, and make some inquiries which might spare me farther rebuffs. On making my way by the garden gate to the little library where I usually saw Mrs. Stayner, I was surprised to find it silent and uninhabited. The windows were closed; a half-finished cap lay on the sofa, and a bunch of yesterday's wild-flowers upon the table. All spoke of desolation. The cradle—not exactly an appropriate adjunct of a library scene elsewhere, but quite so at the West—was gone, and the little rocking-chair was nowhere to be seen. I went on through parlor and hall, finding no sign of life, save the breakfast-table still standing with crumbs undisturbed. Where bells are not known ceremony is out of the question; so I penetrated even to the kitchen, where at length

I caught sight of the fair face of my friend. She was bending over the bread-tray, and at the same time telling nursery-stories as fast as possible, by way of coaxing her little boy of four years old to rock the cradle which contained his baby sister.

"What *does* this mean?"

"Oh! nothing more than usual. My Polly took herself off yesterday without a moment's warning, saying she thought she had lived out about long enough; and poor Tom, our factotum, has the ague. Mr. Stayner has gone to some place sixteen miles off, where he was told he might hear of a girl, and I am sole representative of the family energies. But you've no idea what capital bread I can make.

This looked rather discouraging for my quest; but knowing that the main point of table-companionship was the source of most of Mrs. Stayner's difficulties, I still hoped for Mrs. Larkins, who loved the closest intimacy with her "help," and always took them visiting with her. So I passed on for another effort at Mrs. Randall's, whose three daughters had sometimes been known to lay aside their dignity long enough to obtain some much-coveted article of dress. Here the mop was in full play; and Mrs. Randall, with her gown turned up, was splashing diluted mud on the walls and furniture, in the received mode of those regions, where "stained-glass windows" are made without a patent. I did not venture in, but asked from the door with my best diplomacy, whether Mrs. Randall *knew* of a girl.

"A gal! no; who wants a gal?"

"Mrs. Larkins."

"She! why don't she get up and do her own work?"

"She is too feeble."

"Law sakes! too feeble! she'd be able as anybody to thrash round, if her old man didn't spile her by waitin' on——"

We think Mrs. Larkin deserves small blame on this score.

"But, Mrs. Randall, the poor woman is really ill and unable to do anything for her children. Couldn't you spare Rachel for a few days to help her?"

This was said in a most guarded and deprecatory tone, and with a manner carefully moulded between indifference and undue solicitude.

"My gals has got enough to do. They a'n't able to do their own work. Cur'line hasn't been worth the fust red cent for hard work ever since she went to school to A——."

"Oh! I did not expect to get Caroline. I understand she is going to get married."

"What! to Bill Green! She wouldn't let him walk where she walked last year!"

Here I saw I had made a misstep. Resolving to be more cautious, I left the selection to the lady herself, and only begged for one of the girls. But my eloquence was wasted. The Miss Randalls had been a whole quarter at a select school, and will not live out again until their present stock of finery is un-wearable. Miss Rachel, whose company I had hoped to secure, was even then paying attention to a branch of the fine arts.

"Rachel Amandy!" cried Mrs. Randall at the foot of the ladder which gave access to the upper regions—"fetch that thing down here! It's the prettiest thing you ever see in your life!" turning to me. And the educated young lady brought down a doleful-looking compound of card-board and many-colored waters, which had, it seems, occupied her mind and fingers for some days.

"There!" said the mother, proudly, "a gal that's learnt to make sich baskets as that, a'n't a goin' to be nobody's help, I guess!"

I thought the boast likely to be verified as a prediction, and went my way, crestfallen and weary. Girl-hunting is certainly among our most formidable "chores."

THE REGATTA AT VENICE.—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

VENICE, from her peculiar formation and the vast number of her watermen, had long been celebrated for this species of amusement. Families were known and celebrated in her traditions for dexterous skill with the oar, as they were known in Rome for feats of a far less useful and of a more barbarous nature. It was usual to select from these races of watermen the most vigorous and skilful; and, after invoking the aid of patron-saints, and arousing their pride and recollections by songs that recounted the feats of their ancestors, to start them for the goal with every incitement that pride and the love of victory could awaken.

Most of these ancient usages were still observed. As soon as the Bucentaur was in its station, some thirty or forty gondoliers were brought forth, clad in their gayest habiliments and surrounded and supported by crowds of anxious friends and

relatives. The intended competitors were expected to sustain the long-established reputations of their several names, and they were admonished of the disgrace of defeat. They were cheered by the men, and stimulated by the smiles and tears of the other sex. The rewards were recalled to their minds; they were fortified by prayers to the saints; and then they were dismissed amid the cries and the wishes of the multitude to seek their allotted places beneath the stern of the galley of state.

The city of Venice is divided into two nearly equal parts by a channel much broader than that of the ordinary passages of the town. This dividing artery, from its superior size and depth, and its greater importance, is called the grand canal. Its course is not unlike that of an undulating line, which greatly increases its length. As it is much used by the larger boats of the bay—being in fact a sort of secondary port—and its width is so considerable, it has throughout the whole distance but one bridge—the celebrated Rialto. The regatta was to be held on this canal, which offered the requisites of length and space, and which, as it was lined with most of the palaces of the principal senators, afforded all the facilities necessary for viewing the struggle.

In passing from one end of this long course to the other, the men destined for the race were not permitted to make any exertion. Their eyes roamed over the gorgeous hangings, which, as is still wont throughout Italy on all days of festa, floated from every window, and on groups of females in rich attire, brilliant with the peculiar charms of the famed Venetian beauty that clustered in the balconies. Those who were domestics rose and answered to the encouraging signals thrown from above, as they passed the palaces of their masters; while those who were watermen of the public endeavored to gather hope among the sympathizing faces of the multitude.

At length every formality had been duly observed, and the competitors assumed their places. The gondolas were much larger than those commonly used, and each was manned by three watermen in the center, directed by a fourth, who, standing on the little deck in the stern, steered while he aided to impel the boat. There were light, low staffs in the bows, with flags that bore the distinguishing colors of several noble families of the republic, or which had such other simple devices as had been suggested by the fancies of those to whom they belonged. A few flourishes of the oars, resembling the preparatory movements which the master of fence makes ere he begins to push

and parry, were given; a whirling of the boats, like the prancing of curbed racers, succeeded; and then at the report of a gun, the whole darted away as if the gondolas were impelled by volition. The start was followed by a shout which passed swiftly along the canal, and an eager agitation of heads that went from balcony to balcony, till the sympathetic movement was communicated to the grave load under which the Bucentaur labored.

For a few minutes the difference in force and skill was not very obvious. Each gondola glided along the element, apparently with that ease with which a light-winged swallow skims the lake, and with no visible advantage to any one of the ten. Then, as more art in him who steered, or greater powers of endurance in those who rowed, or some of the latent properties of the boat itself came into service, the cluster of little barks which had come off like a closely-united flock of birds taking flight together in alarm, began to open till they formed a long and vacillating line in the centre of the passage. The whole train shot beneath the bridge, so near each other as to render it still doubtful which was to conquer, and the exciting strife came more in view of the principal personages of the city.

But here those radical qualities, which insure success in efforts of this nature manifested themselves. The weaker began to yield, the train to lengthen, and hopes and fears to increase, until those in the front presented the exhilarating spectacle of success, while those behind offered the still more noble sight of men struggling without hope. Gradually the distance between the boats increased, while that between them and the goal grew rapidly less, until three of those in advance came in, like glancing arrows, beneath the stern of the Bucentaur, with scarce a length between them. The prize was won, the conquerors were rewarded, and the artillery gave forth the usual signals of rejoicing. Music answered to the roar of cannon and the peals of bells, while sympathy with success, that predominant and so often dangerous principle of our nature, drew shouts even from the disappointed.

The clamor ceased, and a herald proclaimed aloud the commencement of a new and a different struggle. The last, and what might be termed the national race, had been limited, by an ancient usage, to the known and recognized gondoliers of Venice. The prize had been awarded by the state, and the whole affair had somewhat of an official and political character. It was now announced, however, that a race was to be run in which the reward was open to all competitors, without question-

ing as to their origin, or as to their ordinary occupations. An oar of gold, to which was attached a chain of the same precious metal, exhibited as the boone of the doge to him who showed most dexterity and strength in this new struggle; while a similar ornament of silver, was to be the portion of him who showed the second best dexterity and bottom. A mimic boat of less precious metal was the third prize. The gondolas were to be the usual light vehicles of the canals, and as the object was to display the peculiar skill of that city of islands, but one oarsman was allowed to each, on whom would necessarily fall the whole duty of guiding while he impelled his little bark. Any of those who had been engaged in the previous trial were admitted to this: and all desirous of taking part in the new struggle were commanded to come beneath the stern of the Bucentaur, within a prescribed number of minutes, that note might be had of their wishes. As notice of this arrangement had been previously given, the interval between the two races was not long.

The first who came out of the crowd of boats which environed the vacant place that had been left for the competitors, was a gondolier of the public landing, well known for his skill with the oar, and his song on the canal.

"How art thou called, and in whose name dost thou put thy chance?" demanded the herald of this aquatic course.

"All know me for Bartolomeo, one who lives between the Piazzetta and the Lido, and, like a loyal Venetian, I trust in San Teodoro."

"Thou art well protected; take thy place and await thy fortune."

The conscious waterman swept the water with a back stroke of his blade, and the light gondola whirled away into the centre of the vacant spot like a swan giving a sudden glance aside.

"And who art thou!" demanded the official of the next that came.

"Enrico, a gondolier of Fusina. I come to try my oars with the braggarts of the canals."

"In whom is thy trust!"

"Sant' Antonio di Padua."

"Thou wilt need his aid, though we commend thy spirit. Enter and take place."—"And who art thou?" he continued, to another, when the second had imitated the easy skill of the first.

"I am called Gino of Calabria, a gondolier in private service."

"What noble retaineth thee?"

"The illustrious and most excellent Don Camillo Monforte,

Duca and Lord of Sant' Agata in Napoli, and of right a senator in Venice."

"Thou shouldst have come of Padua, friend, by thy knowledge of the laws! Dost thou trust in him thou servest for the victory?"

There was a movement among the senators at the answer of Gino; and the half-terrified varlet thought he perceived frowns gathering on more than one brow. He looked around in quest of him whose greatness he had vaunted, as if he sought succor.

"Wilt thou name thy support in this great trial of force?" resumed the herald.

"My master," uttered the terrified Gino, "St. Januarius, and St. Mark."

"Thou art well defended. Should the two latter fail thee, thou mayest surely count on the first!"

"Signor Monforte has an illustrious name, and he is welcome to our Venetian sports," observed the doge, slightly bending his head toward the young Calabrian noble, who stood at no great distance in a gondola of state, regarding the scene with a deeply-interested countenance. This cautious interruption of the pleasantries of the official was acknowledged by a low reverence, and the matter proceeded.

"Take thy station, Gino of Calabria, and a happy fortune be thine," said the latter; then turning to another, he asked in surprise—"Why art thou here?"

"I come to try my gondola's swiftness."

"Thou art old and unequal to this struggle; husband thy strength for daily toil. An ill-advised ambition hath put thee on this useless trial."

The new aspirant had forced a common fisherman's gondola, of no bad shape and of sufficient lightness, but which bore about it all the vulgar signs of its daily uses, beneath the gallery of the Bucentaur. He received the rebuke meekly, and was about to turn his boat aside, though with a sorrowing and mortified eye, when a sign from the doge arrested his arm.

"Question of him, as of wont," said the prince.

"How art thou named?" continued the reluctant official, who, like all of subordinate condition, had far more jealousy of the dignity of the sports he directed than his superior.

"I am known as Antonio, a fisherman of the Lagunes."

"Thou art old!"

"Signore, none know it better than I. It is sixty summers since I first threw net or line into the water."

"Nor art thou clad as befitteth one who cometh before the state of Venice in a regatta."

"I am here in the best that I have. Let them who would do the nobles greater honor come in better."

"Thy limbs are uncovered—thy bosom bare—thy sinews feeble—go to; thou art ill advised to interrupt the pleasures of the nobles by this levity."

Again Antonio would have shrunk from the ten thousand eyes that shone upon him, when the calm voice of the doge once more came to his aid.

"The struggle is open to all," said the sovereign; "still I would advise the poor and aged man to take counsel; give him silver, for want urges him to this hopeless trial."

"Thou hearest; alms are offered thee; but give place to those who are stronger and more seemly for the sport."

"I will obey, as is the duty of one born and accustomed to poverty. They said the race was open to all, and I crave the pardon of the nobles, since I meant to do them no dishonor."

"Justice in the palace, and justice on the canals," hastily observed the prince. "If he will continue, it is right. It is the pride of Saint Mark that his balances are held with an even hand."

A murmur of applause succeeded the specious sentiment, for the powerful rarely affect the noble attribute of justice, however limited may be its exercise, without their words finding an echo in the tongues of the selfish.

"Thou hearest—his highness, who is the voice of a mighty state, says thou mayest remain:—though thou art still advised to withdraw."

"I will then see what virtue is left in this naked arm," returned Antonio, casting a mournful glance, and one that was not entirely free from the latent vanity of man, at his meagre and threadbare attire. "The limb hath its scars, but the infidels may have spared enough for the little I ask."

"In whom is thy faith?"

"Blessed St. Anthony, of the Miraculous Draught."

"Take thy place!—Ha! here cometh one unwilling to be known! How now! who appears with so false a face?"

"Call me, Mask."

"So neat and just a leg and arm need not have hid their fellow the countenance. Is it your highness's pleasure that one disguised should be entered for the sports?"

"Doubt it not. A mask is sacred in Venice. It is the glory

of our excellent and wise laws, that he who seeketh to dwell within the privacy of his own thoughts, and to keep aloof from curiosity by shadowing his features, rangeth our streets and canals, as if he dwelt in the security of his own abode. Such are the high privileges of liberty, and such it is to be a citizen of a generous, a magnanimous, and a free state!"

A thousand bowed in approbation of the sentiment, and a rumor passed from mouth to mouth that a young noble was about to try his strength in the regatta, in compliment to some wayward beauty.

"Such is justice!" exclaimed the herald, in a loud voice, admiration apparently overcoming respect in the ardor of the moment. "Happy is he that is born in Venice, and envied are the people in whose councils wisdom and mercy preside, like lovely and benignant sisters! On whom dost thou rely?"

"Mine own arm."

"Ha! This is impious! None so presuming may enter into these privileged sports."

The hurried exclamation of the herald was accompanied by a general stir, such as denotes sudden and strong emotion in a multitude.

"The children of the republic are protected by an even hand," observed the venerable prince. "It formeth our just pride, and blessed St. Mark forbid that aught resembling vain-glory should be uttered! but it is truly our boast that we know no difference between our subjects of the islands, or those of the Dalmatian coast; between Padua or Candia; Corfu or St. Giorgio. Still it is not permitted for any to refuse the intervention of the saints."

"Name thy patron, or quit the place," continued the observant herald, anew.

The stranger paused, as if he looked into his mind, and then he answered—

"San Giovanni of the wilderness."

"Thou namest one of blessed memory!"

"I name him who may have pity on me in this living desert."

"The temper of thy soul is best known to thyself, but this reverend rank of patricians, yonder brilliant show of beauty, and that goodly multitude may claim another name. Take thy place."

While the herald proceeded to take the names of three or four more applicants, all gondoliers in private service, a mur-

mur ran through the spectators, which proved how much their interest and curiosity had been awakened by the replies and appearance of the two last competitors. In the meantime, the young nobles who entertained those who came last, began to move among the throngs of boats with the intention of making such manifestations of their gallant desires and personal devotion as suited the customs and opinions of the age. The list was now proclaimed to be full, and the gondolas were towed off, as before, toward the starting point, leaving the place beneath the stern of the Bucentaur vacant. The scene that followed consequently passed directly before the eyes of those grave men, who charged themselves with most of the private interests, as well as with the public concerns of Venice. . . .

It has been said that the gondolas which were to contend in the race, had been towed toward the place of starting, in order that the men might enter on the struggle with undiminished vigor. In this precaution, even the humble and half-clad fisherman had not been neglected, but his boat, like the others, was attached to the larger barges to which this duty had been assigned. Still, as he passed along the canal, before the crowded balconies and groaning vessels which lined its sides, there arose that scornful and deriding laugh, which seems ever to grow more strong and bold as misfortune weighs most heavily on its subject.

The old man was not unconscious of the remarks of which he was the subject; and, as it is rare indeed that our sensibilities do not survive our better fortunes, even he was so far conscious of a fall as not to be callous to contempt thus openly expressed. He looked wistfully on every side of him, and seemed to search in every eye he encountered some portion of the sympathy which his meek and humble feelings still craved. But even the men of his caste and profession threw jibes upon his ear; and though of all the competitors perhaps the one whose motives most hallowed his ambition, he was held to be the only proper subject of mirth. For the solution of this revolting trait of human character, we are not to look to Venice and her institutions, since it is known that none are so arrogant on occasions as the ridden, and that the abject and insolent spirits are usually tenants of the same bosom.

The movement of the boats brought those of the masked waterman and the subject of these taunts side by side.

"Thou art not the favorite in this strife," observed the former, when a fresh burst of jibes were showered on the head

of his unresisting associate. Thou hast not been sufficiently heedful of thy attire; for this is a town of luxury, and he who would meet applause must appear on the canals in the guise of one less borne upon by fortune."

"I know them! I know them!" returned the fisherman; "they are all led away by their pride, and they think ill of one who cannot share in their vanities. But, friend unknown, I have brought with me a face which, old though it be, and wrinkled, and worn by the weather like the stones of the sea-shore, is uncovered to the eye and without shame."

"There may be reasons which thou knowest not why I wear a mask. But if my face be hid, the limbs are bare, and thou seest there is no lack of sinews to make good that which I have undertaken. Thou shouldst have thought better of the matter ere thou puttest thyself in the way of so much mortification. Defeat will not cause the people to treat thee more tenderly."

"If my sinews are old and stiffened, Signor Mask, they are long used to toil. As to shame, if it is a shame to be below the rest of mankind in fortune, it will not now come for the first time. A heavy sorrow hath befallen me, and this race may lighten the burden of grief. I shall not pretend that I hear this laughter, and all these scornful speeches as one listens to the evening breeze on the Lagunes—for a man is still a man, though he lives with the humblest, and eats of the coarsest. But let it pass; Sant' Antonio will give me heart to bear it."

"Thou hast a stout mind, fisherman; and I would gladly pray my patron to grant thee a stronger arm, but that I have much need of this victory myself. Wilt thou be content with the second prize, if, by any manner of skill, I might aid thee in thy efforts?—for, I suppose, the metal of the third is as little to thy taste as it is to my own."

"Nay, I count not on gold or silver."

"Can the honor of such a struggle awaken the pride of one like thee?"

The old man looked earnestly at his companion; but he shook his head without answer. Fresh merriment, at his expense, caused him to bend his face toward the scoffers; and he perceived they were just then passing a numerous group of his fellows of the Lagunes, who seemed to feel that his unjustifiable ambition reflected, in some degree, on the honor of their whole body.

"How, now, old Antonio?" shouted the boldest of the band

—"is it not enough that thou hast won the honors of the net, but thou wouldst have a golden oar at thy neck?"

"We shall yet see him of the senate!" cried a second.

"He standeth in need of the horned bonnet for his naked head," continued a third. "We shall see the brave Admiral Antonio sailing in the Bucentaur with the nobles of the land!"

Their sallies were succeeded by coarse laughter. Even the fair in the balconies were not uninfluenced by these constant jibes, and the apparent discrepancy between the condition and the means of so unusual a pretender to the honors of the regatta. The purpose of the old man wavered; but he seemed goaded by some inward incentive that still enabled him to maintain his ground. His companion closely watched the varying expression of a countenance that was far too little trained in deception to conceal the feelings within; and, as they approached the place of starting, he again spoke.

"Thou mayest yet withdraw," he said; "why should one of thy years make the little time he has to stay bitter, by bearing the ridicule of his associates for the rest of his life?"

"St. Anthony did a greater wonder when he caused the fishes to come upon the waters to hear his preaching, and I will not show a cowardly heart at a moment when there is most need of resolution."

The masked waterman crossed himself devoutly; and relinquishing all further design to persuade the other to abandon the fruitless contest, he gave all his thoughts to his own interest in the coming struggle.

The narrowness of most of the canals of Venice, with the innumerable angles and the constant passing, have given rise to a fashion of construction and of rowing that are so peculiar to that city and its immediate dependencies, as to require some explanation. The reader has doubtless already understood that a gondola is a long, narrow, and light boat, adapted to the uses of the place, and distinct from the wherries of all other towns. The distance between the dwellings, on most of the canals, is so small, that the width of the latter does not admit of the use of oars on both sides at the same time. The necessity of constantly turning aside to give room for others, and the frequency of the bridges and the corners, have suggested the expediency of placing the face of the waterman in the direction in which the boat is steering, and of course of keeping him on his feet. As every gondola, when fully equipped, has its pavilion in the

centre, the height of the latter renders it necessary to place him who steers on such an elevation, as will enable him to overlook it. From these several causes, a one-oared boat in Venice is propelled by a gondolier who stands on a little angular deck in its stern, formed like the low roof of a house; and the stroke of the oar is given by a push instead of a pull, as is common elsewhere. This habit of rowing erect, however, which is usually done by a forward, instead of a backward, movement of the body is not unfrequent in all the ports of the Mediterranean, though in no other is there a boat which resembles the gondola in all its properties or uses. The upright position of the gondolier requires that the pivot on which the oar rests should have a corresponding elevation; and there is, consequently, a species of bumkin raised from the side of the boat to the desired height, and which, being formed of a crooked and very irregular knee of wood, has two or three row-locks, one above the other, to suit the stature of different individuals, or to give a broader or narrower sweep of the blade as the movement shall require. As there is frequent occasion to cast the oar from one of these row-locks to the other, and not unfrequently to change its side, it rests in a very open bed; and the instrument is kept in its place by great dexterity alone, and by a perfect knowledge of the means of accommodating the force and the rapidity of the effort to the forward movement of the boat and the resistance of the water. All these difficulties united render skill in a gondolier one of the most delicate branches of a waterman's art, as it is clear that muscular strength alone, though of great aid, can avail but little in such a practice.

The great canal of Venice, following its windings, being more than a league in length, the distance in the present race was reduced nearly half by causing the boats to start from the Rialto. At this point, then, the gondolas were all assembled, attended by those who were to place them. As the whole of the population, which before had been extended along the entire course of the water, was now crowded between the bridge and the Bucentaur, the long and graceful avenue resembled a vista of human heads. It was an imposing sight to look along that bright and living lane, and the hearts of each competitor beat high, as hope, or pride, or apprehension became the feeling of the moment.

"Gino of Calabria," cried the marshal who placed the gondolas, "thy station is on the right. Take it, and St. Januarius speed thee!"

The servitor of Don Camillo assumed his oar, and the boat glided gracefully into its berth.

"Thou comest next, Enrico of Fusina. Call stoutly on thy Paduan patron, and husband thy strength; for none of the main have ever yet borne away a prize in Venice."

He then summoned in succession those whose names have not been mentioned, and placed them, side by side, in the centre of the canal.

"Here is place for thee, Signore," continued the officer, inclining his head to the unknown gondolier; for he had imbibed the general impression that the face of some young patrician was concealed beneath the mask to humor the fancy of some capricious fair.—"Chance hath given thee the extreme left."

"Thou hast forgotten to call the fisherman," observed the masker, as he drove his own gondola into its station.

"Does the hoary fool persist in exposing his vanity and his rags to the best of Venice?"

"I can take place in the rear," meekly observed Antonio. "There may be those in the line it doth not become one like me to crowd; and a few strokes of the oar, more or less, can differ but little in so long a strife."

"Thou hadst better push modesty to discretion, and remain."

"If it be your pleasure, Signore, I would rather see what St. Anthony may do for an old fisherman, who has prayed to him, night and morning, these sixty years?"

"It is thy right; and as thou seemest content with it, keep the place thou hast in the rear. It is only occupying it a little earlier than thou wouldst otherwise. Now, recall the rules of the games, hardy gondoliers, and make thy last appeal to thy patrons. There is to be no crossing or other foul expedients; naught except ready oars and nimble wrists. He who varies needlessly from his line until he leadeth, shall be recalled by name; and whoever is guilty of any act to spoil the sports, or otherwise to offend the patricians, shall be both checked and punished. Be ready for the signal."

The assistant, who was in a strongly manned boat, fell back a little, while runners, similarly equipped, went ahead to order the curious from the water. These preparations were scarcely made, when a signal floated on the nearest dome. It was repeated on the campanile, and a gun was fired at the arsenal. A deep but suppressed murmur arose in the throng, which was as quickly succeeded by suspense.

Each gondolier had suffered the bows of his boat to incline

slightly toward the left shore of the canal, as the jockey is seen at the starting-post to turn his courser aside, in order to repress its ardor, or divert its attention. But the first long and broad sweep of the oar brought them all in a line again, and away they glided in a body.

For the first few minutes there was no difference in speed, nor any sign by which the instructed might detect the probable evidence of defeat or success. The whole ten which formed the front line skimmed the water with an equal velocity, beak to beak, as if some secret attraction held each in its place, while the humble, though equally light bark of the fisherman steadily kept its position in the rear.

* * * * *

[Antonio is allowed by "the Mask" to take the lead in the race.]

L'ALLEGRO.—MILTON.

Come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn,
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometimes walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singing blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, -
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the checker'd shade ;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holyday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail ;
 Then to spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat.

She was pinched, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblet sweat
To earn his cream bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.—BISHOP HEBER.

For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
 The hireling guard of Misraim's throne, were there;
 From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
 Siwah's green isle and Senaar's marly plain:
 On either wing their fiery coursers check
 The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek;
 While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
 Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
 'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
 Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots rolled?
 Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
 Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred gates;
 Mother of armies! how the emeralds glowed,
 Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharoah rode!
 And, stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
 Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
 And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
 The priestly sistrum murmured—Victory!
 Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
 Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?
 These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
 Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain?
 God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
 Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!
 North, south and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
 The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
 On earth's last margin, throng the weeping train;
 Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim the main?"
 'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
 Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood:
 He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
 O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
 And onward treads. The circling waves retreat,
 In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet,
 And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
 The hard wet sand and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
 Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell;
 Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
 The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
 And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
 And caves, the sea-calves' low-roofed haunt, are seen.
 Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
 The beetling waters storm above their head;
 While far behind retires the sinking day,
 And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
 Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night;
 Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
 Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
 On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
 While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
 Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
 To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
 Invoke for light the monster gods in vain;
 Clouds heaped on clouds the struggling sight confine,
 And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
 Yet on they face, by reckless vengeance led,
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed;
 Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
 Showed his dread visage lightning through the storm,
 With withering splendor blasting all their might,
 And brake their chariot wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.
 "Fly, Misraim, fly!" the ravenous floods they see,
 And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
 "Fly, Misraim, fly!" from Edom's coral strand,
 Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand.
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep;
 Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
 As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast.
 And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
 In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
 Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below!
 The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
 A few sad relics of a nation's war;
 Alas, how few! Then soft as Elim's well,
 The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
 And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne
 The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
 The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
 In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude,
 Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
 The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
 And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress'd,
 The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
 She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
 The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
 Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
 "Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
 On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
 Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
 Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumph'd!"
 And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
 From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang;
 And loud and far their stormy chorus spread—
 "Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumph'd!"

PARADISE AND THE PERI.—MOORE.

One morn a Peri at the gate
 Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
 And as she listen'd to the Springs
 Of Life within, like music flowing,
 And caught the light upon her wings
 Through the half-open portal glowing,
 She wept to think her recreant race
 Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
 The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
 And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
 To her sad song, a teardrop glisten'd
 Within his eyelids, like the spray
 From Eden's fountain, when it lies
 On the blue flow'r, which—Brahmins say—
 Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
 Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
 Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—
 'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in."

But whither shall the Spirit go
 To find this gift for Heaven?—"I know
 The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
 In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
 Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
 I know where the Isles of Perfume are
 Many a fathom down in the sea,
 To the south of sun-bright Araby;
 I know, too, where the Genii hid
 The jewell'd cup of their King Jamshid,
 With Life's elixir sparkling high—
 But gifts like these are not for the sky.
 Where was there ever a gem that shone
 Like the steps of Allah's wonderful Throne?
 And the Drops of Life—O, what would they be
 In the boundless Deep of Eternity?"

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
 And, through the war field's bloody haze
 Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
 Alone beside his native river—
 The red blade broken in his hand,
 And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Live," said the Conqueror, "live to share
 The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
 Silent that youthful warrior stood—
 Silent he pointed to the flood
 All crimson with his country's blood,
 Then sent his last remaining dart
 For answer, to th' Invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
 The Tyrant liv'd, the Hero fell!—
 Yet mark'd the Peri where he lay,
 And, when the rush of war was past,
 Swiftly descending on a ray
 Of morning light, she caught the last—
 Last glorious drop his heart had shed
 Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
 "My welcome gift at the Gates of Light.
 Though foul are the drops that oft distil
 On the field of warfare, blood like this,
 For Liberty shed, so holy is,
 It would not stain the purest rill,
 That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
 O, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
 A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
 'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
 From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
 The gift into his radiant hand,
 Sweet is our welcome of the Brave
 Who die thus for their native Land.—
 But sec—alas!—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than ev'n this drop the boon must be,
 That opes the Gates of Heav'n for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
 Now among Afric's lunar Mountains,
 Far to the South, the Peri lighted;
 And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
 Of that Egyptian tide—whose birth
 Is hidden from the sons of earth
 Deep in those solitary woods,
 Where oft the Genii of the Floods
 Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
 And hail the new-born Giant's smile.

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
 Dearly ye pay for your primal Fall—
 Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
 But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"

She wept—the air grew pure and clear
 Around her, as the bright drops ran;
 For there's a magic in each tear,
 Such kindly Spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange trees,
 Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
 Were wantoning together, free,
 Like age at play with infancy—
 Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
 Close by the Lake she heard the moan
 Of one who, at this silent hour,
 Had thither stol'n to die alone.
 One who in life, where'er he moved,
 Drew after him the hearts of many;
 Yet now, as though he ne'er were lov'd,
 Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
 None to watch near him—none to slake
 The fire that in his bosom lies,
 With ev'n a sprinkle from that lake,
 Which shines so cool before his eyes.
 No voice, well known through many a day,
 To speak the last, the parting word,
 Which, when all other sounds decay,
 Is still like distant music heard;—
 That tender farewell on the shore
 Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
 Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
 Puts off into the unknown Dark.

But see—who yonder comes by stealth,
 This melancholy bower to seek,
 Like a young envoy sent by Health,
 With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
 'Tis she—far off, through moonlight dim,
 He knew his own betrothed bride,
 She, who would rather die with him,
 Than live to gain the world beside!—
 Her arms are round her lover now,
 His livid cheek to hers she presses,
 And dips, to bind his burning brow,
 In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
 Ah! once, how little did he think
 An hour would come when he should shrink
 With horror from that dear embrace,
 Those gentle arms, that were to him
 Holy as is the cradling place
 Of Eden's infant cherubim!
 And now he yields—now turns away,
 Shuddering as if the venom lay
 All in those proffer'd lips alone—
 Those lips that, then so fearless grown,

Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.

She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs, or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle—and his pain is past—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

“Sleep,” said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
“Sleep on, in visions of odor rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,
And in music and perfume dies away!”

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to Heav'n that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throb'd her heart, with hope elate,
Th' Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smil'd as she gave that offering in:
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted Souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But, ah! even Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
Th' immortal barrier clos'd—“Not yet,”
The angel said, as with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
“True was the maiden and her story,

Written in light o'er Alla's head,
 By seraph eyes shall long be read.
 But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
 Of Eden moves not—holier far
 Than ev'n this sigh the boon must be
 That opes the gates of Heav'n for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
 Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
 Joyless she sees the Sun look down
 On that great Temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had rais'd to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those Chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumin'd eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon
 An erring Spirit to the skies.

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
 Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
 Nor have the golden bowers of Eden
 In the rich West begun to wither;—
 When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
 And, near the boy, who tir'd with play
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount

Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that—
 Suddenly fierce—a mixture dire,
 Like thunder clouds, of gloom and fire;
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd ones—the shrine profan'd—
 Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests!—*there* written all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play:—
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
 As torches, that have burnt all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But, hark! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,

From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod,
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lipping th' eternal name of God

From Purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again.
 O, 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that child—
 A scene, which might have well beguil'd
 Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
 Reclining there—while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

"There *was* a time," he said in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim,

And hope, and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
O, is it not thus, thou man of sin,

The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well th' enraptur'd Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

THE LANDING OF THE MAYFLOWER.—EDWARD EVERETT.

Do you think, sir, as we repose beneath this splendid pavilion, adorned by the hand of taste, blooming with festive garlands, wreathed with the stars and stripes of this great republic, resounding with strains of heart-stirring music, that, merely because it stands upon the soil of Barnstable, we form any idea of the spot as it appeared to Captain Miles Standish, and his companions, on the 15th or 16th of November, 1620? Oh, no, sir. Let us go up for a moment, in imagination, to yonder hill, which overlooks the village and the bay, and suppose ourselves standing there on some bleak, ungenial morning, in the middle of November of that year. The coast is fringed with ice. Dreary forests, interspersed with sandy tracts fill the background. Nothing of humanity quickens on the spot, save a few roaming savages, who, ill-provided with what even they deem the necessaries of life, are digging with their fingers a scanty repast out of the frozen sands. No friendly lighthouses had as yet hung up their cressets upon your headlands; no brave pilot-boat was hovering like a sea-bird on the tops of the waves, beyond the Cape, to guide the shattered bark to its harbor; no charts and soundings made the secret pathways of the deep as plain as a gravelled road through a lawn; no comfortable dwellings along the line of the shore, and where are now your well-inhabited streets, spoke a welcome to the Pilgrim; no steeple poured the music of Sabbath morn into the ear of the fugitive for conscience' sake. Primeval wildness and native desolation brood over sea and land; and from the 9th of November, when, after a most calamitous voyage, the Mayflower first came to anchor in Provincetown harbor, to the end of December, the entire male portion of the company was occupied, for the greater part of every day, and often by night as well as by day, in exploring the coast and seeking a place of rest, amidst perils from the savages, from the unknown shore, and the elements, which it makes one's heart bleed to think upon.

But this dreary waste, which we thus contemplate in imagination, and which they traversed in sad reality, is a chosen land. It is a theatre upon which an all-glorious drama is to be enacted. On this frozen soil,—driven from the ivy-clad churches of their mother land,—escaped, at last, from loathsome prisons—the meek fathers of a pure church will lay the spiritual base-

ment of their temple. Here, on the everlasting rock of liberty, they will establish the foundation of a free State. Beneath its ungenial wintry sky, principles of social right, institutions of civil government, shall germinate, in which, what seemed the Utopian dreams of visionary sages, are to be more than realized.

But let us contemplate, for a moment, the instruments selected by Providence, for this political and moral creation. However unpromising the field of action, the agents must correspond with the excellence of the work. The time is truly auspicious. England is well supplied with all the materials of a generous enterprise. She is in the full affluence of her wealth of intellect and character. The age of Elizabeth has passed and garnered up its treasures. The age of the commonwealth, silent and unsuspected, is ripening toward its harvest of great men. The Burleighs and Cecils have sounded the depths of statesmanship; the Drakes and Raleighs have run the whole round of chivalry and adventure; the Cokes and Bacons are spreading the light of their master-minds through the entire universe of philosophy and law. Out of a generation of which men like these are the guides and lights, it cannot be difficult to select the leaders of any lofty undertaking; and, through their influence, to secure to it the protection of royalty. But, alas, for New England! No, sir, happily for New England, Providence works not with human instruments. Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. The stars of human greatness, that glitter in a court, are not destined to rise on the lowering horizon of the despised colony. The feeble company of Pilgrims is not to be marshalled by garnered statesmen, or mitred prelates. Fleets will not be despatched to convoy the little band, nor armies to protect it. Had there been honors to be won, or pleasures to be enjoyed, or plunder to be grasped, hungry courtiers, midsummer friends, godless adventurers would have eaten out the heart of the enterprise. Silken Buckinghams and Somersets would have blasted it with their patronage. But, safe amidst their unenvied perils, strong in their inoffensive weakness, rich in their untempting poverty, the patient fugitives are permitted to pursue unmolested the thorny paths of tribulation; and, landed at last on the unfriendly shore, the hosts of God, in the frozen mail of December, encamp around the dwellings of the just:

“Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.”

While Bacon is attuning the sweetest strains of his honeyed eloquence to sooth the dull ear of a crowned pedant, and his great rival, only less obsequious, is on his knees to deprecate the royal displeasure, the future founders of the new republic beyond the sea are training up for their illustrious mission, in obscurity, hardship, and weary exile in a foreign land.

And now—for the fulness of time is come—let us go up once more, in imagination, to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvas, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbor; and there she lies, with all her treasures, not of silver and gold, (for of these she has none,) but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring. So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the *Mayflower*, utterly incapable, as she was, of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general north and south wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the Cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the precious vessel. As I now see her, freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point, at which, for hundreds of miles, she could, with any ease, have made a harbor, and this, perhaps, the very best on the seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies. I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves, as a mighty bulwark around the heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power, in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshippers as in the hollow of his hand.

THE TWO FRIENDS.—WORDSWORTH.

We talked with open heart and tongue,
Affectionate and true ;
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew," said I, "let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon ;

"Or of the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made."

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The gray-haired man of glee.

"No check, no stay, this streamlet fears ;
How merrily it goes !
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as it now flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound was in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay ;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

' With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

"But we are pressed by heavy laws,
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved;
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains.

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead,
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went.

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.—TENNYSON.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown;
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms ;
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply ;
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere ,
You put strange memories in my head,
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh your sweet eyes, your low replies :
A great enchantress you may be ;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere;
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear ;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
There stands a spectre in your hall ;
The guilt of blood is at your door ,
You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent ;
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
T' is only noble to be good ;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere :
 You pine among your halls and towers :
 The languid light of your proud eyes
 Is wearied of the rolling hours.
 In glowing health, with boundless wealth,
 But sickening of a vague disease,
 You know so ill to deal with time,
 You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
 If time be heavy on your hands,
 Are there no beggars at your gate,
 Nor any poor about your lands ?
 Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read,
 Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
 Pray heaven for a human heart,
 And let the foolish yeoman go.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.—LONGFELLOW.

"As unto the bow the cord is
 So unto the man is woman,
 Though she bends him, she obeys him,
 Though she draws him, yet she follows,
 Useless each without the other !"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
 Said within himself and pondered,
 Much perplexed by various feelings,
 Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
 Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
 Of the lovely Laughing Water,
 In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
 Warning said the old Nokomis ;
 'Go not eastward, go not westward.
 For a stranger, whom we know not !
 Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
 Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
 Like the starlight or the moonlight
 Is the handsomest of strangers !"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
 And my Hiawatha answered
 Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,
 Very pleasant is the firelight,
 But I like the starlight better.
 Better do I like the moonlight !"

Gravely then said old Nokomis
 "Bring not here an idle maiden,

Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiawatha,
"In the land of the Dacotáhs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotáhs!
Very fierce are the Dacotáhs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his mocasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,
"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!"
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,

And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs
Making arrow-heads of Jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskodáy, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wáwa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were !
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the falls of Minnehaha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheeks and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
'Hiawatha, you are welcome !'

At the feet of Laughing Water

Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwásind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah Women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,

And made answer very gravely :

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;

Let your heart speak, Minnehaha !"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband !"

This was Hiawatha's wooing !
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water ;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha !"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying :
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us !
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger !"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden ;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear ;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,

Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaúmo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!

All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,

"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"
Sang the robin, the Opéchee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokómis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

ROBERT BURNS.—FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she 's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed
Where the Bard-peasant first drew breath;
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle
To that Bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-Minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair:—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres;
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor kneit
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listen'd, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments bright and warm,
O'er Reasons dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with your Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod—
Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

RICHARD DOUBLEDICK'S STORY.—DICKENS.

IN the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a poor traveller, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

My relative came down to Chatham, to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was, to get shot; but, he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age, twenty-two; height, five feet ten; native place, Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed; but, in an evil hour, he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, a deep determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It be-

came clear to the whole barracks, that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now, the Captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes—what are called laughing eyes, generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but, they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street, like any other officer. He was reproached and confused—troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way, than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the black hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but, he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were; twisting and breaking in his hands, as he went along, a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the black hole.

"Come in!" cried the Captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "Do you know where you are going to?"

"To ruin, sir?" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the Captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the black hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the Captain, "since I entered his Ma-

jesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but, I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the Captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the Captain with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be, I leave you to consider; knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment, and the world together, will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young Captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praise," returned the Captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived, to say with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not — Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend —" began the Captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged, a little longer, and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young Captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare, that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathising witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Buonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of

Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way, single-handed, through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down, and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men—for, the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular war, up to the investment of Badajos in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and-thirty—whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my

witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright dark eyes—so very, very dark now, in the pale face—smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm, as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick, that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life; one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on—and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality upon the other—until the Battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home, appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At Midsummer time, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven-and-thirty years of age, came home to England, invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen, since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but, the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome, in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind to-night, "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a tremb-

ling voice, that very passage in it as I have heard him tell. He heard the words, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door, quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O God, for ever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in Heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, O, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never, from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant, breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear, except his reclainer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be, to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offences; to let it be revealed when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him—well, it would be time enough—time enough!

But, that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him, as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her, as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept, a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking, was this, indeed, the first time he had ever turned his face toward the old colors, with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check, in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But, it swept on to avenge him, and left behind

no such creature in the world of consciousness, as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the way-side, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive; the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There, it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again, the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again, the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day, the bells rang; so many times, the shadows of the great buildings changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded; indifferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh quiet room with a large window standing open; a balcony, beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely, that he thought he had

passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here, long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak; too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun—O the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face, I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep; she still holding his hand, and soothing him.

From that time, he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but, making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then, he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "it comforts her."

One day, he awoke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But, the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bed-side, where she sat at work, was held undrawn; and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said, softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger, now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name——"

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that, in all his triumphs, he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels, I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings, barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me Wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night——"

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when these three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But, even then, it became necessary for the Captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate

of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken-bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefitted by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began, in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child; a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad, under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time; and, at last, enclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of *cet homme si justement célèbre Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick*.

Captain Doubledick; now a hardy handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before; dispatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Travelling through all that extent of country after three years of peace he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers and a high leaden roof, and

more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then, there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron railing, that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past; and the Captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall, was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still, no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the Captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer; the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last—in every lineament how like it was!

He moved, and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face, that day, as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife; an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children-visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the Captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went up stairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo," said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do, and how shall I tell him? At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother, above all," the Captain thought, "How shall I tell *her*?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the Captain walked first to one win-

dow, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee, these better thoughts are rising in my mind! Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time! Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand! Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me, here on earth—and that he did no more!"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

TO A SKYLARK.—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower ;

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine ;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Match'd with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but never knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

ALICE RAY.—MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

The birds their love-notes warble
 Among the blossomed trees;
 The flowers are sighing forth their sweets
 To wooing honeybees;
 The glad brook o'er a pebbly floor
 Goes dancing on its way—
 But not a thing is so like spring
 As happy Alice Ray.

An only child was Alice,
And, like the blest above,
The gentle maid had ever breathed
An atmosphere of love;
Her father's smile like sunshine came,
Like dew her mother's kiss;
Their love and goodness made her home,
Like heaven, the place of bliss.

Beneath such tender training
The joyous child had sprung,
Like one bright flower, in wild-wood bower,
And gladness round her flung;
And all who met her blessed her,
And turned again to pray,
That grief and care might ever spare
The happy Alice Ray.

The gift that made her charming
Was not from Venus caught;
Nor was it, Pallas-like, derived
From majesty of thought:
Her healthful cheek was tinged with brown,
Her hair without a curl—
But then her eyes were love-lit stars,
Her teeth as pure as pearl.

And when in merry laughter
Her sweet, clear voice was heard,
It welled from out her happy heart
Like carol of a bird:
And all who heard were moved to smiles,
As at some mirthful lay,
And, to the stranger's look, replied,
" 'Tis that dear Alice Ray."

And so she came, like sunbeams
That bring the April green—
As type of nature's royalty,
They called her "Woodburn's queen!"
A sweet, heart-lifting cheerfulness,
Like springtime of the year,
Seemed ever on her steps to wait—
No wonder she was dear.

Her world was ever joyous—
She thought of grief and pain
As giants of the olden time,
That ne'er would come again;
The seasons all had charms for her,
She welcomed each with joy—
The charm that in her spirit lived
No changes could destroy.

Her love made all things lovely,
 For in the heart must live
 The feeling that imparts the charm—
 We gain by what we give.

SHAKSPEARE.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Then Shakspeare rose!—
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
 And lo! a new creation glows!—
 There clustering round, submissive to his will,
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,
 Hatred, blasting with a glance,
 Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
 And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
 Waking Laughter's merry swell,
 Arm-in-arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.
 From the feudal tower pale Terror rushing,
 Where the prophet bird's wail
 Dies along the dull gale,
 And the sleeping monarch's blood is gushing.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
 Kissed by the virgin moon's cold beam,
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
 And swan-like there her own dirge breathes.
 Then broken-hearted sinks to rest,
 Beneath the bubbling wave that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
 Now drooping o'er the hallowed tomb
 Where his plighted victims lie,
 Where they met, but met to die:—
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
 Through the dewy arbor peeping,
 Where beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
 To youth's devoted tale is listening,
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells, and guard the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
 Obedient to their master's song,
 And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.
 For other worlds war's great one sighed in vain—
 O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign!
 The rapt magician of his own wild lay,
 Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey;
 Old ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,
 Air teems with shapes and tell-tale spectres rise:
 Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
 And faithless guilt unseals the lip of sleep:
 Time yields his trophies up, and death restores
 The mouldered victims of his voiceless shores.
 The fireside legend, and the faded page,
 The crime that cursed, the deed that blessed an age,
 All, all come forth—the good to charm and cheer,
 To scourge bold vice, and start the generous tear;
 With pictured folly gazing fools to shame,
 And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

CORIOLANUS AND VOLUMNIA.—SHAKSPEARE.

The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
 Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
 You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
 I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
 You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
 The general suit of Rome; never admitted
 A private whisper, no, not with such friends
 That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
 Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
 Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
 Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
 (Though I shew'd sourly to him,) once more offered
 The first conditions, which they did refuse,
 And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
 That thought he could do more; a very little
 I have yielded too: Fresh embassies and suits,
 Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
 Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honor'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge;
Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels*.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels*.

Cor. What is this?
Your knces to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by your denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rage and my revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said, you will not grant us any thing.
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comfort,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother,
 Who brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on me,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger; but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child's nor woman's face to see.
 I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honor: No; our suit,
 Is, that you reconcile them: While the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,
This we received; and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains of honor,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honorable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you.
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,

Loaden with honor. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; An end:
 This is the last; So we will home to Rome,
 And die amoug our neighbors.—Nay, behold us;
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[*Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.*

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
 You have won a happy victory to Rome:
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor.

I dare be sworn, you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me for my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honor
 At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[*Aside.*

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*
 But we will drink together; and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you: all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace.

THE HEAD OF MEMNON.—HORACE SMITH.

In Egypt's centre, when the world was young,
 My statue soar'd aloft—a man-shaped tower,
 O'er hundred-gated Thebes, by Homer sung,
 And built by Apis' and Osiris' power.

When the sun's infant eye more brightly blazed,
 I mark'd the labors of unwearied time ;
 And saw, by patient centuries up-raised,
 Stupendous temples, obelisks sublime !

Hewn from the rooted rock, some mightier mound
 Some new colossus more enormous springs,
 So vast, so firm, that, as I gazed around,
 I thought them, like myself, eternal things.

Then did I mark in sacerdotal state,
 Psammis the king, whose alabaster tomb,
 (Such the inscrutable decrees of fate,)
 Now floats athwart the sea to share my doom.

O Thebes, I cried, thou wonder of the world !
 Still shalt thou soar, its everlasting boast :
 When lo ! the Persian standards were unfurl'd,
 And fierce Cambyzes led the invading host.

Where from the east a dust of cloud proceeds,
 A thousand banner'd suns at once appear ;
 Nought else was seen ;—but sound of neighing steeds
 And faint barbaric music met mine ear.

Onward they march, and foremost I descried
 A cuirassed Grecian band in phalanx dense,
 Around them throng'd, in oriental pride,
 Commingled tribes—a wild magnificence.

Dogs, cats, and monkeys in their van they show,
 Which Egypt's children worship and obey ;
 They fear to strike a sacrilegious blow,
 And fall—a pious, unresisting prey.

Then havoc, leaguings with infuriate zeal,
 Palaces, temples, cities are o'erthrown ;
 Apis is stabb'd !—Cambyzes thrusts the steel,
 And shuddering Egypt heaved a general groan !

The firm Memnonium mock'd their feeble power,
 Flames round its granite columns hiss'd in vain,
 The head of Isis, frowning o'er each tower,
 Look'd down with indestructible disdain.

Mine was a deeper and more quick disgrace :—
 Beneath my shade a wondering army flock'd ;
 With force combined, they wrench'd me from my base,
 And earth beneath the dread concussion rock'd.

Nile from his banks receded with affright,
 The startled Sphynx long trembled at the sound ;
 While from each pyramid's astounded height,
 The loosen'd stones slid rattling to the ground.

I watch'd, as in the dust supine I lay,
 The fall of Thebes—as I had mark'd its fame—
 Till crumbling down, as ages roll'd away,
 Its site a lonely wilderness became !

The throngs that choked its hundred gates of yore,
 Its fleets, its armies, were no longer seen ;
 Its priesthood's pomp, its Pharaohs were no more—
 All—all were gone—as if they ne'er had been !

Deep was the silence now, unless some vast
 And time-worn fragment thunder'd to its base ;
 Whose sullen echoes, o'er the desert cast,
 Died in the distant solitude of space.

Or haply, in the palaces of kings,
 Some stray jackal sate howling on the throne :
 Or, on the temple's holiest altar, springs
 Some gaunt hyæna, laughing all alone.

Nature o'erwhelms the relics left by time ;—
 By slow degrees entombing all the land ;
 She buries every monument sublime,
 Beneath a mighty winding-sheet of sand.

Vain is each monarch's unremitting pains,
 Who in the rock his place of burial delves ;
 Behold ! their proudest palaces and fanes
 Are subterraneous sepulchres themselves.

Twenty-three centuries unmoved I lay,
 And saw the tide of sand around me rise ;
 Quickly it threaten'd to engulf its prey,
 And close in everlasting night mine eyes.

Snatch'd in this crisis from my yawning grave,
 Belzoni roll'd me to the banks of Nile,
 And slowly heaving o'er the western wave,
 This massy fragment reach'd the imperial isle.

In London, now with face erect I gaze
 On England's pallid sons, whose eyes upcast,
 View my colossal features with amaze,
 And deeply ponder on my glories past.

But who my future destiny shall guess?
 Saint Paul's may lie, like Memnon's temple, low.
 London, like Thebes, may be a wilderness,
 And Thames, like Nile, through silent ruins flow.

Then haply may my travels be renew'd :—
 Some transatlantic hand may break my rest,
 And bear me from Augusta's solitude,
 To some new seat of empire in the west.

Mortal! since human grandeur ends in dust,
 And proudest piles must crumble to decay;
 Build up the tower of thy final trust
 In those blest realms—where naught shall pass away!

THE DUMB WAITER.—FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

WE have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door

that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which

I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle ! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake ; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then, he wanted me to explain it ! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him ? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however—somebody has told him—*somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.

THE FATE OF ANDRE.—ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

NEVER, perhaps, did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took, after his capture, was to write a letter to Général Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes ; asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor ; that contrary to his intention, which was to meet a person for intelligence on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise ; soliciting only, that, to whatever rigor policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due to a person, who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent ; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with the most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the Board of Officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was re-

quired to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed every thing that might involve others, he frankly confessed all the facts relating to himself; and, upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility, which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behaviour toward him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman who visited him after his trial, he said he flattered himself he had never been illiberal; but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him, (and I saw him several times during his confinement,) he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. "I foresee my fate," said he, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life, yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself or that others should reproach him, on the supposition of my having conceived myself obliged, by his instructions, to run the risk I did. I would not, for the world, leave a sting in his mind that should imbitter his future days." He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them; and with difficulty collected himself enough afterward to add: "I wish to be permitted to assure him, I did not act under this impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders." His request was readily complied with; and he wrote the letter annexed, with which I dare say you will be as much pleased as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, there was still a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference in his feelings; and he would be happy, if possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application, by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incom-

patible with the customs of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined, in both cases, to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

In going to the place of execution, he bowed familiarly, as he went along, to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked, with some emotion, "Must I then die in this manner?" He was told it had been unavoidable. "I am reconciled to my fate," said he, "but not to the mode." Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added: "It will be but a momentary pang;" and, springing upon the cart, performed the last offices to himself, with a composure that excited the admiration and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had anything to say, he answered, "Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man." Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. 'Tis said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music, and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence that rarely accompanies so many talents and accomplishments; which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem: they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome; his address easy, polite, and insinuating. By his merit, he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project, the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he was at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity, and saw all the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favorable a light as through the medium of adversity: the clouds that surround

him are shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down the little vanities that, in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues; and gives a tone of humility that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it, through envy, and are more disposed, by compassion, to give him the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satires of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre; while we could not but condemn him, if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is, however, a blemish on his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag: about this, a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great; let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

HORATIUS, A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.—MACAULAY.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
 By the Nine Gods he swore
 That the great house of Tarquin
 Should suffer wrong no more.
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,
 And named a trysting day.
 And bade his messengers ride forth,
 East and west, and south and north,
 To summon his array.

East and west, and south and north
 The messengers ride fast,
 And tower, and town, and cottage,
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.
 Shame on the false Etruscan
 Who lingers in his home,
 When Porsena of Clusium
 Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
 Are pouring in amain
 From many a stately market-place;
 From many a fruitful plain;

From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand:
Evening and morn the thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty
Have their glad answer given:
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena;
Go, forth, beloved of heaven;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome;
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome."

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

Now, from the rock of Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands:
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote,
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath storm'd Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis in all the senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.

Forthwith uprose the consul,
Uprose the Fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spoke the consul roundly :
"The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear ;
"To arms ! to arms ! Sir Consul ;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fix'd his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sate in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name ;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But the consul's brow was sad
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly look'd he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ?

Then out spake brave Horatius.

The captain of the gate :

"To every man upon this earth

Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better

Than facing fearful odds,

For the ashes of his fathers,

And the temples of his gods.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,

With all the speed ye may ;

I, with two more to help me,

Will hold the foe in play.

In yon straight path a thousand

May well be stopp'd by three.

Now who will stand on either hand,

And keep the bridge with me ?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius ;

A Ramnian proud was he :

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,

And keep the bridge with thee !"

And out spake strong Herminius ;

Of Titian blood was he :

"I will abide on thy left side,

And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the consul,

"As thou sayest, so let it be."

And straight against that great array

Forth went the dauntless Three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel

Spared neither land nor gold,

Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,

In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party ;

Then all were for the state ;

Then the great man help'd the poor,

And the poor man loved the great ;

Then lands were fairly portion'd ;

Then spoils were fairly sold :

The Romans were like brothers

In the brave days of old.

Now while the three were tightening

Their harness on their backs,

The consul was the foremost man

To take in hand an axe ;

And Fathers mix'd with commons

Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,

And smote upon the planks above,

And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Roll'd slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And look'd upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.

And meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they pass'd, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turn'd their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have cross'd once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosen'd beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splash'd the yellow foam.

And like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And toss'd his tawny mane;

And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rush'd headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turn'd he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank :
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
 In such an evil case,
 Struggle through such a raging flood
 Safe to the landing place.
 But his limbs were borne up bravely
 By the brave heart within,
 And our good father Tiber
 Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
 "Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sack'd the town!"
 "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
 "And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 Now round him throng the fathers
 To press his gory hands;
 And now with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 He enters through the river-gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

When the goodman mends his armour,
 And trims his helmet's plume;
 When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
 Goes flashing through the loom;
 With weeping and with laughter
 Still is the story told,
 How well Horatius kept the bridge
 In the brave days of old.

A WOMAN NEVER VEXT.—WILLIAM ROWLEY.

The Woman never Vext states her Case to a Divine.

WIDOW. DOCTOR.

Doc. You sent for me, gentlewoman?

Wid. Sir, I did, and to this end.

I have some scruples in my conscience;
 Some doubtful problems which I cannot answer,
 Nor reconcile; I'd have you make them plain.

Doc. This is my duty; pray speak your mind.

Wid. And as I speak, I must remember heaven
 That gave those blessings which I must relate;

Sir, you now behold a wondrous woman ;
 You only wonder at the epithet ;
 I can approve it good : guess at mine age.

Doc. At the half-way 'twixt thirty and forty.

Wid. 'Twas not much amiss ; yet nearest to the last.

How think you then, is not this a Wonder,
 That a woman lives full seven-and-thirty years,
 Maid to a wife, and wife unto a widow,
 Now widow'd, and mine own ; yet all this while
 From the extremest verge of my remembrance,
 Even from my weaning hour unto this minute,
 Did never taste what was calamity.
 I know not yet what grief is, yet have sought
 A hundred ways for his acquaintance : with me
 Prosperity hath kept so close a watch.
 That even those things that I have meant a cross,
 Have that way turn'd a blessing. Is it not strange ?

Doc. Unparallel'd ; this gift is singular,
 And to you alone belonging : you are the moon,
 For there's but one, all women else are stars,
 For there are none of like condition.
 Full oft and many have I heard complain
 Of discontents, thwarts, and adversities ;
 But a second to yourself I never knew,
 To groan under the superflux of blessings,
 To have ever been alien unto sorrow
 No trip of fate ? sure it is wonderful.

Wid. Aye, Sir, 'tis wonderful, but is it well ?
 For it is now my chief affliction.
 I have heard you say that the Child of Heaven
 Shall suffer many tribulations ;
 Nay, kings and princes share them with their subjects :
 Then I that know not any chastisement,
 How may I know my part of childhood ?

Doc. 'Tis a good doubt ; but make it not extreme.
 'Tis some affliction that you are afflicted
 For want of affliction : cherish that :
 Yet wrest it not to misconstruction ;
 For all your blessings are free gifts from heaven,
 Health, wealth and peace ; nor can they turn into
 Curses, but by abuse. Pray, let me question you :
 You lost a husband, was it no grief to you ?

Wid. It was, but very small : no sooner I
 Had given it entertainment as a sorrow,
 But straight it turn'd unto my treble joy :
 A comfortable revelation prompts me then,
 That husband (whom in life I held so dear)
 Had chang'd a frailty to unchanging joys :
 Methought I saw him stelled in heaven,
 And singing hallelujahs 'mongst a quire
 Of white sainted souls : then again it spake,
 And said, it was a sin for me to grieve

At his best good, that I esteemed best;
And thus this slender shadow of a grief
Vanish'd again.

Doc. All this was happy, nor
Can you wrest it from a heavenly blessing. Do not
Appoint the rod: leave still the stroke unto
The magistrate; the time is not past, but
You may feel enough.—

Wid. One taste more I had, although but little,
Yet I would aggravate to make the most on't;
'Twas thus: the other day it was my hap,
In crossing of the Thames,
To drop that wedlock ring from off my finger,
That once conjoined me and my dear husband;
It sunk; I prized it dear; the dearer, 'cause it kept
Still in mine eye the memory of my loss;
Yet I grieved the loss; and did joy withal,
That I had found a grief. And this is all
The sorrow I can boast of.

Doc. This is but small.

Wid. Nay, sure, I am of this opinion,
That had I suffer'd a draught to be made for it,
The bottom would have sent it up again;
I am so wondrously fortunate.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY—CHANNING.

BEAUTY is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now, this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see

its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now, no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be most important to those conditions, where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications, which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

THE POET OF THE FUTURE.—ALEXANDER SMITH

I have a strain of a departed bard;
One who was born too late into this world.
A mighty day was past, and he saw nought
But ebbing sunset and the rising stars—
Still o'er him rose those melancholy stars!
Unknown his childhood, save that he was born
'Mong woodland waters full of silver breaks;
That he grew up 'mong primroses moon-pale
In the hearts of purple hills; that he o'er-ran
Green meadows golden in the level sun,
A bright-haired child; and that, when these he left
To dwell within a monstrous city's heart,
The trees were gazing up into the sky,

Their bare arms stretched in prayer for the snows.
 When first we met, his book was six months old,
 And eagerly his name was buzzed abroad;
 Praises fell thick on him. Men said, "This Dawn
 Will widen to a clear and boundless Day;
 And when it ripens to a sumptuous west
 With a great sunset 't will be closed and crowned."
 Lady! he was as far 'bove common men
 As a sun-steed, wild-eyed and meteor-maned,
 Neighing the reeling stars, is 'bove a hack
 With sluggish veins of mud. More tremulous
 Than the soft star that in the azure East
 Trembles with pity o'er bright bleeding day,
 Was his frail soul; I dwelt with him for years;
 I was to him but Labrador to Ind;
 His pearls were plentier than my pebble-stones.
 He was the sun, I was that squab—the earth,
 And basked me in his light until he drew
 Flowers from my barren sides. Oh! he was rich,
 And I rejoiced upon his shore of pearls,
 A weak enamored sea. Once did he say,
 "My Friend! a Poet must ere long arise,
 And with a regal song sun-crown this age,
 As a saint's head is with a halo crown'd.—
 One who shall hallow poetry to God,
 One, who shall fervent grasp the sword of song
 As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,
 To find the quickest passage to the heart.
 A mighty Poet whom this age shall choose
 To be its spokesman to all coming times.
 In the ripe full-blown season of his soul,
 He shall go forward in his spirit's strength,
 And grapple with the questions of all time,
 And wring from them their meanings. As King Saul
 Called up the buried prophet from his grave
 To speak his doom, so shall this Poet-king
 Call up the dead Past from its awful grave
 To tell him of our future. As the air
 Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love—
 Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake
 Reflects the flower, tree, rock and bending heaven,
 Shall he reflect our great humanity;
 And as the young Spring breathes with living breath
 On a dead branch till it sprouts fragrantly
 Green leaves and sunny flowers, shall he breathe life
 Through every theme he touch, making all Beauty
 And Poetry forever like the stars."

THE VIRGINIAN GENTLEMAN.—JOHN P. KENNEDY.

FRANK MERIWETHER is now in the meridian of life; somewhere close upon forty-five. Good cheer and a good temper both tell well upon him. The first has given him a comfortable full figure, and the latter certain easy, contemplative habits, that incline him to be lazy and philosophical. He has the substantial planter look that belongs to a gentleman who lives on his estate, and is not much vexed with the crosses of life.

I think he prides himself on his personal appearance, for he has a handsome face, with a dark blue eye, and a high forehead that is scantily embellished with some silver-tipped locks that, I observe, he cherishes for their rarity; besides, he is growing manifestly attentive to his dress, and carries himself erect, with some secret consciousness that his person is not bad. It is pleasant to see him when he has ordered his horse for a ride into the neighborhood, or across to the court-house. On such occasions, he is apt to make his appearance in a coat of blue broadcloth, astonishingly new and glossy, and with a redundant supply of plaited ruffle strutting through the folds of a Marseilles waistcoat; a worshipful finish is given to this costume by a large straw hat, lined with green silk. There is a magisterial fulness in his garments that betokens condition in the world, and a heavy bunch of seals, suspended by a chain of gold, jingles as he moves, pronouncing him a man of superfluities.

It is considered rather extraordinary that he has never set up for Congress; but the truth is, he is an unambitious man, and has a great dislike to currying favor—as he calls it. And, besides, he is thoroughly convinced that there will always be men enough in Virginia, willing to serve the people, and therefore does not see why he should trouble his head about it. Some years ago, however, there was really an impression that he meant to come out. By some sudden whim, he took it into his head to visit Washington during the session of Congress, and returned, after a fortnight, very seriously distempered with politics. He told curious anecdotes of certain secret intrigues which had been discovered in the affairs of the capital, gave a pretty clear insight into the views of some deep-laid combinations, and became, all at once, painfully florid in his discourse, and dogmatical to a degree that made his wife stare. Fortunately, this orgasm soon subsided, and Frank relapsed into an

indolent gentleman of the opposition; but it had the effect to give a much more decided cast to his studies, for he forthwith discarded the Whig and took to the Enquirer, like a man who was not to be disturbed by doubts; and as it was morally impossible to believe what was written on both sides, to prevent his mind from being abused, he, from this time forward, gave an implicit assent to all the facts that set against Mr. Adams. The consequence of this straightforward and confiding deportment was an unsolicited and complimentary notice of him by the executive of the state. He was put into the commission of the peace, and, having thus become a public man against his will, his opinions were observed to undergo some essential changes. He now thinks that a good citizen ought neither to solicit nor decline office; that the magistracy of Virginia is the sturdiest pillar that supports the fabric of the constitution; and that the people, "though in their opinions they may be mistaken, in their sentiments they are never wrong"—with some other such dogmas, that, a few years ago, he did not hold in very good repute. In this temper, he has, of late, embarked upon the mill-pond of county affairs, and, notwithstanding his amiable and respectful republicanism, I am told he keeps the peace as if he commanded a garrison, and administers justice like a *cadi*.

He has some claim to supremacy in this last department; for, during three years of his life, he smoked cigars in a lawyer's office at Richmond; sometimes looked into Blackstone and the Revised Code; was a member of a debating society that ate oysters once a week during the winter; and wore six cravats and a pair of yellow-topped boots as a blood of the metropolis. Having in this way qualified himself for the pursuits of agriculture, he came to his estate a very model of landed gentlemen. Since that time, his avocations have had a certain literary tincture; for, having settled himself down as a married man, and got rid of his superfluous foppery, he rambled with wonderful assiduity through a wilderness of romances, poems, and dissertations, which are now collected in his library, and, with their battered blue covers, present a lively type of an army of continentals at the close of the war, or an hospital of veteran invalids. These have all, at last, given way to the newspapers—a miscellaneous study very enticing to gentlemen in the country—that have rendered Meriwether a most discomfiting antagonist in the way of dates and names.

He has great suavity of manners, and a genuine benevolence

of disposition that makes him fond of having his friends about him; and it is particularly gratifying to him to pick up any genteel stranger within the purlieus of Swallow Barn and put him to the proof of a week's hospitality, if it be only for the pleasure of exercising his rhetoric upon him. He is a kind master, and considerate toward his dependants, for which reason, although he owns many slaves, they hold him in profound reverence, and are very happy under his dominion. All these circumstances make Swallow Barn a very agreeable place, and it is, accordingly, frequented by an extensive range of his acquaintances.

There is one quality in Frank that stands above the rest. He is a thoroughbred Virginian, and, consequently, does not travel much from home, except to make an excursion to Richmond, which he considers emphatically as the center of civilization. Now and then he has gone beyond the mountain, but the upper country is not much to his taste, and, in his estimation, only to be resorted to when the fever makes it imprudent to remain upon the tide. He thinks lightly of the mercantile interest, and, in fact, undervalues the manners of the cities generally; he believes that their inhabitants are all hollow-hearted and insincere, and altogether wanting in that substantial intelligence and honesty that he affirms to be characteristic of the country. He is a great admirer of the genius of Virginia, and is frequent in his commendation of a toast in which the state is compared to the mother of the Gracchi; indeed, it is a familiar thing with him to speak of the aristocracy of talent as only inferior to that of the landed interest—the idea of a freeholder inferring to his mind a certain constitutional pre-eminence in all the virtues of citizenship, as a matter of course.

The solitary elevation of a country gentleman, well to do in the world, begets some magnificent notions. He becomes as infallible as the Pope; gradually acquires a habit of making long speeches; is apt to be impatient of contradiction, and is always very touchy on the point of honor. There is nothing more conclusive than a rich man's logic anywhere, but in the country, amongst his dependants, it flows with the smooth and unresisted course of a gentle stream, irrigating a verdant meadow, and depositing its mud in fertilizing luxuriance. Meriwether's sayings, about Swallow Barn, import absolute verity—but I have discovered that they are not so current out of his jurisdiction. Indeed, every now and then, we have some obstinate discussions when any of the neighboring potentates, who

stand in the same sphere with Frank, come to the house; for these worthies have opinions of their own, and nothing can be more dogged than the conflict between them. They sometimes fire away at each other with a most amiable and unconvincible hardihood for a whole evening, bandying interjections, and making bows, and saying shrewd things with all the courtesy imaginable; but for unextinguishable pertinacity in argument, and utter impregnability of belief, there is no disputant like your country gentleman who reads the newspapers. When one of these discussions fairly gets under weigh, it never comes to an anchor again of its own accord—it is either blown out so far to sea as to be given up for lost, or puts into port in distress for want of documents—or is upset by a call for the boot-jack and slippers—which is something like the previous question in Congress.

If my worthy cousin be somewhat over-argumentative as a politician, he restores the equilibrium of his character by a considerate coolness in religious matters. He piques himself upon being a high-churchman, but he is only a rare frequenter of places of worship, and very seldom permits himself to get into a dispute upon points of faith. If Mr. Chub, the Presbyterian tutor in the family, ever succeeds in drawing him into this field, as he occasionally has the address to do, Meriwether is sure to fly the course. He gets puzzled with Scripture names, and makes some odd mistakes between Peter and Paul, and then, generally, turns the parson over to his wife, who, he says, has an astonishing memory.

THE DYING CHILD.—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
 Let me repose upon thy bosom seek:
 But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
 Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
 Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
 But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
 I see the angel children smiling gladly,
 When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
 Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
 See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
 Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord!

Green, gold, and red are floating all around me;
 They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
 Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
 Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
 Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
 Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing;
 I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
 Do not thus sigh—it marreth my reposing;
 And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
 O, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
 Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE.—HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

It was a day of festival in Rome,
 And to the splendid temple of her saint,
 Many a brilliant equipage swept on;
 Brave cavaliers reined their impetuous steeds,
 While dark-robed priests and bright-eyed peasants strolled,
 Through groups of citizens in gay attire.
 The suppliant moan of the blind mendicant,
 Blent with the huckster's cry, the urchin's shout,
 The clash of harness, and the festive cheer.
 Beneath the colonnade ranged the Swiss guards,
 With polished halberds—an anomaly,
 Of mountain lineage, and yet hirelings!
 In the midst rose the majestic obelisk;
 Quarried in Egypt, centuries by-gone;
 And, on either side, gushed up refreshingly
 The lofty fountains, flashing in the sun,
 And breathing, o'er the din, a whisper soft,
 Yet finely musical as childhood's laugh.
 Here a stranger stood in mute observance;
 There an artist leaned, and pleased his eye
 With all the features of the shifting scene,
 Striving to catch its varying light and shade—
 The mingled tints of brilliancy and gloom.
 Through the dense crowd a lovely maiden pressed
 With a calm brow, an eagerness of air,
 And an eye exultant with high purpose.
 The idle courtier checked his ready jest,
 And backward stepped in reverence, as she passed;
 The friar turned and blessed her fervently,
 Reading the joy in her deep look of love,
 That visits pilgrims when their shrine is won.
 To the rich chambers of the Vatican

She hurried thoughtfully, nor turned to muse
 Upon the many glories clustered there.
 There are rooms whose walls are radiant still
 With the creations of the early dead—
 Raphael, the gifted and the beautiful;
 Fit places for those sweet imaginings
 And spirit-stirring dreams. She entered not.
 Gems of rare hues and cunning workmanship,
 Ancient sarcophagi, heroic forms,
 Busts of the mighty conquerors of time,
 Stirred not a pulse in that fond maiden's heart;
 She staid not to peruse the classic face
 Of young Augustus, nor lingered to discern
 Benignity in Trajan's countenance;
 But sped, with fawn-like and familiar step,
 On to the threshold of a cabinet;
 And then her eye grew brighter, and a flush
 Suffused her cheek, as, awe-subdued, she paused,
 And, throwing back the ringlets from her brow,
 With a light bound and rapturous murmur, stood
 Before the statue of the Grecian god:

"They tell me thou art stone,
 Stern, passionless, and chill,
 Dead to the glow of noble thought,
 And feeling's holy thrill;
 They deem thee but a marble god,
 The paragon of art,
 A thing to charm the sage's eye,
 But not to win the heart.

"Vain as their own light vows,
 And soulless as their gaze,
 The thought of quenching my deep love
 By such ignoble praise!
 I know that through thy parted lips
 Language disdains to roll,
 While on them rest so gloriously
 The beamings of the soul.

"I dreamed, but yesternight,
 That, gazing, e'en as now,
 Rapt in a wild, admiring joy,
 On thy majestic brow—
 That thy strong arm was round me flung,
 And drew me to thy side,
 While thy proud lip uncurled in love,
 And hailed me as a bride.

"And then, methought we sped,
 Like thine own arrow, high,
 Through fields of azure, orbs of light,
 Amid the boundless sky:

Our way seemed walled with radiant gems,
As fell the starry gleams,
And the floating isles of pearly drops
Gave back their silver beams.

"Sphere-music, too, stole by
In the fragrant zephyr's play,
And the hum of worlds boomed solemnly
Across our trackless way:
Upon my cheek the wanton breeze
Thy glowing tresses flung;
Like loving tendrils, round my neck,
A golden band they clung.

"Methought thou didst impart
The mysteries of earth,
And whisper lovingly the tale
Of thy celestial birth;
O'er Poetry's sublimest heights
Exultingly we trod;
Thy words were music—uttering
The genius of a god!

"Proud one! 'twas but a dream;
For here again thou art,
Thy marble bosom heeding not
My passion stricken heart.
O, turn that rapturous look on me,
And heave a single sigh—
Give but a glance, breathe but a tone,
One word were ecstasy!

"Still mute? Then must I yield;
This fire will scathe my breast;
This weary heart will throb itself
To an eternal rest.
Yet still my soul claims fellowship
With the exalted grace,
The bright and thrilling earnestness,
The godlike in thy face.

"Thou wilt relent at last,
And turn thy love-lit eye
In pity on me, noble one!
To bless me ere I die.
And now, farewell, my vine-clad home,
Farewell, immortal youth!
Let me behold thee when Love calls
The martyr to her truth!"

A VISION OF THE VATICAN.—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

In the great palace halls, where dwell the gods
 I heard a voice filling the vaulted roof;
 The heart that uttered it seem'd sorrow proof,
 And, clarion-like, it might have made the clods
 Of the dead valley start to sudden life,
 With such a vigor and a joy 'twas rife.

And, coming towards me, lo! a woman past,
 Her face was shining as the morning bright,
 And her feet fell in steps so strong and light,
 I scarce could tell if she trode slow or fast :
 She seem'd instinct with beauty and with power,
 And what she sang dwells with me to this hour.

"Transfigur'd from the gods' abode I come,
 I have been tarrying in their awful home ;
 Stand from my path, and give me passage free,
 For yet I breathe of their divinity.
 Jove have I knelt to, solemn and serene,
 And stately Herè, heaven's transcendant queen ;
 Apollo's light is on my brow, and fleet,
 As silver-sandall'd Dian's are my feet ;
 Graciously smiling, heavenly Aphrodite
 Hath filled my senses with a vague delight ;
 And Pallas, steadfastly beholding me,
 Hath sent me forth in wisdom to be free."

When at the portal, smiling she did turn,
 And, looking back thro' the vast halls profound,
 Re-echoing with her song's triumphant sound,
 She bow'd her head, and said,—“I shall return!”
 Then raised her face, all radiant with delight,
 And vanished, like a vision, from my sight.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.—N. P. WILLIS.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
 With a strange beauty. Earth received again
 Its garment of a thousand dyes ; and leaves,
 And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
 And everything that bendeth to the dew,
 And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
 Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them; but oh! it came
Upon her heart like discord, and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart,
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were press'd
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swell'd out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasp'd in her own, and his round delicate feet,
Scarce train'd to balance on the tented floor,
Sandall'd for journeying. He had look'd up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straighten'd up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swell'd,
Had they but match'd his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch, as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh! man may bear with suffering; his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike, in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to—part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love—
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-hair'd boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
O no! by all her loveliness—by all

That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
 Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
 By needless jealousies; let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
 But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
 By wrong or silence—any thing that tells
 A change has come upon your tenderness—
 And there is not a feeling out of heaven
 Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—
 Her press'd lip arch'd, and her clear eye undimm'd
 As if it were a diamond, and her form
 Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
 Her child kept on in silence, though she press'd
 His hand till it was pain'd; for he had caught,
 As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
 Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning pass'd, and Asia's sun rode up
 In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
 The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
 And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
 On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
 It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
 No shelter in the wilderness, and on
 She kept her weary way, until the boy
 Hung down his head, and open'd his parch'd lips
 For water; but she could not give it him.
 She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
 For it was better than the close, hot breath
 Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;
 But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
 Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
 Why God denied him water in the wild.
 She sat a little longer, and he grew
 Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
 It was too much for her. She lifted him,
 And bore him further on, and laid his head
 Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
 And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
 And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
 Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourn'd:—
 "God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
 I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
 And see death settle on my cradle joy.
 How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
 And could I see thee die?"

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
 Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
 Or willing the soft hours,
 By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

"Oh no! and when I watch'd by thee the while,
 And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
 In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
 How pray'd I that my father's land might be
 An heritage for thee!

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!
 And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
 And oh, my last caress
 Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
 How can I leave my boy, so pillow'd there
 Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her God had given
 To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
 The forehead of her child until he laugh'd
 In his reviving happiness, and lisp'd
 His infant thought of gladness at the sight
 Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

THE BURNT AIGLE.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed, lame old man, known in the neighborhood of Killaggin, by the name of Burnt Eagle, or, as the Irish peasants called him, "Burnt Aigle." His descent proclaimed him an Irishman, but some of his habits were not characteristic of the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—Time. He certainly was not of the neighborhood in which he resided, for he had no "people," no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard; but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of Burnt Eagle's donkey. At that time he lived in a neat, pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean but well furnished; that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labor, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow: the fence was formed round the little inclosure of gray granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewed abundantly on the strand; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this inclosure was perfected, and a very neat *gate* of basket-work with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door, before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

"Why, thin, Burnt Aigle, dear," said Mrs. Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy, dirty, healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor bocher* was doing at the place, "that was good enough for Corney, the crab-catcher, without alteration dacent man! for twenty years. Why, thin, Burnt Aigle, dear, what are ye slaving and fencin' at?"

"Why, I thought I told ye, Mrs. Radford, when I taught ye the tight stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here; I understand flowers, and the gentry's ready to buy them; and sure, when once the flowers are set, they'll grow of themselves, while I'm doing something else. Is'nt it a beautiful thing to think of that! how the Lord helps us to a great deal, if we only do a *little* toward it!"

"How do you make that out?" inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. "All that's wanted of us," he said, "is to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn't God's goodness do all the rest?"

"But it would be 'time enough,' sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready," said his neighbor, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

"And have all the neighbors' pigs right through it the next morning?" retorted the old man laughing; "no, no, that's not *my* way, Mrs. Radford."

"Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle," said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

"Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma'am?" inquired Burnt Aigle.

* A lame man.

"No, I thank ye kindly; its not out I see," she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

"That's a bad plan," observed our friend, who continued his labor as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

"What is, Aigle dear?"

"Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma'am; it might chance to burn ye, and its sure to waste the tobacco."

"Augh!" exclaimed the wife, "what long heads some people have! God grant we may never want the bit o' tobacco. Sure it would be hard if we did, we're bad off enough without that."

"But if ye *did*, ye know, ma'am, ye'd be sorry ye wasted it; wouldn't ye?"

"Och, Aigle, dear, the poverty is bad enough when it comes, not to be looking out for it."

"If you expected an inimy to come and burn your house," ("Lord defend us!" ejaculated the woman), "what would you do?"

"Is it, what would I do? that's a quare question. I'd prevint him to be sure."

"And *that's* what I want to do with the poverty," he answered, sticking his spade firmly into the earth; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. "Ye see every one on *the sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is some how or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it."

"Ah, thin, how?" said Mrs. Radford.

"By forethought, prudence; never to let a farthing's worth go to waste, or spend a penny if we can do with a halfpenny. Time makes the most of us—we ought to make the most of him; so I'll go on with my work, ma'am, if you please; I can work and talk at the same time."

Mrs. Radford looked a little affronted; but she thought better of it, and repeated her favorite maxim, "Fair and aisy goes far in a day."

"So it does ma'am; nothing like it; its wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I'm tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs; and when I am wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather! And when I've had enough of that, I get

on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms."

"We burn that," said Mrs. Radford.

"There's plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting; it's a sin, when there's so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips," replied Eagle.

"Bedad, I don't know what ill luck sea-timber might bring," said the woman.

"Augh! augh! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, may be extravagance."

"Well, thin, Aigle dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Radford, "what's come to ye to talk of extravagance? What in the world have poor crathurs like us to be extravagant with?"

"Yer time," replied Burnt Eagle with particular emphasis; yer time."

"Ah, thin, man, sure it's 'time enough' for us to be thinking of that when we can get *anything* for it."

"*Make anything of it*, ye mean, ma'am: the only work it will ever do of itself, if it's let alone, will be destruction."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—ANNA C. LYNCH.

There are countless fields the green earth o'er,
Where the verdant turf has been dyed with gore;
Where hostile ranks in their grim array,
With the battle's smoke have obscured the day;
Where hate was stamped on each rigid face,
As foe met foe in the death embrace;
Where the groans of the wounded and dying rose
Till the heart of the listener with horror froze,
And the wide expanse of crimsoned plain
Was piled with heaps of uncounted slain;
But a fiercer combat, a deadlier strife,
Is that which is waged in the Battle of Life.

The hero that wars on the tented field,
With his shining sword and burnished shield,
Goes not alone with his faithful brand:
Friends and comrades around him stand;
The trumpets sound and the war steeds neigh,
To join in the shock of the coming fray;
And he flies to the onset, he charges the foe,
Where the bayonets gleam and the red tides flow;
And he bears his part in that conflict dire,
With an arm all nerve and a heart all fire—

What though he fall? At the battle's close,
 In the flush of the victory won, he goes
 With martial music and waving plume,
 From a field of fame—to a laurelled tomb!
 But the hero that wars in the Battle of Life,
 Must stand alone in the fearful strife;
 Alone in his weakness or strength must go,
 Hero or coward to meet the foe:
 He may not fly; on that fated field
 He must win or lose, he must conquer or yield.

Warrior—who can'st to this battle now,
 With a careless step and a thoughtless brow,
 As if the day were already won—
 Pause, and gird all thy armor on!
 Dost thou bring with thee hither a dauntless will—
 An ardent soul that no fear can chill—
 Thy shield of faith hast thou tried and proved—
 Canst thou say to the mountain, "Be thou removed?"—
 In thy hand does the sword of Truth flame bright—
 Is thy banner inscribed—"For God and the Right?"—
 In the might of prayer dost thou wrestle and plead?
 Never had warrior greater need!—
 Unseen foes in thy pathway hide,
 Thou art encompassed on every side;
 There Pleasure waits with her siren train,
 Her poison flowers and her hidden chain;
 Flattery courts with her hollow smiles;
 Passion with silvery tone beguiles;
 Love and Friendship their charmed spells weave:
 Trust not too deeply—they may deceive!
 Hope with her Dead Sea fruits is there;
 Sin is spreading her gilded snare;
 Disease with a ruthless hand would smite,
 And Care spread o'er thee her withering blight;
 Hate and Envy, with visage black,
 And the serpent Slander, are on thy track;
 Falsehood and Guilt, Remorse and Pride,
 Doubt and Despair, in thy pathway glide;
 Haggard Want, in her demon joy,
 Waits to degrade thee, and then destroy;
 And Death, the insatiate, is hovering near
 To snatch from thy grasp all thou holdest dear!

In war with these phantoms that gird thee round,
 No limbs dissevered may strew the ground:
 No blood may flow, and no mortal ear
 The groans of the wounded heart may hear,
 As it struggles and writhes in their dread control,
 As the iron enters the riven soul.
 But the youthful form grows wasted and weak,
 And sunken and wan is the rounded cheek;
 The brow is furrowed, but not with years;
 The eye is dimmed with its secret tears;

And streak'd with white is the raven hair;
These are the tokens of conflict there.

The Battle is ended;—the hero goes
Worn and scarred, to his last repose.
He has won the day—he has conquered doom;
He has sunk, unknown, to his nameless tomb;
For the victor's glory, no voice may plead;
Fame has no echo, and earth no meed;—
But the guardian angels are hovering near;
They have watched unseen o'er the conflict here.
They bear him now on their wings away,
To a realm of peace, to a cloudless day.—
Ended now is earthly strife;
And his brow is crowned with the Crown of Life!

THE MONTH OF AUGUST.—WILLIAM HOWITT.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it; thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; thou preparest them corn when thou hast so provided for it.

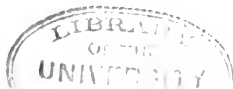
Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the spring thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness.

The drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks, and the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing.—*Psalms* xlv., 9–13.

How beautiful are the words of the inspired poet, read in this month of harvests, nearly three thousand years after they were written! For nearly three thousand years since the royal minstrel looked over the plains of Judea covered with the bounty of God, and broke forth into his magnificent hymn of praise, has the earth rolled on in her course, and the hand of God has blessed her and all her children with seed time and harvest, with joy and abundance. The very steadfastness of the Almighty's liberality, flowing like a mighty ocean through the infinite vast of the universe, makes his creatures forget to wonder at its wonderfulness, to feel true thanksgiving for its immeasurable goodness. The sun rises and sets so surely, the seasons run on amid all their changes with such inimitable truth, that we take as a matter of course that which is amazing beyond all stretch of the imagination, and good beyond the widest expansion of the noblest human heart.



The poor man, with his half dozen children, toils, and often dies, under the vain labor of winning bread for them. God feeds his family of countless myriads swarming over the surface of all his countless worlds, and none know need but through the follies or the cruelty of their fellows. God pours his light from innumerable suns on innumerable rejoicing planets; he waters them everywhere in the fitting moment; he ripens the food of globes and of nations, and gives them fair weather to garner it; and from age to age, amid his creatures of endless forms and powers, in the beauty, and the sunshine, and the magnificence of Nature, he seems to sing throughout creation the glorious song of his own divine joy in the immortality of his youth, in the omnipotence of his nature, in the eternity of his patience, and the abounding boundlessness of his love.

What a family hangs on his sustaining arm! The life and souls of infinite ages and of uncounted worlds! Let a moment's failure of his power, of his watchfulness, or of his will to do good, occur, and what a sweep of death and annihilation through the universe! How stars would reel, planets expire, and nations perish! But from age to age no such catastrophe occurs, even in the midst of national crimes, and of atheism that denies the hand that made and feeds it: life springs with a power ever new, food springs up as plentifully to sustain it, and sunshine and joy are poured over all from the invisible throne of God, as the poetry of the existence he has given. If there come seasons of dearth or of failure, they come but as warnings to proud and tyrannic man. The potato is smitten, that a nation may not be oppressed for ever; and the harvest is diminished, that the laws of man's unnatural avarice may be rent asunder. And then again the sun shines, the rain falls, and the earth rejoices in a renewed beauty, and in a redoubled plenty.

It is amid one of these crises that we at this moment stand, and hail the month of harvests with unmingled joy. Never did the finger of God demonstrate his beneficent will more perspicuously than at this moment. The nations have been warned and rebuked, and again the bounty of heaven overflows the earth in golden billows of the ocean of abundance. God wills that all the arts of man to check his bounty, to create scarcity, to establish dearth, to enfeeble the hand of the laborer, and curse the table of the poor, shall be put to shame. That his creatures shall eat and be glad, whether corn-dealers and speculators live or die.

Nations, therefore, have fittingly rejoiced in every century since the creation in the joyfulness of harvest. It has been a time of activity and of songs. Never was there a generation that had more cause to put forth their reaping and rejoicing hands and sing so heartily as ours. The coming month will see the Pharaoh of monstrous monopoly, and all his wretched selfish hosts, drowned in the Red Sea of abundance. The corn dealers will be smothered in the showering-down heaps of their own commodity; the speculator who has so long sought his own fattening at the cost of a nation's starvation and misery, shall find that there is a greater speculator in the blue serene above him, whose hand can overwhelm him in the gulf of his own schemes, and craze all the chariot wheels of his cunning. Praise to God—the God of harvests—and to Him whose cattle are on a thousand hills. Let us go out and rejoice amid the sunshine, and the wheat stooping to the sickle, and the barley to the scythe, and in the certain assurance that the loaf never was cheaper than it shall be within the next six months, never the heart of labor more strengthened with abundance.

There is no month more beautiful than August. It has a serene splendor and maturity about it that is delightful. The soil is dry, the sky is bright and beautiful, with scattered and silvery clouds. The foliage is full and luxuriant—the grass fields mown in June and July are now full of the richest green, and cattle wander in finest condition through them, or lie in groups around worthy of a painter's hand. There is a sort of second spring in trees, the oak and the elm, especially, putting forth new shoots of a lighter tint. The hedges put on the same vernal looking hue, and the heather on the moors, and sweet scabiouses, blue chicory, the large white convolvulus, hawkweeds, honeysuckles, and the small blue campanula, make the fields gay. The nuts, still green, hang in prodigal clusters on the tall old hedges of old woodland lanes. Young frogs in thousands are issuing from the waters, and traversing the roads; and birds having terminated their spring cares, are out enjoying their families in the sunny and plentiful fields.

THE VIRGIN MARTYR.—MASSINGER AND DECKER.

Angelo, an angel, attends Dorothea as a page.

ANGELO. DOROTHEA. *The time, Midnight.*

Dor. My book and taper.

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such words of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My se et-fac'd, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom
Methought was filled with no wanton fire,
But with a holy flame; mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n; and, pretty mistress

If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
 No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
 You and I both shall meet my father there,
 And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A bless'd day!

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now!—
 Tears will unbidden start—

With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.

For many generations past,

Here is our family tree;

My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;

She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those

Whose names these records bear:

Who round the hearth-stone used to close

After the evening prayer,

And speak of what these pages said,

In tones my heart would thrill!

Though they are with the silent dead,

Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book

To brothers, sisters dear;

How calm was my poor mother's look,

Who lean'd God's word to hear.

Her angel face—I see it yet!

What thronging memories come!

Again that little group is met

Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,

Thy constancy I've tried;

Where all were false I found thee true,

My counsellor and guide.

The mines of earth no treasures give

That could this volume buy:

In teaching me the way to live,

It taught me how to die.

DESCRIPTION OF A DUTCH VILLAGE.—D. G. MITCHELL.

A HALF-HOUR'S sail brought us in sight of the church spire, rising from among the trees; and soon appeared the chimney-tops, and finally the houses themselves, of the little town of Brock—all prettily reflected in a clear side-basin of the canal.

A town it hardly is; but a group of houses among rich trees, where eight hundred neighbors live, and make things so neat, that strangers come a thousand miles for a look at the wondrous nicety. Passing by the basin of smooth water that reflected so prettily the church and the trees, we stopped before a little inn, finely shaded with a beech trained into an arbor all over the front. A very, very pretty blue-eyed Dutch girl of sixteen, received me. We could talk nothing together; but there happened a stupid old *Meinheer* smoking with his wife at the door, through whom I explained my wants.

I saw by the twinkle in her eye that she comprehended. If I had spoken an hour it could not have been better—my dinner. There were cutlets white as the driven snow, and wine with cobwebs of at least a year's date on the bottle, and the nicest of Dutch cheese, and strawberries, and profusion of delicious cream.

The blue-eyed girl had stolen out to put on another dress, while I was busy with the first cutlet; and she wore one of the prettiest little handkerchiefs imaginable on her shoulders, and she glided about the table so noiselessly, so charmingly, and arranged the dishes so neatly, and put so heaping a plateful of strawberries before me, that—confound me! I should have kept by the dinner-table until night, if the old lady had not put her head in the door, to say—there was a person without who would guide me through the village.

"And who is to be my guide?" said I, as well as I could say it.

The old lady pointed opposite. I thought she misunderstood me, and asked her again.

She pointed the same way—it was a stout woman with a baby in her arms!

Was there ever such a *Cicerone* before? I looked incredulously at my hostess; she looked me honestly enough back, and set her arms a-kimbo. I tried to understand her to point to her blue-eyed daughter, who was giggling behind her shoulder—but she was inexorable.

I grew frightened; the woman was well enough, though jogging upon forty. But the baby—what on earth should it be doing; suppose she were to put it in my arms in some retired part of the village? Only fancy me six leagues from Amsterdam, with only ten guilders in my pocket, and a fat Dutch baby squalling in my hands! But the woman—with a ripe, red, laughing cheek, had a charitable eye, and we set off together.

Not a bit, though, could we talk, and it was *nichts, nichts*, however I put the questions. Nature designed eyes to talk half a language, and the good soul pleaded to me with hers for the beauty of her village—words of the oldest Cicero could not plead stronger. And as for the village it needed none. It was like dreaming; it was like a fairy land.

Away, over a little bridge we turned off the towpath of the canal, and directly were in the quiet ways of the town. They were all paved with pebbles or bricks, arranged in every quaint variety of pattern; and all so clean, that I could find no place to knock the ashes from my pipe. The grass that grew up everywhere to the edge of the walks was short—not the prim shortness of French shearing, but it had a look of dwarfish neatness, as if custom had habituated it to short growth, and habit become nature. All this in the public highway—not five yards wide, but under so strict municipal surveillance, that no horse or unclean thing was allowed to trample on its neatness. Once a little donkey, harnessed to a miniature carriage, passed us, in which was a Dutch Miss, to whom my lady patroness with the baby bowed low. It was evidently, however, a privileged lady, and the donkey's feet had been waxed.

Little yards were before the houses, and these stocked with all sorts of flowers, arranged in all sorts of forms, and so clean—walks, beds, and flowers—that I am sure, a passing sparrow could not have trimmed his feathers in the plat, without bringing out a toddling Dutch wife with her broom. The fences were absolutely polished with paint; and the hedges were clipped—not with shears, but scissors. Now and then faces would peep out of the windows, but in general the curtains were close drawn. We saw no men, but one or two old gardeners and a half-a-dozen painters. Girls we met, who would pass a word to my entertainer, and a glance to me, and a low courtesy, and would chuckle the baby under the chin, and glance again. But they were not better dressed, nor prettier, than the rest of the world, besides having a great deal shorter

waists and larger ancles. They looked happy, and healthy, and homelike.

Little boys were rolling along home from school—rolling, I mean, as a seaman rolls—with their short legs, and fat bodies, and phlegmatic faces. Two of them were throwing off hook and bait into the canal from under the trees; and good fishers, I dare say, they made, for never a word did they speak; and I almost fancied that if I had stepped quietly up, and kicked one of them into the water, the other would have quietly pulled in his line—taken off his bait—put all in his pocket, and toddled off in true Dutch style, home, to tell his Dutch mamma.

Round pretty angles that came unlooked for, and the shady square of the church—not a sound anywhere—we passed along, the woman, the baby, and I. Half a dozen times, I wanted Cameron with me to enjoy a good Scotch laugh at the oddity of the whole thing; for there was something approaching the ludicrous in the excess of cleanliness—to say nothing about my stout attendant, whose cares and anxieties were most amusingly divided between me and the babe. There was a large garden, a phthisicky old gardener took me over, with puppets in cottages, going by clockwork—an old woman spinning, dog barking, and wooden mermaids playing in artificial water; these all confirmed the idea with which the extravagant neatness can not fail to impress one, that the whole thing is a mockery, and in no sense earnest.

From this we wandered away in a new quarter, to the tubs, and pans, and presses of the dairy. The woman in waiting gave a suspicious glance at my feet when I entered the cow-stable; and afterward, when she favored me with a look into her home, all beset with high-polished cupboards and china, my steps were each one of them regarded—though my boots had been cleaned two hours before—as if I had been treading in her churn, and not upon a floor of stout Norway plank. The press was adorned with brazen weights, and bands shining like gold. The big mastiff who turned the churn was sleeping under the table, and the maid showed me the women milking over the low ditches in the fields,—for the sun was getting near to the far away flat grounds in the west.

With another stroll through the clean streets of the village, I returned to my little inn, where I sat under the braided limbs of the beech-tree over the door. There was something in the quiet and cleanliness that impressed me like a picture, or a curious book. It did not seem as if healthy flesh and blood, with

all its passions and cares, could make a part of such a way of living. I am sure that some of the dirty people along the Rhone, and in the Vallais Canton of Switzerland, if suddenly translated to the grass slopes that sink into the water at Broek, would imagine it some new creation.

So I sat there musing before the inn, looking out over the canal, and the vast plain with its feeding flocks, and over the groups of cottages, and windmills, and far-off delicate spires.

OUR HOMES.—BERNARD BARTON.

Where burns the loved hearth brightest,
 Cheering the social breast ?
 Where beats the fond heart lightest,
 Its humble hopes possessed ?
 Where is the smile of sadness,
 Of meek-eyed patience born,
 Worth more than those of gladness
 Which mirth's bright cheek adorn ?
 Pleasure is marked by fleetness,
 To those who ever roam ;
 While grief itself has sweetness
 At Home ! dear home !

There blend the ties that strengthen
 Our hearts in hours of grief,
 The silver links that lengthen
 Joy's visits when most brief ;
 There eyes, in all their splendor,
 Are vocal to the heart,
 And glances, gay or tender,
 Fresh eloquence impart ;
 Then dost thou sigh for pleasure !
 Oh ! do not widely roam ;
 But seek that hidden treasure
 At Home ! dear home !

Does pure religion charm thee
 Far more than aught below ?
 Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
 Against the hour of woe ?
 Think not she dwelleth only
 In temples built for prayer ;
 For Home itself is lonely
 Unless her smiles be there ;

The devotee may falter,
 The bigot blindly roam ;
 If worshipless her altar
 At Home! dear home!

Love over it presideth,
 With meek and watchful awe,
 Its daily service guideth,
 And shows its perfect law ;
 If there thy faith shall fail thee,
 If there no shrine be found,
 What can thy prayers avail thee,
 With kneeling crowds around ?
 Go! leave thy gift unoffered
 Beneath Religion's dome,
 And be her first fruits proffered
 At Home! dear home!

MAY.—PERCIVAL.

I feel a newer life in every gale ;
 The winds, that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serener hours ;
 Of hours that glide unfelt away,
 Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
 From his blue throne of air,
 And where his whispering voice in music falls,
 Beauty is budding there ;
 The bright ones of the valley break
 Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
 And the wide forest weaves,
 To welcome back its playful mates again,
 A canopy of leaves ;
 And, from its darkening shadow, floats
 A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May ;
 The tresses of the woods,
 With the light dallying of the west-wind play ;
 And the full-brimming floods,
 As gladly to their goal they run,
 Hail the returning sun.

DESCRIPTION OF WYOMING.—CAMPBELL.

On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
 Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
 And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
 Of what thy gentle people did befall;
 Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
 That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
 Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
 And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
 Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
 The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
 But feed their flocks on green declivities,
 Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe
 From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
 With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
 Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew,
 And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
 Would echo flageolet from some romantic town.

Then, where on Indian hills the daylight takes
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
 And every sound of life was full of glee,
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
 While, hearkening, fearing naught their revelry,
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard, but in transatlantic story sung,
 For hero the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue:
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet rung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay—
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away?
 Green Albia! what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pellocks rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
 That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
 Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!
 Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
 And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
 That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:
 And England sent her men, of men the chief,
 Who taught those sires of Empires yet to be,
 To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
 Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
 Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
 Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
 Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
 One venerable man, beloved of all,
 Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
 To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
 And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

MR. MINNS AND HIS COUSIN.—DICKENS.

MR. AUGUSTUS MINNS was a bachelor, of about forty, as he said—of about eight-and-forty, as his friends said. He was always exceedingly clean, precise, and tidy; perhaps somewhat priggish, and the most retiring man in the world. He usually wore a brown frock-coat without a wrinkle, a neat neckerchief with a remarkably neat tie, and boots without a fault; moreover, he always carried a brown silk umbrella with an ivory handle. He was a clerk in Somerset-house, or, as he said himself, he held “a responsible situation under Government.” He had a good and increasing salary, in addition to some £10,000 of his own (invested in the funds), and he occupied a first-floor in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, where he had resided for twenty years, having been in the habit of quarrelling with his landlord the whole time, regularly giving notice of his intention to quit on the first day of every quarter, and as regularly countermanding it on the second. There were two classes of created objects which he held in the deepest and most unmingled horror; they were, dogs and children. He was not unamiable, but he could at any time have viewed the execution of a dog, or the assassination of an infant, with the liveliest satisfaction. Their habits were at variance with his love of order; and his love of

Order was as powerful as his love of life. Mr. Augustus Minns had no relations, in or near London, with the exception of his cousin, Mr. Octavius Budden, to whose son, whom he had never seen (for he disliked the father) he had consented to become godfather, by proxy. Mr. Budden having realized a moderate fortune by exercising the trade or calling of a corn-chandler, and having a great predilection for the country, had purchased a cottage in the vicinity of Stamford Hill, whither he retired, with the wife of his bosom, and his only son, Master Alexander Augustus Budden. One evening, as Mr. and Mrs. B. were admiring their son, discussing his various merits, talking over his education, and disputing whether the classics should be made an essential part thereof, the lady pressed so strongly upon her husband the propriety of cultivating the friendship of Mr. Minns in behalf of their son, that Mr. Budden at last made up his mind, that it should not be his fault if he and his cousin were not, in future, more intimate.

"I'll break the ice, my love," said Mr. Budden, "by asking Minns down to dine with us, on Sunday."

"Then, pray, Mr. Budden, write to your cousin at once," replied Mrs. Budden. "Who knows, if we could only get him down here, but that he might take a fancy to our Alexander, and leave him his property?—Alick, my dear, take your legs off the rail of the chair!"

"Very true," said Mr. Budden, musing, "very true, indeed, my love!"

On the following morning, as Mr. Minns was sitting at his breakfast-table, alternately biting his dry toast, and casting a look upon the columns of his morning paper, which he always read from the title to the printer's name, he heard a loud knock at the street-door, which was, shortly afterwards, followed by the entrance of his servant, who put into his hand a particularly small card, on which was engraved, in immense letters, "Mr. Octavius Budden, Amelia Cottage (Mrs. B.'s name was Amelia), Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill."

"Budden," ejaculated Minns, "what the deuce can bring that vulgar fellow here!—say I'm asleep—say I'm out, and shall never be home again—any thing to keep him down stairs."

"But please, sir, the gentleman's coming up," replied the servant; and the fact was made perfectly evident, by an appalling creaking of boots on the staircase, accompanied by a pattering noise, the cause of which Minns could not, for the life of him, divine.

"Hem!—show the gentleman in," said the unfortunate bachelor. Exit servant, and enter Octavius, preceded by a large white shaggy dog, dressed in a suit of fleecy hosiery, with pink eyes, large ears, and no perceptible tail.

The cause of the pattering on the stairs was but too plain. Mr. Augustus Minns staggered beneath the shock of the dog's appearance.

"My dear fellow, how are you?" said Budden as he entered.

He always spoke at the top of his voice, and always said the same thing half-a-dozen times.

"How are you, my hearty?"

"How do you do, Mr. Budden?—pray take a chair!" politely stammered the discomfited Minns.

"Thank you—thank you—well—how are you, eh?"

"Uncommonly well, thank ye," said Minns, casting a look at the dog, who, with his hind-legs on the floor, and his fore-paws resting on the table, was dragging a bit of bread-and-butter out of a plate, preparatory to devouring it, with the buttered side next the carpet.

"Ah, you rogue!" said Budden to his dog; "you see, Minns, he's like me, always at home, eh, my boy?—Egad, I'm precious hot and hungry! I've walked all the way from Stamford Hill this morning."

"Have you breakfasted?" inquired Minns.

"Oh, no!—came to breakfast with you; so ring the bell, my dear fellow, will you? and let's have another cup and saucer, and the cold ham.—Make myself at home, you see!" continued Budden, dusting his boots with a table-napkin. "Ha!—ha!—ha!—'pon my life, I'm hungry."

Minns rang the bell, and tried to smile.

"I decidedly never was so hot in my life," continued Octavius, wiping his forehead; "well, how are you, Minns? 'Pon my life, you wear capitably!"

"D'ye think so?" said Minns; and he tried another smile.

"'Pon my life, I do!"

"Mrs. B. and—what's his name—quite well?"

"Alick—my son, you mean, never better—never better. But at such a place as we've got at Poplar Walk, you know, he couldn't be ill if he tried. When I first saw it, by Jove! it looked so knowing, with the front garden, and the green railings, and the brass knocker, and all that—I really thought it was a cut above me."

"Don't you think you'd like the ham better," interrupted

Minns, "if you cut it the other way?" He saw, with feelings which it is impossible to describe, that his visitor was cutting or rather maiming the ham, in utter violation to all established rules.

"No, thank ye," returned Budden, with the most barbarous indifference to crime, "I prefer it in this way—it eats short. But I say, Minns, when will you come down and see us? You will be delighted with the place; I know you will. Amelia and I were talking about you the other night, and Amelia said—another lump of sugar, please; thank ye—she said, don't you think you could contrive, my dear, to say to Mr. Minns, in a friendly way—come down, sir—the dog! he's spoiling your curtains, Minns—ha!—ha!—ha!" Minns leaped from his seat as though he had received the discharge from a galvanic battery.

"Come out, sir!—go out, hoo!" cried poor Augustus, keeping, nevertheless, at a very respectful distance from the dog, having read of a case of hydrophobia in the paper of that morning. By dint of great exertion, much shouting, and a marvelous deal of poking under the tables with a stick and umbrella, the dog was at last dislodged, and placed on the landing, outside the door, where he immediately commenced a most appalling howling; at the same time vehemently scratching the paint off the two nicely-varnished bottom panels of the door, until they resembled the interior of a backgammon-board.

"A good dog for the country that!" coolly observed Budden to the distracted Minns—"he's not much used to confinement, though. But now, Minns, when will you come down? I'll take no denial, positively. Let's see, to-day's Thursday.—Will you come on Sunday? We dine at five, don't say no—do."

After a great deal of pressing, Mr. Augustus Minns, driven to despair, accepted the invitation, and promised to be at Poplar Walk on the ensuing Sunday, at a quarter before five to the minute.

"Now mind the direction," said Budden; "the coach goes from the Flowerpot, in Bishopsgate Street, every half hour. When the coach stops at the Swan, you'll see, immediately opposite you, a white house."

"Which is your house—I understand," said Minns, wishing to cut short the visit and the story at the same time.

"No, no, that's not mine; that's Grogus's the great iron-monger's. I was going to say—you turn down by the side of the white house till you can't go another step further—mind

that—and then you turn to your right, by some stables—well; close to you, you'll see a wall with 'Beware of the Dog' written upon it in large letters—(Minns shuddered)—go along by the side of that wall for about a quarter of a mile, and any body will show you which is my place."

"Very well—thank ye—good bye."

"Be punctual."

"Certainly; good morning."

"I say, Minns, you've got a card?"

"Yes, I have; thank ye." And Mr. Octavius Budden departed, leaving his cousin looking forward to his visit of the following Sunday, with the feelings of a penniless poet to the weekly visit of his Scotch landlady.

Sunday arrived; the sky was bright and clear; crowds of people were hurrying along the streets, intent on their different schemes of pleasure for the day; and every thing and every body looked cheerful and happy but Mr. Augustus Minns.

The day was fine, but the heat was considerable; and by the time Mr. Minns had fagged up the shady side of Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Threadneedle Street, he had become pretty warm, tolerably dusty, and it was getting late into the bargain. By the most extraordinary good fortune, however, a coach was waiting at the Flowerpot, into which Mr. Augustus Minns got, on the solemn assurance of the cad that the vehicle would start in three minutes—that being the very utmost extremity of time it was allowed to wait by Act of Parliament. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and there were no signs of moving. Minns looked at his watch for the sixth time.

"Coachman, are you going, or not?" bawled Mr. Minns, with his head and half his body out of the coach-window.

"Di—rectly, sir," said the coachman, with his hands in his pockets, looking as much unlike a man in a hurry as possible.

Five minutes more elapsed; at the end of which time the coachman mounted the box, from whence he looked down the street and up the street, and hailed all the pedestrians for another five minutes.

"Coachman! if you don't go this moment, I shall get out," said Mr. Minns, rendered desperate by the lateness of the hour, and the impossibility of being in Poplar Walk at the appointed time.

"Going this minute, sir," was the reply; and accordingly the machine trundled on for a couple of hundred yards, and then stopped again. Minns doubled himself up into a corner of the

coach, and abandoned himself to fate, as a child, a mother, a handbox, and a parasol became his fellow-passengers.

The child was an affectionate and an amiable infant; the little dear mistook Minns for its other parent, and screamed to embrace him.

"Be quiet, dear," said the mamma, restraining the impetuosity of the darling, whose little fat legs were kicking and stamping, and twining themselves into the most complicated forms, in an ecstasy of impatience. "Be quiet, dear, that's not your papa."

"Thank Heaven I am not"—thought Minns, as the first gleam of pleasure he had experienced that morning shone like a meteor through his wretchedness.

Playfulness was agreeably mingled with affection in the disposition of the boy. When satisfied that Mr. Minns was not his parent, he endeavored to attract his notice by scraping his drab trousers with his dirty shoes, poking his chest with his mamma's parasol, and other nameless endearments peculiar to infancy, with which he beguiled the tediousness of the ride, apparently very much to his own satisfaction.

When the unfortunate gentleman arrived at the swan, he found to his great dismay, that it was a quarter past five. The white house, the stables, the "Beware of the Dog"—every landmark was passed, with a rapidity not unusual to a gentleman of a certain age when too late for dinner. After the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. Minns found himself opposite a yellow brick house with a green door, brass knocker and door-plate, green window frames and ditto railings, with "a garden" in front. His knock at the door was answered by a stumpy boy, in drab livery, cotton stockings and high-lows, who, after hanging his hat on one of the dozen brass pegs which ornamented the passage, denominated by courtesy "The Hall," ushered him into a front drawing-room commanding a very extensive view of the backs of the neighboring houses. The usual ceremony of introduction, and so forth, over, Mr. Minns took his seat, not a little agitated at finding that he was the last comer, and, somehow or other, the Lion of about a dozen people, sitting together in a small drawing-room, getting rid of that most tedious of all time, the time preceding dinner.

The ceremony of introduction being over, dinner was announced, and down stairs the party proceeded accordingly—Mr. Minns escorting Mrs. Budden as far as the drawing-room door, but being prevented, by the narrowness of the staircase,

from extending his gallantry any farther. The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do. Ever and anon amidst the clatter of knives and forks, and the hum of conversation, Mr. B.'s voice might be heard, asking a friend to take wine, and assuring him he was glad to see him; and a great deal of by-play took place between Mrs. B. and the servants, respecting the removal of the dishes, during which her countenance assumed all the variations of a weather-glass, from "stormy" to "set-fair."

Upon the dessert and wine being placed on the table, the servant, in compliance with a significant look from Mrs. B. brought down "Master Alexander," habited in a sky-blue suit with silver buttons, and with hair of nearly the same color as the metal. After sundry praises from his mother, and various admonitions as to his behaviour from his Pa, he was introduced to his godfather.

"Well, my little fellow—you are a fine boy, ain't you?" said Mr. Minns, as happy as a tomtit on birdlime.

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"Eight, next We'nsday. How old are *you*?"

"Alexander," interrupted his mother, "how dare you ask Mr. Minns how old he is!"

"He asked me how old *I* was," said the precocious child, to whom Minns had from that moment internally resolved he never would bequeath one shilling. As soon as the titter occasioned by the observation had subsided, a little smirking man with red whiskers, sitting at the bottom of the table, who during the whole of dinner had been endeavoring to obtain a listener to some stories about Sheridan, called out, with a very patronising air—"Alick, what part of speech is *be*?"

"A verb."

"That's a good boy," said Mrs. Budden with all a mother's pride. "Now, you know what a verb is?"

"A verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer; as, I am—I rule—I am ruled. Give me an apple, Ma."

"I'll give you an apple," replied the man with the red whiskers, who was an established friend of the family, or in other words, was always invited by Mrs. Budden, whether Mr. Budden liked it or not,—“if you'll tell me what is the meaning of *be*."

"Be?" said the prodigy, after a little hesitation—"an insect that gathers honey."

"No, dear," frowned Mrs. Budden. "B double E is the substantive."

"I don't think he knows much yet about *common* substantives," said the smirking gentleman, who thought this an admirable opportunity for letting off a joke. "It's clear he's not very well acquainted with *proper names*. He! he! he!"

"Gentlemen," called out Mr. Budden, from the end of the table, in a stentorian voice, and with a very important air, "will you have the goodness to charge your glasses? I have a toast to propose."

"Hear! hear!" cried the gentlemen, passing the decanters. After they had made the round of the table, Mr. Budden proceeded—"Gentlemen; there is an individual present—"

"Hear! hear!" said the little man with red whiskers.

"*Pray* be quiet, Jones," remonstrated Budden.

"I say, gentlemen, there is an individual present," resumed the host, "in whose society, I am sure we must take great delight—and—and—the conversation of that individual must have afforded to every one present, the utmost pleasure. Gentlemen, I am but a humble individual myself, and I perhaps ought to apologise for allowing any individual feelings of friendship and affection for the person I allude to, to induce me to venture to rise, to propose the health of that person—a person that I am sure—that is to say, a person whose virtues must endear him to those who know him—and those who have not the pleasure of knowing him, cannot dislike him."

"Hear! hear!" said the company, in a tone of encouragement and approval.

"Gentlemen," continued Budden, "my cousin is a man who—who is a relation of my own." (Hear! hear!) Minns groaned audibly. "Who I am most happy to see here, and who, if he were not here, would certainly have deprived us of the great pleasure we all feel in seeing him. (Loud cries of hear.) Gentlemen, I feel that I have already trespassed on your attention for too long a time. With every feeling—of——with every sentiment of——of——"

"Gratification"—suggested the friend of the family."

"——Of gratification, I beg to propose the health of Mr. Minns."

All eyes were now fixed on the subject of the toast, who by gulping down port wine at the imminent hazard of suffocation, endeavored to conceal his confusion. After as long a pause as decency would admit, he rose, but, as the newspapers some-

times say in their reports, "we regret that we are quite unable to give even the substance of the honorable gentleman's observations." The words "present company—honor—present occasion," and "great happiness"—heard occasionally, and repeated at intervals, with a countenance expressive of the utmost confusion and misery, convinced the company that he was making an excellent speech; and accordingly, on his resuming his seat, they cried "Bravo!" and manifested tumultuous applause. Jones, who had been long watching his opportunity, then darted up.

"Budden," said he, "will you allow *me* to propose a toast?"

"Certainly," replied Budden.

"It has on several occasions, in various instances, under many circumstances, and in different companies, fallen to my lot to propose a toast to those by whom, at the time, I have had the honor to be surrounded. I have sometimes, I will cheerfully own—for why should I deny it?—felt the overwhelming nature of the task I have undertaken, and my own utter incapability to do justice to the subject. If such have been my feelings, however, on former occasions, what must they be now—now—under the extraordinary circumstances in which I am placed. (Hear! hear!) To describe my feelings accurately would be impossible; but I cannot give you a better idea of them, gentlemen, than by referring to a circumstance which happens, oddly enough, to occur to my mind at the moment. On one occasion, when that truly great and illustrious man, Sheridan, was——"

Now, there is no knowing what new villainy in the form of a joke would have been heaped upon the memory of that very ill-used man, Mr. Sheridan, if the boy in drab had not at that moment entered the room in a breathless state, to report that, as it was a very wet night, the nine o'clock stage had come round to know whether there was anybody going to town, as, in that case, he (the nine o'clock) had room for one inside.

Mr. Minns started up; and, despite countless exclamations of surprise, and entreaties to stay, persisted in his determination to accept the vacant place. But the brown silk umbrella was nowhere to be found; and as the coachman couldn't wait, he drove back to the Swan, leaving word for Mr. Minns to "run round" and catch him. But as it did not occur to Mr. Minns for some ten minutes or so, that he had left the brown silk umbrella with the ivory handle in the other coach, coming down; and, moreover, as he was by no means remarkable for

speed, it is no matter of surprise that when he accomplished the feat of "running round to the Swan, the coach—the last coach—had gone without him.

It was somewhere about three o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Augustus Minns knocked feebly at the street door of his lodgings in Tavistock-street, cold, wet, cross, and miserable. He made his will next morning, and his professional man informs us, in that strict confidence in which we inform the public, that neither the name of Mr. Octavius Budden, nor of Mrs. Amelia Budden, nor of Master Alexander Augustus Budden, appears therein.

THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.—ELIZA COOK.

I loved the Winter once with all my soul,
And longed for snow-storms, hail and mantled skies;
And sang their praises in as gay a troll
As Troubadours have poured to Beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard, black frost a pleasant thing,
For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out;
And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing
To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,
And seen the bitter work that cold can do—
Where the grim Ice King levels babes and men
With bloodless spear, that pierces through and through.

I know now, there are those who sink and lie
Upon a stone bed at the dead of night,
I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
When even lips at Plenty's feast turn white.

And now whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song
In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer;
While my heart runs a cadence in a throng
Of hopeful notes, that say—"Thank God for Summer!"

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers,
And fruits, and forest leaves to cheer the earth;
For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,
Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs that quiver in their task,
Of dragging life on, when the north winds goad—
Taste once again contentment, as they bask
In the straight beams that warm their churchyard road.

And Childhood—poor, pinched Childhood, half forgets
 The starving pittance of our cottage homes,
 When he can leave the hearth, and chase the nets
 Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

The moping idiot seemeth less distraught
 When he can sit upon the grass all day,
 And laugh, and clutch the blades, as though he thought
 The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Ah! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
 And greet the bee—the merry-going hummer—
 And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
 I kiss their cheeks, and say—"Thank God for Summer!"

Feet that limp, blue and bleeding as they go
 For dainty cresses in December's dawn,
 Can wade and dabble in the brooklet's flow,
 And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
 If Winter's drowsy torpor lulled his brain;
 Is free to choose his mossy summer bed,
 And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

Oh! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once—but now
 I never see you come without a pang
 Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,
 To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
 And my ears listen to the callow rook;
 I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold,
 And pry for violets in the southern nook.

And when fair Flora sends the butterfly
 Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer;
 "Now for warm holidays," my heart will cry,
 "The poor will suffer less! Thank God for Summer!"

THE SNOWFLAKE.—HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
 To be cast in some lone and lowly spot,
 To melt, and to sink unseen, or forgot?
 And there will my course be ended?"
 'Twas this a feathery Snowflake said,
 As down through measureless space it strayed,
 Or as, half by dalliance, half afraid,
 It seemed in mid air suspended

"Oh, no!" said the Earth, "thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!

For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.

But, then, I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be a part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

"And then, thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Restored in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness;
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead
With the pearls that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the firefly feed,
Regaining thy dazzling brightness.

"I'll let thee awake from thy transient sleep,
When Viola's mild blue eye shall weep,
In a tremulous tear; or, a diamond, leap
In a drop from the unlocked fountain;
Or, leaving the valley, the meadow, and heath,
The streamlet, the flowers, and all beneath,
Go up and be wove in the silvery wreath
Encircling the brow of the mountain.

"Or wouldst thou return to a home in the skies,
To shine in the Iris I'll let thee arise,
And appear in the many and glorious dyes
A pencil of sunbeams is blending!
But, true, fair thing, as my name is Earth,
I'll give thee a new and vernal birth,
When thou shalt recover thy primal worth,
And never regret descending!"

"Then I will drop," said the trusting flake;
"But, bear it in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist, that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they will die with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
Must rise, and will live, from thy dust set free,
To the regions above returning.

"And if true to thy word and just thou art,
Like the spirit that dwells in the holiest heart,
Unsullied by thee, thou wilt let me depart,
And return to my native heaven.
For I would be placed in the beautiful bow,
From time to time, in thy sight to glow;
So thou mayst remember the Flake of Snow
By the promise that God hath given!"

IMOGEN AT THE CAVE.—SHAKSPEARE.

IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
 I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
 Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
 But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
 When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd thee,
 Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
 Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
 Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
 I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness,
 Is sorer, than to lie for need: and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
 My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it; 'tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
 Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take, or lend.—Ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a foe, good heaven! *[She goes into the cave.]*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I,
 Will play the cook and servant: 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savory: Weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:

[Looking in cave.]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'er the floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry;
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being gone, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such as yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they [*Aside.*
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthùmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost! what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,

[*Whispering*

That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companions with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so;
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt—Fair youth, come in;
Discourse is heavy fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt*]

INVOCATION TO MORNING.—THOMSON.

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often, turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells.
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is their aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life,—
Total extinction of the enlightened soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered and tossing through distempered dreams?

Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than nature craves; when every Muse,
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly devious morning walk?
 But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colored air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad,
 And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Primo cheerer, Light!
 Of all material beings first and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
 Shines out thy Maker? may I sing of thee!

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy system rolls entire; from the far bourn
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
 Of thirty years, to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life;
 How many forms of being wait on thee,
 Inhaling spirit! from the unfettered mind,
 By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precedo
 That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime the expecting nations, circled gay,
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn; while, round thy beaming car
 High-seen, the Seasons, lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-fingered Hours,
 The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
 Of bloom ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
 And, softened into joy, the surly Storms.
 These, in successive turn with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flushed the vernal year.

VALLEY OF MEXICO.—WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

THE troops, refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of coloring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters, the far-famed “Venice of the Aztecs.” High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and, still farther on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the Valley around like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the scene; when the stately forests have been laid low,

and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins; even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which nature has traced on its features, that no traveler, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty! It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

Is there a man, that, from some lofty steep,
Views in his wide survey the boundless deep,
When its vast waters, lined with sun and shade,
Wave beyond wave in serried distance fade
To the pale sky;—or views it, dimly seen,
The shifting screens of drifted mist between,
As the huge cloud dilates its sable form,
When grandly curtain'd by the approaching storm,
Who feels not his awed soul with wonder rise
To Him whose power created sea and skies,
Mountains and deserts, giving to the sight
The wonders of the day and of the night?
But let some fleet be seen in warlike pride,
Whose stately ships the restless billows ride,
While each, with lofty masts and brightening sheen
Of fair spread sails moves like a vested queen;—
Or rather, be some distant bark, astray,
Seen like a pilgrim on his lonely way,
Holding its steady course from port and shore,
A form distinct, a speck, and seen no more—
How doth the pride, the sympathy, the flame,
Of human feeling stir his thrilling frame?
"O Thou! whose mandate dust inert obey'd,
What is this creature man whom thou hast made?"
On Palos' shore, whose crowded strand
Bore priests and nobles of the land,

And rustic hinds and townsmen trim,
 And harness'd soldiers stern and grim,
 And lowly maids and dames of pride,
 And infants by their mother's side—
 The boldest seaman stood that e'er
 Did bark or ship through tempest steer;
 And wise as bold, and good as wise;
 The magnet of a thousand eyes,
 That, on his form and features cast,
 His noble mien and simple guise,
 In wonder seem'd to look their last.
 A form which conscious worth is gracing,
 A face where hope the lines effacing
 Of thought and care, bestow'd, in truth,
 To the quick eye's imperfect tracing,
 The look and air of youth.

Who, in his lofty gait, and high
 Expression of the enlighten'd eye,
 Had recognized, in that bright hour,
 The disappointed suppliant of dull power,
 Who had in vain of states and kings desired
 The pittance for his vast emprise required?—
 The patient sage, who, by his lamp's faint light,
 O'er chart and map spent the long silent night?—
 The man who meekly fortune's buffets bore,
 Trusting in One alone, whom heaven and earth adore!

Another world is in his mind,
 Peopled with creatures of his kind,
 With hearts to feel, with minds to soar,
 Thoughts to consider and explore;
 Souls who might find, from trespass shriven,
 Virtue on earth and joy in heaven.
 "That power divine, whom storms obey,"
 (Whisper'd his heart,) a leading star,
 Will guide him on his blessed way;
 Brothers to join by fate divided far.
 Vain thoughts! which heaven doth but ordain
 In part to be, the rest, alas! how vain!

But hath there lived of mortal mould,
 Who fortunes with his thoughts could hold
 An even race! Earth's greatest son
 That e'er earned fame, or empire won,
 Hath but fulfill'd, within a narrow scope,
 A stinted portion of his ample hope.
 With heavy sigh and look depress'd
 The greatest men will sometimes hear
 The story of their acts address'd
 To the young stranger's wondering ear,
 And check the half-swoln tear.

Is it or modesty or pride
 Which may not open praise abide?
 No; read his inward thoughts: they tell,
 His deeds of fame he prizes well.
 But ah! they in his fancy stand,
 As relics of a blighted band,
 Who, lost to man's approving sight,
 Have perished in the gloom of night,
 Ere yet the glorious light of day
 Had glitter'd on their bright array.
 His mightiest feat had once another,
 Of high imagination born—
 A loftier and a noble brother,
 From dear existence torn;
 And she, for those who are not, steep
 Her soul in woe—like Rachel, weeps.

 CONVERSATION.—COWPER.

Ye powers who rule the tongue,—if such there are,—
 And make colloquial happiness your care,
 Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate—
 A duel in the form of a debate.
 Vociferated logic kills me quite;
 A noisy man is always in the right:
 I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
 Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
 And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
 Reply discreetly—"To be sure—no doubt!"
Dubious is such a scrupulous, good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own;
 With hesitation admirably slow,
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were called by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
 Knows what he knows as if he knew it not;
 What he remembers seems to have forgot;
 His sole opinion, whatso'er befall,
 Centering, at last, in having none at all.
 A story, in which native humor reigns,
 Is often useful, always entertains:
 A graver fact, enlisted on your side.

May furnish illustration, well applied ;
 But sedentary weavers of long tales
 Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
 To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
 And echo conversations, dull and dry,
 Embellished with, "He said," and "So said I."
 At every interview their route the same,
 The repetition makes attention lame :
 We bustle up, with unsuccessful speed,
 And, in the saddest part, cry, "Droll indeed !"
 Lo ! the plain eater, whose untutor'd taste,
 Finds health in salads and in homely paste ;
 His tongue proud science never taught to lave
 In charbone cream, or gravy's poignant wave.
 Yet simple cook'ry piles his earthen plate
 With England's honest beef, an humble treat.
 Guiltless of ortolans his spit whirls round,
 Nor catsup stains his kitchen's wholesome ground,
 Where no disguise affronts the genuine meal,
 Nor Chloe tortures salmon into veal.
 To eat, contents his hunger's nat'ral call,
 He chews no latent gout in forc'd-meat ball ;
 But throws to faithful Tray his dinner down,
 Th' applauded beef's reversionary bone.
 Come nicer thou, come, let thy palate try,
 'Gainst Moll's plum-pudding, Chloe's lobster-pie.
 In every dish find some important fault,
 The broth wants relish, and the edge-bone salt.
 Condemn each joint not dress'd by learned rule,
 Yet cry, if hunger fails, that Moll's a fool.
 If fricassees employ not all her skill,
 Studious to nourish, not expert to kill,
 Snatch from her care the hangers, and the hooks
 Redress her dressings, be the cook of cooks.

SLEIGHING SONG.—JAMES T. FIELDS.

Oh swift we go, o'er the fleecy snow,
 When moonbeams sparkle round ;
 When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
 As merrily on we bound.

On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
 And health is on the wind,
 We loose the rein and sweep the plain
 And leave our cares behind.

With a laugh and song, we glide along
Across the fleeting snow;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below!

Oh, the raging sea has joy for me,
When gale and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.

SUNRISE AND SOLITUDE.—WORDSWORTH.

The cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
Was kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
And open field, through which the pathway wound,
And homeward led my steps. Magnificent
The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light:
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapors, and the melody of birds,
And laborers going forth to till the fields.

When from our better selves we have too long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasure tired,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
How potent a mere image of her sway;
Most potent when impressed upon the mind
With an appropriate human centre—hermit,
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen)
Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top
Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,
When, for the night deserted, it assumes
A character of quiet more profound
Than pathless wastes.

PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE.—H. H. RILEY.

THE township of Puddleford was located in the far west, and was, and is unknown, I presume, to a large portion of my readers. It has never been considered of sufficient importance by atlas-makers to be designated by them; and yet men, women, and children live and die in Puddleford. Its population helps make up the census of the United States every ten years; it helps make governors, congress-men, presidents. Puddleford does, and fails to do, a great many things, just like the 'rest of mankind,' and yet, who knows and cares anything about Puddleford?

Puddleford was well enough as a township of land, and beautiful was its scenery. It was spotted with bright, clear lakes, reflecting the trees that stooped over them; and straight through its centre flowed a majestic river, guarded by hills on either side. The village of Puddleford (there was a village of Puddleford, too) stood huddled in a gorge that opened up from the river; and through it, day and night, a little brook ran tinkling along, making music around the 'settlement.' The houses in Puddleford were very shabby indeed; I am very sorry to be compelled to make that fact public, but they were very shabby. Some were built of logs, and some of boards, and some were never exactly built at all, but came together through a combination of circumstances which the "oldest inhabitant" has never been able to explain. The log-houses were just like log-houses in every place else; for no person has yet been found with impudence enough to suggest an improvement. A pile of logs, laid up and packed in mud; a mammoth fire-place, with a chimney-throat as large; a lower story and a garret, connected in one corner by a ladder, called "Jacob's ladder," are its essentials. A very few ambitious persons in Puddleford had, it is true, attempted to build frame-houses, but there was never one entirely finished yet. Some of them had erected a frame only, when, their purses having failed, the enterprise was left at the mercy of the storms. Others had covered their frames; and one citizen, old Squire Longbow, had actually finished off two rooms; and this, in connection with the office of justice of the peace, gave him a standing and influence in the settlement almost omnipotent.

The reader discovers, of course, that Puddleford was a very

miscellaneous-looking place. It appeared unfinished, and ever likely to be. It did really seem that the houses, and cabins, and sheds, and pig-sties, had been sown up and down the gorge, as their owners sowed wheat. The only harmony about the place was the harmony of confusion.

Puddleford had a population made up of all sorts of people, who had been, from a variety of causes, thrown together just there; and every person owned a number of dogs, so that it was very difficult to determine which were numerically the strongest, the inhabitants or the dogs. There were great droves of cows owned, too, which were in the habit of congregating every morning, and marching some miles to a distant marsh to feed to the jingle of the bells they wore on their necks.

Puddleford was not destitute of a church, not by any means. The "log chapel," when I first became acquainted with the place, was an ancient building. It was erected at a period almost as early as the tavern—not quite—temporal wants pressing the early settlers closer than spiritual.

This, reader, is a skeleton view of Puddleford, as it existed when I first knew it. Just out of this village, some time during the last ten years, I took possession of a large tract of land, called "burr-oak opening," that is, a wide, sweeping plain, thinly clad with burr-oaks. Few sights in nature are more beautiful. The eye roams over these parks unobstructed by undergrowth, the trees above, and the sleeping shadows on the grass below.

The first time I looked upon this future home of mine, It lay calm and bright, bathed in the warm sun of a May morning, and filled with birds. The buds were just breaking into leaf, and the air was sweet with the wild-wood fragrance of spring. Piles of mosses, soft as velvet, were scattered about. Wild violets, grouped in clusters, the white and red lupin, the mountain pink, and thousands of other tiny flowers, bright as sparks of fire, mingled in confusion. It was alive with birds; the brown thrasher, the robin, the blue jay poured forth their music to the very top of their lungs. The thrasher, with his brown dress and very quizzical look, absolutely revelled in a luxury of melody. He mocked all the birds about him. Now he was as good a blue-jay as blue-jay himself, and screamed as loud; but suddenly bouncing around on a limb, and slowly stretching out his wings, he died away in a most pathetic strain; then, darting into another tree, and turning his saucy eye inquisitively down, he rattled off a chorus or two, that I

might know he was not so sad a fellow after all. Now, his soft, flute-like notes fairly melted in his throat; then he drew out a long violin strain, the whole length of his bow; then a blast on his trumpet roused all the birds. He was "everything by turns, and nothing long." After completing his performance, away he went, and his place, in a moment almost, was occupied by another, repeating the medley, for the whole wood was alive with them.

Scores of blue-jays, in the tops of the trees, were picking away at the tender buds. The robin, that household bird, first loved by our children, was also here. Sitting alone and apart, in a reverie, and blowing occasionally his mellow pipe, he seemed to exist only for his own comfort, and to forget that he was one of the choristers of the wood. Woodpeckers were flitting hither and thither; troops of quails whistled in the distance; the oriole streamed out his bright light through the green branches; there was a winnowing of wings, a dashing of leaves, as birds came rushing in and out. It was their festival.

Reader, such was the scene presented to my eye the day I first looked upon the piece of wild land upon which I finally settled and improved. I had just arrived from an Eastern village, where I was born, and "brought up," as the phrase is. A somewhat broken fortune, and breaking health had driven me from it, with a moderate family, to seek a spot elsewhere; and I resolved to try the Great West, that paradise (if the word of people who never saw it, is to be taken) where the surplus population of a portion of the world have found a home.

The change was great. But great as it was, I resolved to endure it. So at it I went. I procured "help," girdled the trees, put a breaking team of twelve yoke of cattle on the ground, tore it up, fenced the land, raised a log-house, and in the fall I had a crop of wheat growing, the withered oak-trees standing guard over it. My family, consisting of a wife and three children, a boy of eight, and two girls of twelve and ten, were removed to their new quarters, and I had thus fairly begun the world again, and all things were as new about me as if I had just been born into it.

During the summer, I had an opportunity of studying the general character of the inhabitants of Puddleford, and its surrounding country population. Like most Western settlements, it was made up of all kinds of materials, all sorts of folks, holding every opinion. More than a dozen States had contri-

buted to make up its people. Society was exceedingly miscellaneous. The keen Yankee, the obstinate Pennsylvanian, and the reckless Southerner were there. Each one of these persons had brought along with him his early habits, and associations—his own views of business, law and religion. When thrown together on public questions, this composition boiled up like a mixture of salts and soda. Factions, of course, were formed among those, whose early education and habits were congenial; divisions were created, and a war of prejudice and opinion went on from month to month, and year to year. The New-England Yankee stood about ten years ahead of the Pennsylvania German, in all his ideas of progress, while the latter stood back dogged and sullen, attached to the customs of his fathers. Another general feature consisted in this, that there was no permanency to society. The inhabitants were constantly changing, pouring out and in, like the waters of a river; so that a complete revolution took place every four or five years. Every body who remained in Puddleford expected to remove somewhere else very soon. They were merely sojourners, not residents. There was no attachment to, or veneration for the past of Puddleford, because Puddleford had no past. The ties of memory reached to older States. There stood the church that sheltered the infant years of Puddleford's population, and there swung the bell that tolled their fathers and fathers' fathers to the tomb. There was the long line of graves, running back a hundred years, where the sister of yesterday, and the ancestor whose virtues were only known through tradition, were buried. There tottered the old homestead which had passed through the family for generations, filled with heir-looms that had become sacred. The school-house was there, where the village boys shouted together. Looking back from a new country, where all is confusion, to an old one, where figures have the stability of a painting, objects which were once trivial, start out upon the canvas in bolder relief. The venerable, gray-headed pastor, who appeared regularly in the village pulpit for half a century, to impart the word of life, rises in the memory, and stands fixed there like a statue. The quaint cut of his coat, the neat tie of his neck-cloth, the spectacles resting on the tip of his nose, his hums and haws, his eye of reproof, his gestures of vengeance, are now living things—are preaching still. We see again the changing crowd, that year after year went in and out of that holy place; the spot where the old deacon sat, his head resting on a pillar, his tranquil face turned upward, his

mouth open, enjoying a doze as he listened to the sermon. We recollect the gay bridal, the solemn funeral, the buoyant face of the one, the still, cold one of the other. We even remember the lame old sexton, who rang the bell, and went limping up to the burying ground, with a spade upon his shoulder. Even *he*, of no consequence when seen every day, is transformed by distance, and mellowed by memory into a real being. And then there are the hills and streams, and waterfalls, that shed their music through our boyish souls, until they became a part of our very existence. No man ever lived who entirely forgot these things, suppressed though they might be, by the cares and anxieties of maturer years. And no circumstance so likely to bring them all up, glowing afresh, as a removal to a new country. Of course, no one was attached to Puddleford, as a locality, any more than the wandering Arab is attached to the particular spot where he pitches his tent and feeds his camels.

But I will not go into particulars with the Puddlefordians at present. During the summer, my acquaintance with Venison Styles had ripened into a deeper affection for the old hunter. I accepted his invitation to visit him, and found him sheltered in the depths of the forest, and nestled in a valley, his hut overshadowed by great trees, which were filled with birds pouring forth their songs. A little brook tinkled down the slope by his hut, singing all kinds of woodland tunes, as the breeze swelled and died along its banks. The squirrels were chatting their nonsense, and the rolling drum of the partridge was heard almost at his very door.

Venison was a hunter, a fisher, and a trapper. The inside walls of his cabin were hung about with rifles, shot-guns, and fishing rods, which had been accumulating for years. Deer-horns and skins lay scattered here and there, the trophies of the chase. Seines for lakes, and scoop-nets for smaller streams were drying outside upon the trees.

Venison kept around him a brood of lazy, lounging, good-for-nothing boys, of all ages, about half-clothed, who followed the business of their father. This young stock were growing up as he had grown, to occupy somewhere their father's position, and lead his life. They lived just as well as the hounds, for all stood on an equality in the family. These ragamuffins were perfect masters of natural history. There was not an instinct or peculiarity belonging to the denizens of the woods and streams which they did not perfectly understand. They

seemed to have penetrated the secrecy of animal life, and fathomed it throughout. Birds, and beasts, and fish were completely within their power; and there was a kind of matter-of-course success with them in their capture that was absolutely provoking to a civilized hunter.

THE FAMINE.—FROM HIAWATHA—LONGFELLOW.

O the long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !
All the earth was sick and famished ;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them ;
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said : " Behold me !
I am Famine. Bukadáwin !"
And the other said : " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkoséwin !"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered.

Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father!
Give us food or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadows of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs;"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"
"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonôwin! Wahonôwin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonôwin! Wahonôwin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,

Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

ST. AGNES.—TENNYSON.

I.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes;
May my soul follow soon!
The shadows of the convent-towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord.

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies,
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

II.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark,
 To yonder argent round;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be.
 Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

III.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
 The flashes come and go;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up! the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The Bridegroom with his bride!

THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

O'er the vast regions of that western world
 Whose lofty mountains hiding in the clouds,
 Concealed their grandeur and their wealth so long
 From European eyes, the Indian roved
 Free and unconquered. From those frigid plains
 Struck with the torpor of the arctic pole,
 To where Magellan lifts his torch to light
 The meeting of the waters; from the shore
 Whose smooth green line the broad Atlantic laves,
 To the rude borders of that rocky strait
 Where haughty Asia seems to stand and gaze
 On the new continent, the Indian reigned

Majestic and alone. Fearless he rose,
 Firm as his mountains; like his rivers, wild;
 Bold as those lakes whose wondrous chain controls
 His northern coast. The forest and the wave
 Gave him his food; the slight constructed hut
 Furnished his shelter, and its doors spread wide
 To every wandering stranger. There his cup,
 His simple meal, his lowly couch of skins,
 Were hospitably shared. Rude were his toils,
 And rash his daring, when he headlong rushed
 Down the steep precipice to seize his prey;
 Strong was his arm to bend the stubborn bow,
 And keen his arrow. This the bison knew,
 The spotted panther, the rough, shaggy bear,
 The wolf dark prowling, the eye piercing lynx,
 The wild deer bounding through the shadowy glade,
 And the swift eagle, soaring high to make
 His nest among the stars. Clothed in their spoils
 He dared the elements: with eye sedate,
 Breasted the wintry winds; o'er the white heads
 Of angry torrents steered his rapid bark
 Light as their foam; mounted with tireless speed
 Those slippery cliffs, where everlasting snows
 Weave their dense robes; or laid him down to sleep
 Where the dread thunder of the cataract lulled
 His drowsy sense. The dangerous toils of war
 He sought and loved. Traditions, and proud tales
 Of other days, exploits of chieftains bold,
 Dauntless and terrible, the warrior's song,
 The victor's triumph—all conspired to raise
 The martial spirit. . . .

Oft the rude wandering tribes
 Rushed on to battle. Their aspiring chiefs,
 Lofty and iron-framed, with native hue
 Strangely disguised in wild and glaring tints,
 Frowned like some Pictish king. The conflict raged
 Fearless and fierce, mid shouts and disarray,
 As the swift lightning urges its dire shafts
 Through clouds and darkness, when the warring blasts
 Awaken midnight. O'er the captive foe
 Unsated vengeance stormed: flame and slow wounds
 Racked the strong bonds of life; but the firm soul
 Smiled in its fortitude to mock the rage
 Of its tormentors; when the crisping nerves
 Were broken, still exulting o'er its pain,
 To rise unmurmuring to its father's shades,
 Where in delightful bowers the brave and just
 Rest and rejoice. . . .

Yet those untutored tribes
 Bound with their stern resolves and savage deeds
 Some gentle virtues; as beneath the gloom
 Of overshadowing forests sweetly springs

The unexpected flower. . . Their uncultured hearts
 Gave a strong soil for friendship, that bold growth
 Of generous affection, changeless, pure,
 Self sacrificing, counting losses light,
 And yielding life with gladness. By its side,
 Like sister plant, sprang ardent Gratitude,
 Vivid, perennial, braving winter's frost
 And summer's heat; while nursed by the same dews,
 Unbounded reverence for the form of age
 Struck its deep root spontaneous. . . With pious awe
 Their eyes uplifted sought the hidden path
 Of the Great Spirit. The loud midnight storm,
 The rush of mighty waters, the deep roll
 Of thunder, gave his voice; the golden sun,
 The soft effulgence of the purple morn,
 The gentle rain distilling, was his smile,
 Dispensing good to all. . . In various forms arose
 Their superstitious homage. Some with blood
 Of human sacrifices sought to appease
 That anger which in pestilence, or dearth,
 Or famine, stalked; and their astonished vales,
 Like Carthaginian altars, frequent drank
 The horrible libation. Some, with fruits,
 Sweet flowers, and incense of their choicest herbs,
 Sought to propitiate Him whose powerful hand
 Unseen sustained them. Some with mystic rites,
 The ark, the orison, the paschal feast,
 Through glimmering tradition seemed to bear,
 As in some broken vase, the smothered coals
 Scattered from Jewish altars.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.—MOTHERWELL.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
 Like some sweet, plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by!
 It speaks a tale of other years—
 Of hopes that bloomed to die—
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
 This midnight wind doth moan!
 It stirs some chord of memory
 In each dull, heavy tone;
 The voices of the much-loved dead
 Seem floating thereupon—
 All, all my fond heart cherished
 Ere death hath made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth swell,
 With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,
 Hope's passionate farewell
 To the dreamy joys of early years,
 Ere yet grief's canker fell
 On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
 Start at that parting knell!

TUBAL CAIN.—CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
 In the days when earth was young;
 By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
 The strokes of his hammer rung;
 And he lifted high his brawny hand
 On the iron glowing clear,
 Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet showers,
 As he fashion'd the sword and spear.
 And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork!
 Hurrah for the spear and sword!
 Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
 For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
 As he wrought by his roaring fire,
 And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade,
 As the crown of his desire;
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
 Till they shouted loud for glee,
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
 And spoils of the forest free.
 And they sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
 Who hath given us strength anew!
 Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
 And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart.
 Ere the setting of the sun;
 And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
 For the evil he had done;
 He saw that men, with rage and hate,
 Made war upon their kind,
 That the land was red with the blood they shed,
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said—"Alas! that I ever made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship join'd their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plough'd the willing lands;
And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord—
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

PENCIL SKETCHES—THAT GENTLEMAN.—MISS LESLIE.

On the third day, we were enabled to lay our course with a fair wind and a clear sky; the coast of Cornwall looking like a succession of low white clouds ranged along the edge of the northern horizon. Toward evening we passed the Lizard, to see land no more till we should descry it on the other side of the Atlantic. As Mr. Fenton and myself leaned over the taffrail, and saw the last point of England fade dimly from our view, we thought, with regret, of the shore we were leaving behind us, and of much that we had seen, and known, and enjoyed in that country of which all that remained to our lingering gaze was a dark spot so distant and so small as to be scarcely perceptible. Soon we could discern it no longer; and nothing of Europe was now left to us but the indelible recollections that it has impressed upon our minds. We turned toward the region of the descending sun—

"To where his setting splendors burn
Upon the western sea-maid's urn,"

and we vainly endeavored to direct all our thoughts and feelings toward our home beyond the ocean—our beloved American home.

On that night, as on many others, when our ship was career-ing through the sea, with her yards squared, and her sails all trimmed to a fresh and favoring breeze, while we sat on a sofa in the lesser cabin, and looked up through the open skylight at the stars that seemed flying over our heads, we talked of the land we had so recently quitted. We talked of her people, who, though differing from ours in a thousand minute particulars, are still essentially the same. Our laws, our institutions, our manners, and our customs are derived from theirs: we are benefited by the same arts, we are enlightened by the same sciences. Their noble and copious language is, fortunately, ours—their Shakspeare also belongs to us; and we rejoice that we can possess ourselves of his “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” in all their original freshness and splendor, unobscured by the mist of translation. Though the ocean divides our dwelling-places; though the sword and the cannon-shot have sundered the bonds that once united us to her dominion; though the misrepresentations of traveling adventurers have done much to foster mutual prejudices, and to embitter mutual jealousies, still we share the pride of our parent in the glorious beings she can number among the children of her island home, for

“Yet lives the blood of England in our veins,”

On the fourth day of our departure from the Isle of Wight, we found ourselves several hundred miles from land, and con-signed to the solitudes of that ocean-desert, “dark-heaving—boundless—endless—and sublime”—whose travelers find no path before them, and leave no track behind. But the wind was favorable, the sky was bright, the passengers had recovered their health and spirits, and, for the first time, were all able to present themselves at the dinner-table; and there was really what might be termed “a goodly company.”

It is no longer the custom in American packet-ships for ladies to persevere in what is called a sea-dress—that is, a sort of dis-habille prepared expressly for the voyage. Those who are not well enough to devote some little time and attention to their personal appearance, rarely come to the general table, but take their meals in their own apartment. The gentlemen, also, pay as much respect to their toilet as when on shore. . . .

Our passengers were not too numerous. The lesser cabin was appropriated to three other ladies and myself.

Our fourth female passenger was Mrs. Cummings, a plump, rosy-faced old lady of remarkably limited ideas, who had literally passed her whole life in the city of London. Having been recently left a widow, she had broken up housekeeping, and was now on her way to join a son established in New York, who had very kindly sent for her to come over and live with him. The rest of the world was almost a sealed book to her, but she talked a great deal of the Minorities, the Poultry, the Old Jewry, Cheapside, Long Acre, Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, and other streets and places with appellations equally expressive.

The majority of the male passengers were pleasant and companionable—and we thought we had seen them all in the course of the first three days—but on the fourth, we heard the captain say to one of the waiters, “Juba, ask *that gentleman* if I shall have the pleasure of taking wine with him.” My eyes now involuntarily followed the direction of Juba’s movements, feeling some curiosity to know who “*that gentleman*” was, as I now recollected having frequently heard the epithet within the last few days. For instance, when almost every one was confined by sea-sickness to their state-rooms, I had seen the captain despatch a servant to inquire of that gentleman if he would have any thing sent to him from the table. Also, I had heard Hamilton, the steward, call out—“There, boys, don’t you hear that gentleman ring his bell—why don’t you run spontaneously—jump, one of you, to number eleventeen.” I was puzzled for a moment to divine which state-room bore the designation of eleventeen, but concluded it to be one of the many unmeaning terms that characterize the phraseology of our colored people. Once or twice, I wondered who that gentleman could be; but something else happened immediately to divert my attention.

Now, when I heard Captain Santlow propose taking wine with him, I concluded, that, of course, that gentleman must be visible in propria persona, and casting my eyes toward the lower end of the table, I perceived a genteel-looking man whom I had not seen before. He was apparently of no particular age, and there was nothing in his face that could lead any one to guess at his country. He might have been English, Scotch, Irish or American; but he had none of the characteristic marks of either nation. He filled his glass, and bowing his head to Captain Santlow, who congratulated him on his recovery, he swallowed

his wine in silence. There was an animated conversation going on near the head of the table, between Miss Audley and two of her beaux, and we thought no more of him.

At the close of the dessert, we happened to know that he had quitted the table and gone on deck, by one of the waiters coming down, and requesting Mr. Overslaugh to let him pass for a moment, while he went into No. eleventeen for that gentleman's overcoat. I now found that the servants had converted No. 13 into eleventeen. By-the-bye, that gentleman had a state-room all to himself, sometimes occupying the upper and sometimes the under berth.

"Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "allow me to ask you the name of that gentleman."

"Oh! I don't know," replied the captain, trying to suppress a smile, "at least I have forgotten it—some English name; for he is an Englishman—he came on board at Plymouth, and his indisposition commenced immediately. Mrs. Cummings, shall I have the pleasure of peeling an orange for you?"

I now recollected a little incident which had set me laughing soon after we left Plymouth, and when we were beating down the coast of Devonshire. I had been trying to write at the table in the ladies' cabin, but it was one of those days when

"Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea."

And all I could do was to take refuge in my berth, and endeavor to read, leaving the door open for light and air. My attention, however, was continually withdrawn from my book by the sound of something that was dislodged from its place, sliding or falling, and frequently suffering destruction; though sometimes miraculously escaping unhurt.

While I was watching the progress of two pitchers that had been tossed out of the washing-stand, and after deluging the floor with water, had met in the ladies' cabin, and were rolling amicably side by side, without happening to break each other, I saw a barrel of flour start from the steward's pantry, and running across the dining-room, stop at a gentleman that lay extended in a lower berth with his room door open, and pour out its contents upon him, completely enveloping him in a fog of meal. I heard the steward, who was busily engaged in mopping up the water that had flowed from the pitchers, call out, "Run, boys, run, that gentleman's smothering up in flour—go take the barrel off him—jump, I tell you."

How that gentleman acted while hidden in the cloud of flour, I could not perceive, and immediately the closing of the folding doors shut out the scene.

For a few days after he appeared among us, there was some speculation with regard to this nameless stranger, whose taciturnity seemed his chief characteristic. One morning while we were looking at the gambols of a shoal of porpoises that were tumbling through the waves and sometimes leaping out of them, my husband made some remark on the clumsy antics of this unsightly fish, addressing himself, for the first time, to the unknown Englishman, who happened to be standing near him. That gentleman smiled affably, but made no reply. Mr. Fenton pursued the subject—and that gentleman smiled still more affably, and walked away.

Nevertheless, he was neither deaf nor dumb, nor melancholy, but had only "a great talent for silence," and as is usually the case with persons whose genius lies that way, he was soon left entirely to himself, no one thinking it worth while to take the trouble of extracting words from him. In truth, he was so impracticable, and at the same time so evidently insignificant, and so totally uninteresting, that his fellow-passengers tacitly conveyed him to Coventry; and in Coventry he seemed perfectly satisfied to dwell. Once or twice Captain Santlow was asked again if he recollected the name of that gentleman; but he always replied with a sort of smile, "I cannot say I do—not exactly, at least—but I'll look at my manifest and see"—and he never failed to turn the conversation to something else.

The only person that persisted in occasionally talking to that gentleman, was old Mrs. Cummings; and she confided to him her perpetual alarms at "the perils of the sea," considering him a good hearer, as he never made any reply, and was always disengaged, and sitting and standing about, apparently at leisure, while the other gentlemen were occupied in reading, writing, playing chess, walking the deck, &c.

Whenever the ship was struck by a heavy sea, and after quivering with the shock, remained motionless for a moment before she recovered herself and rolled the other way, poor Mrs. Cummings supposed that we had run against a rock, and could not be convinced that rocks were not dispersed everywhere about the open ocean. And as that gentleman never attempted to undeceive her on this or any other subject, but merely listened with a placid smile, she believed that he always thought precisely as she did. She not unfrequently discussed

to him, in an under tone, the obstinacy and incivility of the captain, who, she averred, with truth, had never in any one instance, had the politeness to stop the ship, often as she had requested, nay, implored him to do so even when she was suffering with sea-sickness, and actually tossed out of her berth by the violence of the storm, though she was holding on with both hands

In less than a fortnight after we left the English Channel we were off the banks of Newfoundland; and, as is frequently the case in their vicinity, we met with cold foggy weather. It cleared a little about seven in the morning, and we then discovered no less than three icebergs to leeward. One of them, whose distance from us was perhaps a mile, appeared higher than the main-mast head, and as the top shot up into a tall column, it looked like a vast rock with a light-house on its pinnacle. As the cold and watery sunbeams gleamed fitfully upon it, it exhibited in some places the rainbow tints of a prism—other parts were of a dazzling white, while its sharp angular projections seemed like masses of diamonds glittering upon snow.

The fog soon became so dense that in looking over the ship we could not discern the sea. Fortunately, it was so calm that we scarcely moved, or the danger of driving on the icebergs would have been terrific. We had now no other means of ascertaining our distance from them, but by trying the temperature of the water with a thermometer.

In the afternoon the fog gathered still more thickly round us, and dripped from the rigging, so that the sailors were continually swabbing the deck. I had gone with Mr. Fenton to the round-house, and looked awhile from its windows on the comfortless scene without. The only persons then on the main-deck were the captain and the first mate. They were wrapped in their watch-coats, their hair and whiskers dripping with the fog dew. Most of the passengers went to bed at an early hour, and soon all was awfully still; Mrs. Cumming being really too much frightened to talk, only that she sometimes wished herself in Shoreditch, and sometimes in Houndsditch. It was a night of real danger. The captain remained on deck till morning, and several of the gentlemen bore him company being too anxious to stay below.

About day-break, a heavy shower of rain dispersed the fog—"The conscious vessel waked as from a trance." A breeze sprung up that carried us out of danger from the icebergs which were

soon diminished to three specks on the horizon, and the sun rose bright and cheerfully.

Toward noon, the ladies recollected that none of them had seen that gentleman during the last twenty-four hours, and some apprehension was expressed lest he should have walked overboard in the fog. No one could give any account of him, or remember his last appearance; and Miss Audley professed much regret that now in all probability we should never be able to ascertain his name, as, most likely he had "died and made no sign." To our shames be it spoken, not one of us could cry a tear at his possible fate. The captain had turned into his berth, and was reposing himself after the fatigue of last night; so we could make no inquiry of him on the subject of our missing fellow-passenger.

Mrs. Cummings called the steward, and asked him how long it was since he had seen anything of that gentleman. "I really can't tell, madam," replied Hamilton—"I can't pretend to charge my memory with such things. But I conclude he must have been seen yesterday—at least I rather expect he was."

The waiter Juba was now appealed to. "I believe, madam," said Juba, "I remember something of handing that gentleman the bread-basket yesterday at dinner—but I would not be qualified as to whether the thing took place or not, my mind being a good deal engaged at the time."

"Solomon, the third waiter, disclaimed all positive knowledge of this or any other fact, but sagely remarked, "that it was very likely that gentleman had been about all yesterday as usual: yet still it was just as likely he might not; and there was only one thing certain, which was, that if he was not nowhere, he must, of course, be somewhere."

"I have a misgiving," said Mrs. Cummings, "that he will never be found again."

"I'll tell you what I can do, madam," exclaimed the steward, looking as if suddenly struck with a bright thought—"I can examine into No. eleventeen, and see if I can perceive him there." And softly opening the door of the state-room in question, he stepped back and said with a triumphant flourish of his hand—"There he is, ladies, there he is, in the upper berth fast asleep in his double cashmere dressing gown. I opinionate that he was one of the gentlemen that stayed on deck all night, because they were afraid to go to sleep on account of the ice-bergers—of course nobody noticed him—but there he is now, safe enough."

"Well," said Mrs. Cummings, "he is not dead, however, so we have yet a chance of knowing his name from himself, if we choose to ask him. But I'm determined I'll make the captain tell it me, as soon as he gets up. It's all nonsense, this making a secret of a man's name."

Among the numerous steerage passengers was a young man, whose profession was that of a methodist preacher. Having succeeded in making some religious impressions on the majority of his companions, he one Sunday obtained their consent to his performing divine service that evening in the steerage; and respectfully intimated that he would be highly gratified by the attendance of any of the cabin passengers that would condescend to honor him so far. Accordingly, after tea, we all descended to the steerage at early candle-light, and found everything prepared for the occasion. A barrel, its head covered with a piece of sailcloth, served as a desk, lighted by two yellowish dip-candles placed in empty porter bottles. But as there was considerable motion, it was found that the bottles would not rest in their stations; therefore they were held by two boys. The chests and boxes nearest to the desk were the seats allotted to the ladies and gentlemen: and the steerage people ranged themselves behind.

A hymn was sung to a popular tune. The prayer and sermon were delivered in simple but impressive language; for the preacher, though a poor and illiterate man, was not deficient either in sense or feeling, and was evidently imbued with the sincerest piety. There was something solemn and affecting in the aspect of the whole scene, with all its rude arrangement; and also in the idea of the lonely and insulated situation of our little community "one wide water all around us." And when the preacher, in his homely but fervent language, returned thanks for our hitherto prosperous voyage, and prayed for our speedy and safe arrival at our destined port, tears stood in the eyes of many of his auditors. I thought, when it was over, how frequently such scenes must have occurred between the decks of the *Mayflower*, during the long and tempestuous passage of that pilgrim band who finally

"Moored their bark
On the wild New England shore,"

Amid the storm they sung,
And the stars heard, and the sea—

when the wise and pious Brewster lifted his voice in exhortation and prayer, and the virtuous Carver, and the gallant Standish, bowed their heads in devotion before him. . . .

After crossing the Banks we seemed to feel ourselves on American ground, or rather on American sea. As our interest increased on approaching the land of our destination, that gentleman was proportionally overlooked and forgotten. He "kept the even tenor of his way," and we had become scarcely conscious that he was still among us: till one day when there was rather a hard gale, and the waves were running high, we were startled, as we surrounded the luncheon table, by a tremendous noise on the cabin staircase, and the sudden bursting open of the door at its foot. We all looked up, and saw that gentleman falling down stairs, with both arms extended, as he held in one hand a tall cane stool, and in the other the captain's barometer, which had hung just within the upper door; he having involuntarily caught hold of both these articles, with a view of saving himself. "While his head, as he tumbled, went nickety nock," his countenance, for once, assumed a new expression, and the change from its usual unvarying sameness was so striking, that combined with his ludicrous attitude, it set us all to laughing. The waters ran forward and assisted him to rise; and it was then found that the stool and the barometer had been the greatest sufferers; one having lost a leg, and the other being so shattered that the stair-carpet was covered with globules of quicksilver. However, he retired to his state-room, and whether or not he was seen again before next morning, I cannot positively undertake to say.

On the edge of the Gulf Stream we had a day of entire calm, when "there was not a breath the blue wave to curl." A thin veil of haziness somewhat softened the fires of the American sun, (as it was now called by the European passengers,) and we passed the whole day on deck, in a delightful state of idle enjoyment; gazing on the inhabitants of the deep, that like ourselves seemed to be taking a holiday. Dolphins, horse-mackerel, and porpoises were sporting round the vessel, and the flying-fish "with brine still dropping from its wings," was darting up into the sun-light; while flocks of petrels, their black plumage tinged with flame-color, seemed to rest on the surface of the water; and the nautilus, "the native pilot of his little bark," glided gaily along the dimpling mirror that reflected his tiny oars and gauzy sail. We fished up large clusters of seaweed, among which were some beautiful specimens of a delicate

purple color, which, when viewed through a microscope, glittered like silver, and were covered with little shell-fish so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye.

It was a lovely day. The lieutenant and his family were all on deck, and looked happy. That gentleman looked as usual. Toward evening, a breeze sprung up directly fair, and filled the sails, which all day had been clinging idly to the masts; and before midnight we were wafted along at the rate of nine knots an hour, "while round the waves phosphoric brightness broke," the ship seeming, as she cleaved the foam, to draw after her in her wake a long train of stars.

Next day we continued to proceed rapidly, with a fair wind, which we knew would soon bring us to the end of our voyage. The ladies' cabin was now littered with trunks and boxes, brought from the baggage room, that we might select from them such articles as we thought we should require when we went on shore.

We were going rapidly through the Narrows, when the bell rung for breakfast, which Captain Santlow had ordered at an early hour, as we had all been up before daylight. Chancing to look toward his accustomed seat, I missed that gentleman, and inquired after him of the captain. "Oh!" he replied, "that gentleman went on shore in the news-boat; did you not see him depart? He bowed all round before he went down the side."

"No," was the general reply, "we did not see him go." In truth we had all been too much interested in hearing, reading, and talking of the news brought by the boat.

"Then he is gone forever," exclaimed Mrs. Cummings—"and we shall never know his name."

"Come, Captain Santlow," said Mr. Fenton, "try to recollect it. 'Let it not,' as Grumio says, 'die in oblivion, while we return to our grave inexperienced in it.'"

"His name," answered the Captain, "is Sir St. John St. Ledger."

"Sir St. John St. Ledger!" was repeated by each of the company.

"Yes," resumed Captain Santlow, "and you see how difficult it is to say it smoothly. There is more sibilation in it than in any name I know. Was I not right in keeping it from you till the voyage was over, and thus sparing you the trouble of articulating it, and myself the annoyance of hearing it. See, here it is in writing."

The captain then took his manifest out of his pocket-book, and showed us the words, "Sir St. John St. Ledger, of Seven-oaks, Kent."

"Pho!" said Mrs. Cummings. "Where's the trouble in speaking that name, if you only knew the right way—I have heard it a hundred times—and even seen it in the newspapers. This must be the very gentleman that my cousin George's wife is always talking about. She has a brother that lives near his estate, a topping apothecary. Why, 'tis easy enough to say his name, if you say it as we do in England."

"And how is that?" asked the captain; "what can you make of Sir St. John St. Ledger?"

"Why, Sir Singeon Sillinger, to be sure," replied Mrs. Cummings—"I am confident he would have answered to that name. Sir Singeon Sillinger of Sunnock—cousin George's wife's brother lives close by Sunnock in a yellow house with a red door."

"And have I," said the captain, laughing, "so carefully kept his name to myself, during the whole passage, for fear we should have had to call him Sir St. John St. Ledger, when all the while we might have said Sir Singeon Sillinger."

"To be sure you might," replied Mrs. Cummings, looking proud of the opportunity of displaying her superior knowledge of something.

In a short time a steamboat came alongside, into which we removed ourselves accompanied by the captain and the letter bags; and we proceeded up to the city, where Mr. Fenton and myself were met on the wharf, I need not tell how, and by whom.

DROPPING LEAVES.—MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The leaves are dropping, dropping,
And I watch them as they go;
Now whirling, floating, stopping,
With a look of noiseless woe.
Yes, I watch them in their falling,
As they tremble from the stem,
With a stillness so appalling—
And my heart goes down with them!

Yes, I see them floating round me
'Mid the beating of the rain,
Like the hopes that still have bound me,
To the fading past again.

They are floating through the stillness,
They are given to the storm—
And they tremble off like phantoms
Of a joy that has no form.

But the proud tree stands up prouder,
While its branches cast their leaves—
And the cold wind whispers louder,
Like a sobbing breath that grieves;
A heart that's long in breaking,
As a single flower may cling,
All wither'd, shorn, and quaking—
On the naked stalk till spring.

Then I thought that tree is human,
And its boughs are human too:
For while the leaves were wealthy
With kindling sap and dew—
While the sun shot golden lances
Through all its billowy green,
And the birds poured love and music,
Where the slanting rays had been—

Then its great roots gather'd fragrance,
Like wine-drops from the ground,
Till it sparkled through the foliage,
As faith fills the profound
Of souls that live together,
In kindred trust and love—
Till their union seems immortal,
As the burning stars above.

But the very dews of summer
Had left their own decay;
And change, a ruthless vampire,
That steals the soul away,
Came with the mellow autumn,
And touched those leaves with blight;
Then the frost came stealing earthward,
Like a ghost upon the night.

When the frost had done its death-work,
When the golden leaves were sere,
And the brown crept dimly on them
In the old age of the year;
Ah! the roots withdrew their nurture,
While the tree stood firm and high;
When the leaves had lost their greenness,
Lo, it cast them off to die!

Then I thought those leaves were weary,
And thrilled with human pain,
As they fell so cold and dreary
Beneath the beating rain.

While the boughs waved slow and grimly,
 And shook them all away—
 Those leaves that fell so dimly,
 Like shadows on the day!

Then my soul went sadly after,
 As they quivered from my sight,
 And it followed faster, faster,
 As my hopes had taken flight.
 So I watched the pale leaves flutter,
 Flutter downward from the stem;
 And I said, the cold earth under
 Is enough for me and them.

TO THE EVENING WIND.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day!
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
 To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight:
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
 And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
 Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth—
 God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little woodbird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
 The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
 And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
 The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone:
 That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
 And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
 May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,
 Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,

Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful, to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

THE MARINER'S HYMN.—MRS. SOUTHEY.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?
“Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!”
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
 Clear out the hold—
 Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold;
 There—let the ingots go—
 Now the ship rights;
 Hurra! the harbor's near—
 Lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
 At inlet or island;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land;
 Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam—
 Christian, cast anchor now—
 HEAVEN is thy home!

SENTIMENTAL MUSIC.—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Sounds as of far off bells came on his ears;
 He fancied 'twas the music of the spheres;
 He was mistaken; it was no such thing;
 'Twas Yankee Doodle, played by Scudder's band.
 He muttered, as he lingered, listening,
 Something of freedom, and our happy land;
 Then sketched, as to his home he hurried fast,
 This sentimental song—his saddest, and his last:—

“ Young thoughts have music in them, love,
 And happiness their theme;
 And music wanders in the wind
 That lulls a morning dream.
 And there are angel voices heard,
 In childhood's frolic hours,
 When life is but an April day,
 Of sunshine and of flowers.

“ There's music in the forest leaves
 When summer winds are there,
 And in the laugh of forest girls
 That braid their sunny hair.
 The first wild bird that drinks the dew
 From violets of the spring,
 Has music in his song, and in
 The fluttering of his wing.

“ There's music in the dash of waves,
 When the swift bark cleaves their foam;
 There's music heard upon her deck—
 The mariner's song of home—

When moon and star-beams, smiling, meet,
At midnight, on the sea;
And there is music once a week
In Scudder's balcony.

"But the music of young thoughts too soon
Is faint, and dies away,
And from our morning dreams we wake
To curse the coming day.
And childhood's frolic hours are brief,
And oft, in after years,
Their memory comes to chill the heart,
And dim the eye with tears.

"To-day the forest leaves are green;
They'll wither on the morrow,
And the maiden's laugh be changed, ere long,
To the widow's wail of sorrow.
Come with the winter snows, and ask
Where are the forest birds;
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.

"The moonlight music of the waves
In storms is heard no more,
When the livid lightning mocks the wreck
At midnight on the shore;
And the mariner's song of home has ceased—
His corse is on the sea;
And music ceases, when it rains,
In Scudder's balcony.

THE ELDER'S FUNERAL.—PROFESSOR WILSON.

How beautiful to the eye and to the heart rise up, in a pastoral region, the green, silent hills from the dissolving snow-wreaths that yet linger at their feet! A few warm, sunny days, and a few breezy and melting nights, have seemed to create the sweet season of spring out of the winter's bleakest desolation. We can scarcely believe that such brightness of verdure could have been shrouded in the snow, blending itself, as it now does, so vividly with the deep blue of heaven. With the revival of nature, our own souls feel restored. Happiness becomes milder, meeker, and richer in pensive thought; while sorrow catches a faint tinge of joy, and reposes itself on the quietness of earth's opening breast. Then is youth rejoicing,

manhood sedate, and old age resigned. The child shakes his golden curls in his glee; he of riper life hails the coming year with temperate exultation, and the eye, that has been touched with dimness, in the general spirit of delight, forgets or fears not the shadows of the grave.

On such a vernal day as this did we, who had visited the Elder on his death-bed, walk together to his house in the Hazel-glen, to accompany his body to the place of burial. On the night he died, it seemed to be the dead of winter. On the day he was buried, it seemed to be the birth of spring. The old pastor and I were alone for awhile, as we pursued our path up the glen, by the banks of the little burn. It had cleared itself off from the melted snow, and ran so pellucid a race, that every stone and pebble was visible in its yellow channel. The willows, the alders, and the birches, the fairest and the earliest of our native hill trees, seemed almost tinged with a verdant light, as if they were budding; and beneath them, here and there, peeped out, as in the pleasure of new existence, the primrose, lonely, or in little families and flocks. The bee had not yet ventured to leave his cell, yet the flowers reminded one of his murmur. A few insects were dancing in the air, and here and there some little moorland bird, touched at the heart with the warm, sunny change, was piping his love-sweet song among the braes.

It was just such a day as a grave, meditative man, like him we were about to inter, would have chosen to walk over his farm in religious contentment with his lot. That was the thought that entered the pastor's heart, as we paused to enjoy one brighter gleam of the sun in a little meadow-field of peculiar beauty. "This is the last day of the week, and on that day often did the Elder walk through this little happy kingdom of his own, with some of his grandchildren beside and around him, and often his Bible in his hand. It is, you feel, a solitary place; all the vale is one seclusion; and often have its quiet bounds been a place of undisturbed meditation and prayer."

We now came in sight of the cottage, and beyond it the termination of the glen. There the high hills came sloping gently down; and a little waterfall, in the distance, gave animation to a scene of perfect repose. We were now joined by various small parties coming to the funeral through openings among the hills; all sedate, but none sad, and every greeting was that of kindness and peace. The Elder had died full of years; and there was no need why any out of his own household should

weep. A long life of piety had been beautifully closed ; and, therefore, we were all going to commit the body to the earth, assured, as far as human beings may be so assured, that the soul was in heaven. As the party increased on our approach to the house, there was even cheerfulness among us. We spoke of the early and bright promise of spring ; of the sorrows and the joys of other families ; of marriages and births ; of the new schoolmaster ; of to-morrow's Sabbath. There was no topic, of which, on any common occasion, it might have been fitting to speak, that did not now perhaps occupy, for a few moments, some one or other of the group, till we found ourselves ascending the green sward before the cottage, and stood before the bare branches of the sycamores. Then we were all silent, and, after a short pause, reverently entered into the house of death.

At the door, the son received us with a calm, humble, and untroubled face ; and, in his manner toward the old minister, there was something that could not be misunderstood, expressing penitence, gratitude, and resignation. We all sat down in the large kitchen ; and the son decently received each person at the door, and showed him to his place. There were some old, gray heads, more becoming gray, and many bright in manhood and youth. But the same solemn hush was over them all ; and they sat all bound together in one uniting and assimilating spirit of devotion and faith. Wine and bread were to be sent round ; but the son looked to the old minister, who rose, lifted up his withered hand, and began a blessing and a prayer.

There was so much composure and stillness in the old man's attitude, and something so affecting in his voice, tremulous and broken, not in grief, but age, that no sooner had he begun to pray, than every heart and every breath at once was hushed. All stood motionless, nor could one eye abstain from that placid and patriarchal countenance, with its closed eyes, and long, silvery hair. There was nothing sad in his words, but they were all humble and solemn, and at times even joyful in the kindling spirit of piety and faith. He spoke of the dead man's goodness as imperfect in the eyes of his Great Judge, but such as, we were taught, might lead, through intercession, to the kingdom of heaven. Might the blessing of God, he prayed, which had so long rested on the head now confined, not forsake that of him who was now to be the father of this house. There was more joy, we were told, in heaven, over

one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance. Fervently, too, and tenderly, did the old man pray for her, in her silent chamber, who had lost so kind a parent, and for all the little children round her knees. Nor did he end his prayer without some allusion to his own gray hairs, and to the approaching day on which many then present would attend his burial.

Just as he ceased to speak, one solitary, stifled sob was heard, and all eyes turned kindly round to a little boy who was standing by the side of the Elder's son. Restored once more to his own father's love, his heart had been insensibly filled with peace since the old man's death. The returning tenderness of the living came in place of that of the dead, and the child yearned toward his father now with a stronger affection, relieved, at last from all his fear. He had been suffered to sit an hour each day beside the bed on which his grandfather lay shrouded, and he had got reconciled to the cold, but silent and happy looks of death. His mother and his Bible told him to obey God, without repining, in all things; and the child did so with perfect simplicity. One sob had found its way at the close of that pathetic prayer; but the tears that bathed his glistening cheeks were far different from those that, on the day and night of his grandfather's decease, had burst from the agony of a breaking heart. The old minister laid his hand silently upon his golden head; there was a momentary murmur of kindness and pity over the room; the child was pacified; and again all was repose and peace.

A sober voice said that all was ready, and the son and the minister led the way reverently out into the open air. The bier stood before the door, and was lifted slowly up with its sable pall. Silently each mourner took his place. The sun was shining pleasantly, and a gentle breeze passing through the sycamores, shook down the glittering rain-drops upon the funeral velvet. The small procession, with an instinctive spirit, began to move along; and as I cast up my eyes to take a farewell look of that beautiful dwelling, now finally left by him who so long had blessed it, I saw, at the half open-lattice of the little bedroom window above, the pale, weeping face of that stainless matron, who was taking her last passionate farewell of the mortal remains of her father, now slowly receding from her to the quiet field of graves.

We proceeded along the edges of the hills, and along the meadow-fields, crossed the old wooden bridge over the burn,

now widening in its course to the plain; and in an hour of pensive silence, or pleasant talk, we found ourselves entering, in a closer body, the little gateway of the churchyard. To the tolling of the bell we moved across the green mounds, and arranged ourselves, according to the plan and order which our feelings suggested, around the bier and its natural supporters. There was no delay. In a few minutes the Elder was laid among the mould of his forefathers, in their long-ago chosen spot of rest. One by one the people dropped away, and none were left by the new-made grave but the son and his little boy, the pastor and myself. As yet nothing was said, and in that pause I looked around me, over the sweet burial ground.

Each tombstone and grave, over which I had often walked in boyhood, arose in my memory as I looked steadfastly upon their long-forgotten inscriptions; and many had since then been erected. The whole character of the place was still simple and unostentatious; but, from the abodes of the dead, I could see that there had been an improvement in the condition of the living. There was a taste visible in their decorations, not without much of native feeling, and, occasionally, something even of native grace. If there was any other inscription than the name and age of the poor inhabitants below, it was, in general, some short text of Scripture; for it is most pleasant and soothing to the pious mind, when bereaved of friends, to commemorate them on earth by some touching expression taken from that Book, which reveals to them a life in heaven.

There is a sort of gradation, a scale of forgetfulness, in a country churchyard, where the processes of nature are suffered to go on over the green place of burial; that is extremely affecting in the contemplation. The soul goes, from the grave just covered up to that which seems scarcely joined together, on and on to those folded and bound by the undisturbed verdure of many, many unremembered years. It then glides at last into nooks and corners where the ground seems perfectly calm and waveless, utter oblivion having smoothed the earth over the long mouldered bones. Tombstones, on which the inscriptions are hidden in green obliteration, or that are mouldering, or falling to a side, are close to others which last week were brushed by the chisel: constant renovation and constant decay, vain attempts to adhere to memory, and oblivion now baffled, and now triumphant, smiling among all the memorials of human affection, as they keep continually crumbling away into the world of undistinguishable dust and ashes.

The churchyard, to the inhabitants of a rural parish, is the place to which, as they grow older, all their thoughts and feelings turn. The young take a look of it every Sabbath-day, not always perhaps a careless look, but carry away from it, unconsciously, many salutary impressions. What is more pleasant than the meeting of a rural congregation in the churchyard before the minister appears? What is there to shudder at in lying down, sooner or later, in such a peaceful and sacred place, to be spoken of frequently on Sabbath among the groups of which we used to be one, and our low burial-spot to be visited, at such times, as long as there remains on earth any one to whom our face was dear! To those who mix in the strife and dangers of the world, the place is felt to be uncertain wherein they may finally lie at rest. The soldier, the sailor, the traveler, can only see some dim grave dug for him, when he dies, in some place obscure, nameless, and unfixed to imagination. All he feels is, that his burial will be, on earth or in the sea. But the peaceful dwellers, who cultivate their paternal acres, or tilling at least the same small spot of soil, shift only from a cottage on the hillside to one on the plain, still within the bounds of one quiet parish; they look to lay their bones, at last, in the burial place of the kirk in which they were baptized, and with them it almost literally is but a step from the cradle to the grave.

Such were the thoughts that calmly followed each other in my revery, as I stood beside the Elder's grave, and the trodden grass was again lifting up its blades from the pressure of many feet, now all but a few departed. What a simple burial had it been! Dust was consigned to dust; no more. Bare, naked, simple, and austere is, in Scotland, the service of the grave. It is left to the soul itself to consecrate, by its passion, the mould over which tears, but no words are poured. Surely there is a beauty in this; for the heart is left unto its own sorrow, according as it is a friend, a brother, a parent, or a child, that is covered up from our eyes. Yet call not other rites, however different from this, less beautiful or pathetic. For willingly does the soul connect its grief with any consecrated ritual of the dead. Sound or silence, music, hymns, psalms, sable garments, or raiment white as snow, all become holy symbols of the soul's affection; nor is it for any man to say which is the most natural, which is the best of the thousand shows, and expressions, and testimonies of sorrow, resignation and love, by which mortal beings would seek to express their souls, when one of their brethren has returned to his parent dust.

My mind was recalled from all these sad, yet not unpleasant fancies by a deep groan, and I beheld the Elder's son fling himself down upon the grave, and kiss it passionately, imploring pardon from God. "I distressed my father's heart in his old age; I repented, and received thy forgiveness even on thy death-bed! But how may I be assured that God will forgive me for having so sinned against my old, gray-headed father, when his limbs were weak and his eyesight dim!" The old minister stood at the head of the grave, without speaking a word, with his solemn and pitiful eyes fixed upon the prostrate and contrite man. His sin had been great, and tears that till now had, on this day at least, been compressed within his heart by the presence of so many of his friends, now poured down upon the sod as if they would have found their way to the very body of his father. Neither of us offered to lift him up, for we felt awed by the rueful passion of his love, his remorse and his penitence; and nature, we felt, ought to have her way. "Fear not, my son," at length said the old man, in a gentle voice, "fear not, my son, but that you are already forgiven. Dost thou not feel pardon within thy contrite spirit?" He rose up from his knees with a faint smile, while the minister with his white head yet uncovered, held his hands over him as in benediction; and that beautiful and loving child, who had been standing in a fit of weeping terror at his father's agony, now came up to him, and kissed his cheek; holding in his little hand a few faded primroses, which he had unconsciously gathered together as they lay on the turf of his grandfather's grave.

PALESTINE.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallow'd of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have linger'd before:
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills!—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O, dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley! where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, O, Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Naphtali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin roll'd harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hasten'd to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God—
Where His blessings were heard and His lessons were taught
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills He toil'd over in grief, are the same—
The founts where He drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breath'd on his brow

And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?
Were my spirit but tuned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, He moved among men;

And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me!

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bow'd Him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer.

Yet, loved of the Father, Thy Spirit is near
To the meek, and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

O, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same!

THE SEA MONARCH.—T. BUCHANAN READ.

A monarch reigned beneath the sea
On the wreck of a myriad thrones—
The collected ruins of Tyranny
Shattered by the hand of Destiny,
And scattered abroad with maniac glee,
Like a gibbeted pirate's bones.

Alone, supreme, he reigned apart,
On the throne of a myriad thrones—
Where sitting close to the world's red heart,
Which pulsed swift heat through his ocean mart,
He could hear each heavy throe and start,
As she heaved her earthquake groans.

He gazed through the shadowy deep which shields
His throne of a myriad thrones—
And saw the many variant keels
Driving over the watery fields,
Some with thunderous and flashing wheels
Linking the remotest zones.

Oft, like an eagle that swoops in air,
He saw from his throne of thrones,
The winged anchors with eager stare
Leap midway down to the ocean's lair—
While hanging plummets gazed in despair
At the unreach'd sands and stones!

INDIAN SUMMER.—CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
 Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
 The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
 As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;
 The weeping birch, like banners, idly waving,
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
 Beaded with dew, the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
 The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
 That richly deck the slow-declining year;
 I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
 The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,
 Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too brief;
 I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
 As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
 And wings his loitering flight to summer climes away.

O, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
 With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;
 Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be,
 Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
 To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
 Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
 I still can, child-like, come as when in prayer
 I bow'd my head upon a mother's knee,
 And deem'd the world, like her, all truth and purity.

ANCIENT INDIAN VILLAGE.—MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

At Oregon, the beauty of the scene was of even a more sumptuous character than at our former "stopping-place." Here swelled the river in its boldest course, interspersed by halcyon isles on which Nature had lavished all her prodigality in tree, vine, and flower, banked by noble bluffs, three hundred feet high, their sharp ridges as exquisitely definite as the edge of a shell; their summits adorned with those same beautiful trees, and with buttresses of rich rock, crusted with old hemlocks, which wore a touching and antique grace amid the

softer and more luxuriant vegetation. Lofty natural mounds rose amidst the rest, with the same lovely and sweeping outline, showing everywhere the plastic power of water,—water, mother of beauty, which, by its sweet and eager flow, had left such lineaments as human genius never dreamt of.

Not far from the river was a high crag, called the Pine Rock, which looks out, as our guide observed, like a helmet above the brow of the country. It seems as if the water left here and there a vestige of forms and materials that preceded its course, just to set off its new and richer designs.

The aspect of this country was to me enchanting, beyond any I have ever seen, from its fulness of expression, its bold and impassioned sweetness. Here the flood of emotion has passed over and marked everywhere its course by a smile. The fragments of rock touch it with a wildness and liberality which give just the needed relief. I should never be tired here, though I have elsewhere seen country of more secret and alluring charms, better calculated to stimulate and suggest. Here the eye and heart are filled.

How happy the Indians must have been here! It is not long since they were driven away, and the ground, above and below, is full of their traces.

“The earth is full of men.”

You have only to turn up the sod to find arrowheads and Indian pottery. On an island, belonging to our host, and nearly opposite his house, they loved to stay, and no doubt, enjoyed its lavish beauty as much as the myriad wild pigeons that now haunt its flower-filled shades. Here are still the marks of their tomahawks, the troughs in which they prepared their corn, their caches.

A little way down the river is the site of an ancient Indian village, with its regularly arranged mounds. As usual, they had chosen with the finest taste. When we went there, it was one of those soft, shadowy afternoons when Nature seems ready to weep, not from grief, but from an overfull heart. Two prattling, lovely little girls, and an African boy, with glittering eye and ready grin, made our party gay; but all were still as we entered the little inlet and trod those flowery paths. They may blacken Indian life as they will, talk of its dirt, its brutality, I will ever believe that the men who chose that dwelling-place were able to feel emotions of noble happiness as they returned to it, and so were the women that received them.

Neither were the children sad or dull, who lived so familiarly with the deer and the birds, and swam that clear wave in the shadow of the Seven Sisters. The whole scene suggested to me a Greek splendor, a Greek sweetness, and I can believe that an Indian brave, accustomed to ramble in such paths, and be bathed by such sunbeams, might be mistaken for Apollo, as Apollo was for him by West. Two of the boldest bluffs are called the Deer's Walk, (not because deer do *not* walk there), and the Eagle's nest. The latter I visited one glorious morning; it was that of the fourth of July, and certainly I think I had never felt so happy that I was born in America. Woe to all country folks that never saw this spot, never swept an enraptured gaze over the prospect that stretched beneath. I do believe Rome and Florence are suburbs compared to this capital of Nature's art.

The bluff was decked with great bunches of a scarlet variety of the milkweed, like cut coral, and all starred with a mysterious-looking dark flower, whose cup rose lonely on a tall stem. This had, for two or three days, disputed the ground with the lupine and phlox. My companions disliked, I liked it.

HELLVELLYN.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot mid the brown meadow heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,—
Like the course of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
 Unhonor'd the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
 In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
 When, wilder'd he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
 With one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
 In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE RAVEN.—EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
 While I ponder'd, weak and weary,
 Over many a quaint and curious
 Volume of forgotten lore,
 While I nodded, nearly napping,
 Suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of some one gently rapping,
 Rapping at my chamber door.
 "Tis some visitor," I mutter'd,
 "Tapping at my chamber door—
 Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
 It was in the bleak December,
 And each separate dying ember
 Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
 Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;
 Vainly I had tried to borrow
 From my books surcease of sorrow—
 Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
 For the rare and radiant maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore—
 Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
"Tis some visiter entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"
Here I open'd wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before:
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken
Was the whisper'd word, "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo
Murmur'd back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore;

Not the least obeisance made he;
 Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
 But, with mien of lord or lady,
 Perch'd above my chamber door—
 Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas
 Just above my chamber door—
 Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
 My sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum
 Of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
 Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient raven,
 Wandering from the Nightly shore—
 Tell me what thy lordly name is
 On the Night's Plutonian shore!"
 Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly
 Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—
 Little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing
 That no living human being
 Ever yet was bless'd with seeing
 Bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured
 Bust above his chamber door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely
 On the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in
 That one word he did outpour.
 Nothing farther then he utter'd—
 Not a feather then he flutter'd—
 Till I scarcely more than mutter'd
 "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow *he* will leave me,
 As my hopes have flown before."
 Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
 By reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
 Is its only stock and store
 Caught from some unhappy master
 Whom unmerciful Disaster
 Follow'd fast and follow'd faster
 Till his songs one burden bore—

Till the dirges of his Hope the
 Melancholy burden bore
 Of 'Nevermore'—of 'Nevermore.' "

But the raven still beguiling
 All my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in
 Front of bird, and bust and door ;
 Then upon the velvet sinking,
 I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking
 What this ominous bird of yore—
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
 Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
 But no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
 Burn'd into my bosom's core ;
 This and more I sat divining,
 With my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining
 That the lamplight gloated o'er ;
 But whose velvet violet lining
 With the lamplight gloating o'er,
 She shall press, ah, never more !

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
 Perfum'd from an unseen censer,
 Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls
 Tinkled on the tufted floor.
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee
 By these angels he hath sent thee
 Respite—respite and nepenthe
 From thy memories of Lenore !
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
 And forget this lost Lenore !"
 Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil !—
 Prophet still, if bird or devil !
 Whether tempter sent, or whether
 Tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
 Desolate yet all undaunted,
 On this desert land enchanted—
 On this home by Horror haunted—
 Tell me truly, I implore—
 Is there—is there balm in Gilead ?
 Tell me—tell me, I implore !"
 Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—
 Prophet still, if bird or devil!
 By that heaven that bends above us—
 By that God we both adore—
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden
 If, within the distant Aidenn,
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore—
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
 Whom the angels name Lenore."
 Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
 Bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—
 "Get thee back into the tempest
 And the Night's Plutonian shore!
 Leave no black plume as a token
 Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
 Quit the bust above my door!
 Take thy beak from out my heart,
 And take thy form from off my door!"
 Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting,
 Still is sitting, still is sitting
 On the pallid bust of Pallas
 Just above my chamber door;
 And his eyes have all the seeming
 Of a demon that is dreaming,
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming
 Throws his shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow
 That lies floating on the floor
 Shall be lifted—nevermore!

THE BROOKLET.—WM. G. SIMMS.

A little farther on, there is a brook
 Where the breeze lingers idly. The high trees
 Have roofed it with the crowding limbs and leaves,
 So that the sun drinks not from its sweet fount,
 And the shade cools it. You may hear it now,
 A low, faint beating, as, upon the leaves,
 That lie beneath its rapids, it descends
 In a fine, showery rain, that keeps one tune,
 And 'tis a sweet one, still of constancy.

Beside its banks, through the whole livelong day,
Ere yet I noted much the speed of time,
And knew him but in songs and ballad-books,
Nor cared to know him better, I have lain ;
With thought unchid by harsher din than came
From the thick thrush, that, gliding through the copse,
Hurried above me ; or the timid fawn
That came down to the brooklet's edge to drink,
And sauntered through its shade, cropping the grass,
Even where I lay—having a quiet mood,
And not disturbing, while surveying mine.

Thou smilest—and on thy lips a straying thought
Says I have trifled—calls my hours misspent,
And looks a solemn warning! A true thought—
And so my errant mood were well rebuked!—
Yet there was pleasant sadness that became
Meetly the gentle heart and pliant sense,
In that same idlesse—gazing on that brook
So pebbly and so clear—prattling away,
Like a young child, all thoughtless, till it goes
From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.

POETRY AND NATURE.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By Latin and English poetry, we were born and bred in an oratorio of praises of nature—flowers, birds, mountains, sun, and moon; yet the naturalist of this hour finds that he knows nothing, by all their poems, of any of these fine things; that he has conversed with the merest surface and show of them all; and of their essence, or of their history, knows nothing. Further inquiry will discover that nobody—that not these chanting poets themselves, knew anything sincere of these handsome natures they so commended; that they contented themselves with the passing chirp of a bird that they saw one or two mornings, and listlessly looked at sunsets, and repeated idly these few glimpses in their song. But, go into the forest, you shall find all new and undescribed. The screaming of the wild geese, flying by night; the thin note of the companionable titmouse, in the winter day; the fall of swarms of flies in autumn, from combats high in the air, pattering down on the leaves like rain; the angry hiss of the wood-birds; the pine throwing out its pollen for the benefit of the next century; the turpentine exuding from the tree—and, indeed, any vegetation—any animation, any and all are alike unattempted. The man who stands on

the sea-shore, or who rambles in the woods, seems to be the first man that ever stood on the shore, or entered a grove, his sensations and his world are so novel and strange. Whilst I read the poets, I think that nothing new can be said about morning and evening; but when I see the daybreak, I am not reminded of these Homeric, or Shakspearian, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. No; but I feel, perhaps, the pain of an alien world—a world not yet subdued by the thought; or I am cheered by the moist, warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes down the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pulsation to the very horizon. That is morning, to cease for a bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and to become as large as nature.

The noonday darkness of the American forest, the deep, echoing aboriginal woods, where the living columns of the oak and fir tower up from the ruins of the trees of the last millenium; where, from year to year, the eagle and the crow see no intruder; the pines, bearded with savage moss, yet touched with grace by the violets at their feet; the broad, cold lowland, which forms its coat of vapor with the stillness of subterranean crystallization; and where the traveler amid the repulsive plants that are native in the swamp, thinks with pleasing terror of the distant town; this beauty—haggard and desert beauty, which the sun and the moon, the snow and the rain repaint and vary, has never been recorded by art, yet is not indifferent to any passenger. All men are poets at heart. They serve nature for bread, but her loveliness overcomes them sometimes. What mean these journeys to Niagara; these pilgrims to the White Hills? Men believe in the adaptations of utility, always. In the mountains, they may believe in the adaptations of the eye. Undoubtedly, the changes of geology have a relation to the prosperous sprouting of the corn and peas in my kitchen garden; but not less is there a relation of beauty between my soul and the dim crags of Agiocochook up there in the clouds. Every man, when this is told, hearkens with joy, and yet his own conversation with nature is still unsung.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.—N. P. WILLIS.

The Roman sentinel stood helm'd and tall
 Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
 Of comers to the city mart was done,
 For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
 Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
 And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
 And bask'd his scaly circles in the sun.
 Upon his spear the soldier lean'd, and kept
 His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
 Was broken by the solitary foot
 Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
 To curse him for a tributary Jew,
 And slumberously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral
 Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
 Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
 Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
 Up the wide streets, along whose paved way
 The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
 Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
 And by the crowd that in the burning sun,
 Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
 Mourn'd with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
 Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
 His spear-point downwards as the bearers pass'd,
 Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
 Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
 Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
 Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
 Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
 Fell from her lips, thicken'd convulsively
 As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
 Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
 She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
 A widow with one son. He was her all—
 The only tie she had in the wide world,
 And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
 The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
 With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
 Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
 And simple latchets of his sandals lay,
 Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come
 Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not
 To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,

Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs,
Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side
To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze.
Genesareth stood cool upon the East,
Fast by the Sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveler might bide till eve;
And on the alders of Bethulia's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild;
Yet turn'd he not aside, but, gazing on,
From every swelling mount he saw afar,
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain,
The place of his next errand; and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away,
Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasp'd the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fever'd eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stay'd the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,
And laid it back in silence from the dead.
With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near,
And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then, taking the cold hand,
He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast
Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush
Ran through the lines of the divided lips,
And with a murmur of his mother's name.
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

SPRING IN RAVENNA.—LEIGH HUNT.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and hay;
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;

A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees ;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil,
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil ;
 And all the scene, in short—sky, earth and sea—
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly

'Tis Nature, full of spirits, waked and springing :—
 The birds to the delicious time are singing,
 Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
 Where the light woods go seaward from the town :
 While happy faces, striking through the green
 Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen ;
 And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
 Like joyful hands, come up with scattery light,
 Come gleaming up, true to the wish'd-for day,
 And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay

TO A WATERFOWL.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
 Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
 Thy solitary way !

Vainly the fowler's eye
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
 On the chafed ocean side ?

There is a power whose care
 Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
 The desert and illimitable air,—
 Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd
 At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
 Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
 Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
 Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
 And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
 Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.—JOHN HOWISON.

Now that I propose to attempt a description of the Falls of Niagara, I feel myself threatened with a return of those throbs of trembling expectation which agitated me on my first visit to those stupendous cataracts; and to which every person of the least sensibility is liable, when he is on the eve of seeing any thing that has strongly excited his curiosity, or powerfully affected his imagination. The form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semicircle, about three-quarters of a mile in extent. This is divided into two distinct cascades, by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe or Great Fall, from its peculiar form, and that next the United States, the American Fall.

The Table Rock, from which the Falls of Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and, indeed, forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts bursts upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled rushing and thundering filled my ears. I could see

nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side; while below, a raging and foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first the sky was obscured by clouds; but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water toward each side of the fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

The noise made by the Horseshoe Fall, though very great, is far less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles—nay, much farther when there is a steady breeze; but I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank

that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amid the roaring of the rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and only a little escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

The road to the bottom of the fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveler must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending this stair, which is seventy or eighty feet in perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and on the summit of this there is a narrow, slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display upon their surfaces fossils, shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation.

As the traveler advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; for clouds of spray sometimes envelop him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the screams of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapor, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveler gains the bottom of the fall, where the soul can be susceptible of but one emotion, namely, that of uncontrollable terror. It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the great cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath; while the impetus which the water receives in its

descent projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent.

Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps lest I should be suffocated by the blasts of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third time I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

A little way below the Great Fall the river is, comparatively speaking, tranquil, so that a ferry boat plies between the Canada and American shores for the convenience of travelers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf raging fathomless and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.

Surrounded with clouds of vapor, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upward to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were open, to pour another deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable among the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo, whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and

momentarily vanished, only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backward I saw the Niagara River, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dewdrops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom.

The Niagara Falls appear to the observer of a magnitude inferior to what they really are, because the objects surrounding do not bear a due proportion to them. The river, cliffs, and trees are on a comparatively small scale, and add little to the composition or grandeur of the scene; therefore he who contemplates the cataract reduces them to such dimensions as correspond with those of the contiguous objects; thus divesting one part of the scene of a good deal of magnificence, without communicating any additional grandeur to the other.

There have been instances of people being carried over the falls, but I believe none of the bodies were ever found. The rapidity of the river, before it tumbles down the precipice, is so great, that a human body would certainly be whirled along without sinking; therefore some of those individuals, to whom I allude, probably retained their senses till they reached the edge of the cataract, and even looked down upon the gulf into which they were the next moment precipitated.

Many years ago, an Indian, while attempting to cross the river above the falls in a canoe, had his paddle struck from his hands by the rapidity of the currents. He was immediately hurried toward the cataract, and, seeing that death was inevitable, he covered his head with his cloak, and resigned himself to destruction. However, when he approached the edge of the cataract, shuddering nature revolted so strongly that he was seen to start up and stretch out his arms; but the canoe upset, and he was instantly engulfed amidst the fury of the boiling surge.

PERDITA AND HER FLOWERS.—SHAKSPEARE.

*A Shepherd's Cottage.**Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing.

Per. O but, dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king;
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pry'thee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per.

O lady fortune

Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised; Clown, MOPSA,
DORCAS, and others.*

Flo.

See, your guests approach;

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all:
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labor; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per.

Welcome, sir!

[*To POL.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!

[*To CAMILLO.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol.

Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per.

Sir, the year growing ancient—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers.

Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that go to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per.

Out, alas!

You'd be so lean that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day : and yours, and yours ;

O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon ! daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March, with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength.

Bold oxlips, and

The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Come, take your flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals ; sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo.

What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and for the ordering your affairs,
Pray sing them too : When you dance I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per.

O Doricles,

Your praises are too large ; but that your youth,
And the true blood which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd ;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You'd woo me the the false way.

F'lo.

I think, you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per.

I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the greensward : nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

C'lo.

Come on, strike up music.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—Hood.

"Drowned! drowned!"—*Hamlet*.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;—
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gentle and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

Or was there a dearer one
Still and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But nor the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river ;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man !
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently—kindly—
Smoothe and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly,

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity!

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.—FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

We begin to enjoy the clouds since we have moved out of town. The city sky is all strips and patches; but the sky of the country forms a very comfortable whole. Then, you have the horizon, of which you get an imperfect idea if you live in a crooked street; and besides, you can see distant rain storms passing over far-off landscapes, and as the light-winged breeze comes sweeping up and you feel the approaching dampness, there is a freshness and fragrance in it which is not at all like the miasmatic exhalations of a great city. Then, when the rain does come it is not simply an inconvenience, as it always is in town, but a real blessing, which even the stupid old cabbages know enough to enjoy. I think our musk-melons feel better now, as they lie there in sandy beds sucking the delicious fluid through their long vinous tubes. I think our Shaker corn, as he gives himself a rousing shake, and flings the big drops around him, does so with a species of boisterous joy, as if he could not have too much of it; and Monsieur Tomato, who is capering like Humpty Dumpty on the wall, is evidently in high feather, which is not the case with our forlorn rooster, who is but poorly protected under the old basket, yonder. The rain came from the southwest. We saw the clouds rolling up over the Palisades in round masses, with a movement like

puffs of smoke rolling up from the guns of a frigate. It was a dead calm; not a pensile leaf twinkled; the flat expanse of the river was without a ripple. We saw the conglomerated volumes of snow-white vapor ascending to the zenith, and below lay the Hudson, roughening in the now audibly approaching breeze. Meanwhile the sky grew ashy pale in the southwest, and the big clouds overhead were sometimes veined with lightning, which was reflected momentarily by the darkening water. Just below us we heard the quick rattle of the rings, as the wood sloops dropped and reefed their broad sails in anticipation of the squall. Everything around us reposed in a sort of supernatural twilight, the grass turned gray and old, the tree trunks changed to iron, the air seemed denser, sullener, sultrier. Then a little breeze prattled through the chestnuts, and whitened the poplars. Then it subsided. Then the white cloud above appeared a tangle of dazzling light, and a sharp fusilade followed on the instant. Then Mrs. Sparrowgrass got frightened, and said she must go in, and as she said so, the wind pounced upon her and carried up her sunbonnet at least three hundred feet above tide water. Then it slammed to every door in the house, prostrated my Lima beans, howled down the chimney, roared and whistled through the trees, tore the dust from the road, and poured it through our open windows, hurried off the big gate, laid it on my pie-plants, blew down my bee-hive, liberated all my bees, who instantly settled upon our watch dog and stung him so that he ran away and did not return until the following Sunday.

Nevertheless, the scenery around was marvellously beautiful. South of us a grey rain-curtain was drawn across the river, shutting out everything beyond, except the spectral masts and spars of a schooner riding at anchor. The Palisades started up in the gloom, as their precipitous masses were revealed by the flashes of unearthly light that played through the rolling clouds. The river before us, flecked with snow, stretched away to the north, where it lay partly in sunshine, under a blue sky, dappled with fleecy vapors. Inland, the trees were twisted in attitudes strikingly picturesque and novel; the scud flew before the blast like spray, and below it the swells and slopes of livid green had an aspect so unusual that it seemed as if I had been transported into a strange place—a far countrie. Our cottage, too, which I had planned and built, changed its tinted walls to stark, staring white, with window-panes black as ink. From room to room Mrs. Sparrowgrass flitted like a phantom,

closing the sashes, and making all secure. Then the electric prattled overhead for a moment, and wound up with a roar like the explosion of a stone quarry. Then a big drop fell and rolled itself up in a globule of dust in the path; then another—another—another. Then I bethought me of my new straw hat, and retreated into the house, and then—it rained!

Reader, did you ever see rain in the country? I hope you have; my pen is impotent; I cannot describe it. The storm hushed by degrees, and went off amid saffron flushes, and a glitter of hail. The western sky parted its ashy curtains, and the rugged Palisades lay warm and beautiful under the evening sun. Now the sun sinks amid melted topaz and rubies; and above it, on one side, stretching aloft from the rocky precipices high up in the azure, is a crescent of crimson and golden fragments of clouds! Once more in the sunlight, and so we will throw open all the windows and let in the cool air.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract breaks in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow! set the wild echoes flying!
 Blow, bugle! answer echoes, dying, dying, dying!

MAY MORN SONG.—MOTHERWELL.

The grass is wet with shining dews,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
 The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blithesome lark
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.

'T is early prime:
 And hark! hark! hark!
 His merry chime

Chirrup the lark:
 Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
 In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
 • They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom,
 That breaks upon thy young cheek now.

O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
 With earth it seems brave holiday,
 In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,

For mark, love, mark!

How bathed in light

Chirrup the lark:

Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
 Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart, who cannot feel
 The voice of heaven within them thrill,

In summer morn, when, mounting high,

This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky dell,

Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,

And where its clear stream murmurs on,

Meet type of our love's purity;

No witness there,

And o'er us, hark!

High in the air

Chirrup the lark:

Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
 Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

A PALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.—GEORGE H. BOKER.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around."—*Coleridge*.

O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?
 Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.
 To know if between the land and the pole
 I may find a broad sea-way.

I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
 As you would live and thrive:
 For between the land and the frozen pole
 No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
 And spoke unto his men:
 Half England is wrong, if he is right;
 Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?
 Cried the little Esquimaux.
 Between your land and the polar star
 My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,
The little Indian said;
And change your cloth for fur clothing,
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And the crew laughed with him too—
A sailor to change from ship to sled,
I ween, were something new!

All through the long, long polar day,
The vessels westward sped;
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,
The ice gave way and fled.

Gave way with many a hollow groan,
And with many a surly roar,
But it murmured and threatened on every side
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,
The broad and open sea?
Bethink ye what the whaler said,
Think of the little Indian's sled!
The crew laughed out in glee.

Sir John, Sir John, 't is bitter cold,
The scud drives on the breeze,
The ice comes looming from the north,
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes—
We cannot rule the year;
But long e'er summer's sun goes down,
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,
And floundered down the gale;
The ships were staid, the yards were manned,
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,
We sail not on yonder sea:
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes—
We cannot rule the year:
I ween, we cannot rule the ways,
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,
And closed beneath the lee,
Till the thickening waters dashed no more;
'T was ice around, behind, before—
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?
What of the Esquimaux?
A sled were better than a ship,
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,
The northern light came out,
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,
And on the decks was laid:
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,
The hissing wind is bleak,
The hard, green ice is strong as death:
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,
The singing breeze is cold,
The ice is not so strong as hope—
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,
High o'er the main flag-staff?
Above the ridges the wolf and bear
Look down with a patient, settled stare,
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came—
We could not rule the year;
But summer will melt the ice again,
And open a path to the sunny main,
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,
The winter came around:
But the hard green ice was strong as death,
And the voice of hope sank to a breath.
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard ye not the noise of guns?
And there, and there, again?
'T is some uneasy iceberg's roar,
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurrah! hurrah! the Esquimaux
Across the ice-fields steal:
God give them grace for their charity!
Ye pray for the silly seal.

Sir John, where are the English fields,
And where are the English trees,
And where are the little English flowers
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
You shall see the fields again,
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,
The grass and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?
My Mary waits for me.
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!
Think not such thoughts again.
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek;
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,
The ice grows more and more;
More settled stare the wolf and bear,
More patient than before.

Oh! think you, good Sir John Franklin,
We'll ever see the land?
'T was cruel to send us here to starve,
Without a helping hand.

'T was cruel, Sir John, to send us here,
So far from help or home,
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:
I ween, the Lords of the Admiralty
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,
Or sail to our own country,
We have done what man has never done—
The truth is founded, the secret won—
We passed the Northern Sea!

THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS.—EDWARD EVERETT.

WHAT American does not feel proud that he is descended from the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke? Who does not know, that while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beat warm and full in the bosom of our fathers, the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty there? Who does not remember that when the Pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that in that eventful struggle which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard, throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No, for myself I can truly say, that after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung.

In touching the soil of England, I seem to return like a descendant to the old family seat; to come back to the abode of an aged, the tomb of a departed parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music to my ear beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets, have made familiar to us—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memories of the great and good; the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not, I need not say I am not, the panegyrist of Eng-

land. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, stars, garters, and blue ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the furthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

THE LAST CRUSADER.—BULWER.

Left to the Saviour's conquering foes,
The land that girds the Saviour's grave;
Where Godfrey's crozier-standard rose,
He saw the crescent-banner wave.

There, o'er the gently-broken vale,
The halo-light on Zion glow'd;
There Kedron, with a voice of wail,
By tombs of saints and heroes flow'd;

There still the olives silver o'er
The dimness of the distant hill;
There still the flowers that Sharon bore,
Calm air with many an odor fill.

Slowly the Last Crusader eyed
The towers, the mount, the stream, the plain,
And thought of those whose blood had dyed
The earth with crimson streams in vain.

He thought of that sublime array,
The hosts, that over land and deep,
The hermit marshall'd on their way,
To see those towers, and halt to weep!

Resign'd the loved, familiar lands,
O'er burning wastes the cross to bear,
And rescue from the Paynim's hands
No empire save a sepulchre!

And vain the hope, and vain the loss,
And vain the famine and the strife;
In vain the faith that bore the cross,
The valor prodigal of life.

And vain was Richard's lion-soul,
And guileless Godfrey's patient mind—
Likes waves on shore, they reach'd the goal,
To die, and leave no trace behind!

"O God!" the last Crusader cried,
"And art thou careless of thine own?
For us thy Son in Salem died,
And Salem is the scoffer's throne!

"And shall we leave, from age to age,
To godless hands the holy tomb?
Against thy saints the heathen rage—
Launch forth thy lightnings, and consume!"

Swift, as he spoke, before his sight
A form flash'd, white-robed, from above;
All heaven was in those looks of light,
But Heaven, whose native air is love.

"Alas!" the solemn vision said,
"Thy God is of the shield and spear—
To bless the quick and raise the dead,
The Saviour-God descended here!

"Ah! knowst thou not the very name
Of Salem bids thy carnage cease—
A symbol in itself to claim
God's people to a house of peace!

"Ask not the Father to reward
The hearts that seek, through blood, the Son;
O warrior! never by the sword
The Saviour's Holy Land is won!"

BALLAD FROM THE GERMAN.—HERDER.

Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so mild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

There oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

"And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake his tender mother:
And on an evening bright,
When the red round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light—

Again the boy was playing;
And earnestly said he,
"O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me."

"I will find thee flowers the fairest
And weave for thee a crown;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"O holy, holy mother,
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me."

Thus spake the boy so lovely;
The while his mother heard;
But on his prayer she pondered,
And spake to him no word.

That self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She thought she saw young Jesus,
There playing with the boy.

"And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given,
A thousand-fold to thee.

"For in the fields of heaven
Thou shalt roam with me at will,
And of bright fruits celestial
Shalt have, dear child, thy fill."

Thus tenderly and kindly
The fair Child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings,
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished:
In a short month and day,
That lovely boy, so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
"O mother dear, I see
The beautiful Child Jesus
A-coming down to me;—

"And in his hand he beareth
Bright flowers as white as snow,
And red and juicy strawberries;
Dear mother, let me go."

He died—but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.

THE MOURNERS.—ELIZA COOK.

King Death sped forth in his dreaded power
To make the most of his tyrant hour;
And the first he took was a white-robed girl,
With the orange bloom twined in each glossy curl,
Her fond betrothed hung over the bier,
Bathing her shroud with gushing tear:
He madly raved, he shriek'd his pain,
With frantic speech and burning brain.
"There's no joy," cried he, "now my dearest is gone,
Take, take me, Death; for I cannot live on!"

The sire was robb'd of his eldest born,
 And he bitterly bled while the branch was torn :
 Other scions were round, as good and fair,
 But none seem'd so bright as the breathless heir.
 "My hopes are crush'd," was the father's cry ;
 "Since my darling is lost, I too, would die."
 The valued friend was snatch'd away,
 Bound to another from childhood's day ;
 And the one that was left exclaim'd in despair,
 "Oh! he sleeps in the tomb—let me follow him there!"

A mother was taken, whose constant love
 Had nestled her child like a fair young dove ;
 And the heart of that child to the mother had grown,
 Like the ivy to oak, or the moss to the stone :
 Nor loud nor wild was the burst of woe,
 But the tide of anguish ran strong below ;
 And the reft one turn'd from all that was light,
 From the flowers of day and the stars of night ;
 Breathing where none might hear or see—
 "Where thou art, my mother, thy child would be."

Death smiled as he heard each earnest word :
 "Nay, nay," said he, be this work deferr'd ;
 I'll see thee again in a fleeting year,
 And, if grief and devotion live on sincere,
 I promise then thou shalt share the rest
 Of the being now pluck'd from thy doating breast ;
Then, if thou cravest the coffin and pall
 As thou dost this moment, my spear shall fall ;"
 And death fled till Time on his rapid wing
 Gave the hour that brought back the skeleton king.

But the lover was ardently wooing again,
 Kneeling in serfdom, and proud of his chain ;
 He had found an idol to adore,
 Rarer than that he had worshipp'd before :
 His step was gay, his laugh was loud,
 As he led the way for the bridal crowd ;
 And his eyes still kept their joyous ray,
 Though he went by the grave where his first love lay,
 "Ha! ha!" shouted Death, "'tis passing clear
 That I am a guest not wanted here!"
 The father was seen in his children's games,
 Kissing their flush'd brows and blessing their names !
 And his eye grew bright as he mark'd the charms
 Of the boy at his knee and the girl in his arms :
 His voice rung out in the merry noise,
 He was first in all their hopes and joys ;
 He ruled their sports in the setting sun,
 Nor gave a thought to the missing one.
 "Are ye ready," cried Death, as he raised his dart.
 "Nay, nay," shriek'd the father ; "in mercy depart!"

The friend again was quaffing the bowl,
Warmly pledging his faith and soul;
His bosom cherished with glowing pride
A stranger form that sat by his side;
His hand the hand of that stranger press'd;
He praised his song, he echoed his jest;
And the mirth and wit of that new-found mate
Made a blank of the name so prized of late.
"See, see," cried Death, as he hurried past,
"How bravely the bonds of friendship last!"

But the orphan child! Oh, where was she?
With clasping hands and bended knee,
All alone on the churchyard's sod,
Mingling the names of mother and God.
Her dark and sunken eye was hid,
Fast weeping beneath the swollen lid;
Her sigh was heavy, her forehead was chill,
Betraying the wound was unheal'd still;
And her smother'd prayer was yet heard to crave
A speedy home in the self-same grave.

Hers was the love all holy and strong;
Hers was the sorrow fervent and long;
Hers was the spirit whose light was shed
As an incense-fire above the dead.
Death linger'd there, and paused awhile;
But she beckon'd him on with a welcoming smile.
"There's a solace," cried she, "for all others to find,
But a mother leaves no equal behind."
And the kindest blow Death ever gave
Laid the mourning child in the parent's grave.

DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN. WILLIAM WARE.

VAST preparations had been making for the dedication for many days or even months preceding, and the day arose upon a city full of expectation of the shows, ceremonies, and games that were to reward their long and patient waiting. For the season of the year the day was hot, unnaturally so; and the sky filled with those massive clouds, piled like mountains of snow one upon another, which, while they both please the eye by their forms and veil the fierce splendors of the sun as they now and then sail across his face, at the same time portend wind and storm. All Rome was early astir. It was ushered in by the criers traversing the streets and proclaiming the rites

and spectacles of the day, what they were and where to be witnessed, followed by troops of boys imitating in their grotesque way the pompous declarations of the men of authority, not unfrequently drawing down upon their heads the curses and the batons of the insulted dignitaries.

At the appointed hour we were at the palace of Aurelian on the Palatine, where a procession, pompous as art and rank and numbers could make it, was formed, to move thence by a winding and distant route to the temple near the foot of the Quirinal. Julia repaired with Portia to a place of observation near the temple—I to the palace to join the company of the emperor. Of the gorgeous magnificence of the procession I shall tell you nothing. It was in extent and variety of pomp and costliness of decoration, a copy of that of the late triumph, and went even beyond the captivating splendor of the example. Roman music—which is not that of Palmyra—lent such charms as it could to our passage through the streets to the temple, from a thousand performers.

As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivalled art. In size it surpasses any other building of the same kind in Rome, and for the excellence in workmanship and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's age, yet for a certain air of grandeur and luxuriance of invention in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple or other edifice of any preceding age ever perhaps resembled it. Its order is the Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo surrounded by the Hours. The western extremity is approached by a flight of steps of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern there extends beyond the walls to a distance equal to the length of the building a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined to the altar.

When this vast extent of wall and column of the most dazzling brightness came into view, everywhere covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces and theatres, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire—music from innumerable instruments filling

the heavens with harmony—shouts of the proud and excited populace every few moments and from different points, as Aurelian advanced, shaking the air with its thrilling din—the neighing of horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet—the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling and again eclipsing the sun, the great god of this idolatry, and from which few could withdraw their gaze; when at once all this broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child who before had never seen aught but his own village and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the sway of the senses. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstance and show. I thought of Rome's thousand years, of her power, her greatness and universal empire, and for a moment my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian. But after that moment—when the senses had had their fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently; sorrow and compassion for these gay multitudes were at my heart; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those to whose sacred cause I had linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble. I thought that the superstition that was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its roots in the very centre of the earth—far too deep down for a few like myself ever to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and escape is suddenly struck away.

I was roused from these meditations by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices, and by the priests of the various temples of the capital, all in their peculiar costume. Then Fronto, the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had come, and had commanded silence to be observed—standing at the altar, glittering in his white and golden robes like a messenger of light—bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered in clear and sounding tones the prayers of dedication. As he came toward the close of his prayer, he, as is so usual, with loud and almost frantic cries and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then with appropriate names and praises invoked the

Father of gods and men to be present and hear. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter by name, and was about to call upon the other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and at the same moment from the dark recesses of the temple a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaiming so that the whole multitude heard the words—"God is but one; the king eternal, immortal, invisible." It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those multitudes. Many cried out with fear, and each seemed to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaped from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awe-struck, showed that to him it came as a voice from the gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple from which the sound had come. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word as it were into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him was dissolved; and recovering himself—making indeed as though a very different feeling had possessed him—cried out in fierce tones to his guards:

"Search the temple; some miscreant hid away among the columns profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him and drag him forth to instant death."

The guards of the emperor and the servants of the temple rushed in at that bidding and searched in every part the interior of the building. They soon emerged, saying that the search was fruitless. The temple in all its aisles and apartments was empty.

The ceremonies, quiet being again restored, then went on. Twelve bulls, of purest white and of perfect forms, their horns bound about with fillets, were now led by the servants of the temple up the marble steps to the front of the altar, where stood the *cultrarii* and *haruspices*, ready to slay them and examine their entrails. The omens as gathered by the eyes of all from the fierce strugglings and bellowsings of the animals as they were led toward the place of sacrifice—some even escaping from the hands of those who had the management of them—and from the violent and convulsive throes of others as the blow fell upon their heads, or the knife severed their throats, were of the darkest character, and brought a deep gloom upon the brow of the emperor. The report of the *haruspices* upon

examination of the entrails was little calculated to remove that gloom. It was for the most part unfavorable. Especially appalling was the sight of a heart so lean and withered that it scarce seemed possible it should ever have formed a part of a living animal. But more harrowing than all was the voice of Fronto, who prying with the haruspices into the smoking carcass of one of the slaughtered bulls, suddenly cried out with horror that "no heart was to be found."

The emperor, hardly to be restrained by those near him from some expression of anger, ordered a more diligent search to be made.

"It is not in nature that such a thing should be," he said. "Men are, in truth, sometimes without hearts; but brutes, as I think, never."

The report was however confidently confirmed. Fronto himself approached, and said that his eye had from the first been upon the beast, and the exact truth had been stated.

The carcasses, such parts as were for the flames, were then laid upon the vast altar, and the flames of the sacrifice ascended.

The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which accumulating into dark masses, began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god to whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple and besought his ear, than again from its dark interior the same awful sounds issued forth, this time saying "Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods. God is but one."

Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it artfully and with violence the appearance of offended dignity. His voice was a shriek rather than a human utterance, as he cried out:

"This is but a Christian device; search the temple till the accursed Nazarene be found and hew him piecemeal—" more he would have said, but at the instant a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and lighting upon a large sycamore which shaded a part of the temple court, clove it in twain. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain poured upon the city, the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the just kindled altars. The sacred fires went out in hissing and darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the

slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets. All was confusion, uproar, terror and dismay. The crowds sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators, and those nearest him, fled to the interior of the temple. The heavens blazed with the quick flashing of the lightning, and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled, for life hung by a thread. Great numbers, it has now been found, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The capitol itself was struck, and the brass statue of Vespasian in the forum thrown down and partly melted. The Tiber in a few hours overran its banks, and laid much of the city on its borders under water.

But ere long the storm was over. The retreating clouds, but still sullenly muttering in the distance as they rolled away, were gaily lighted up by the sun, which again shone forth in his splendor. The scattered limbs of the victims were collected and again laid upon the altar. Dry wood being brought, the flames quickly shot upward and consumed to the last joint and bone the sacred offerings. Fronto once more stood before the altar, and now, uninterrupted, performed the last office of the ceremony. Then around the tables spread within the temple to the honor of the gods, feasting upon the luxuries contributed by every quarter of the earth, and filling high with wine, the adverse omens of the day were by most forgotten. But not by Aurelian. No smile was seen to light up his dark countenance. The jests of Varus and the wisdom of Porphyrius alike failed to reach him. Wrapped up in his own thoughts he brooded gloomily over what had happened, and strove to read the interpretation of portents so unusual and alarming.

THE MAY QUEEN.—TENNISON.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;

But none so fair as little Alice, in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—but what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

IX.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be queen o' the **May**.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
 It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
 Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

II.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
 The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
 And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
 The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a merry day;
 Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of **May**;
 And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
 Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane:
 I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
 I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:
 I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

V.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
 And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
 And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
 But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
 In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
 Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
 When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light
 You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night:
 When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
 On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

VIII.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid;
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

X.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

XI.

Good-night, good night, when I have said good-night for evermore
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green;
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

XII.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor;
Let her take 'em; they are hers; I shall never garden more;
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

XIII.

Good night, sweet mother; call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb;
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

II.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

IV.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

V.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to him that died for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

VII.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

VIII.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

X.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them; it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day,
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away,

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife:
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

XIII.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know;
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

XIV.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life that we should moan? why make we such ado?

XV.

For ever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.—LONGFELLOW.

This poem was suggested by the Round Tower at Newport, now claimed by the Danes, as a work of their ancestors.

“Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us:
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

" And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail.

Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel;
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hull did reel
Through the black water.

" As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

" Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

" There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

" Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

" Thus, seam'd with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool! to the Northland! skool!"
—Thus the tale ended.

VOICES OF GREENWOOD.—J. W. S. Hows.

GREENWOOD has its voices—eloquent ones, intelligible to our common humanity for they speak the universal language “that makes mankind akin.” Their teachings too are beautiful and impressive. How suggestive of pure taste are the *tongues* that speak in her embowering *trees*, her winding glades, her sunny slopes, her mimic lakes, her sinuously arranged and picturesque walks. These are all *books* exquisitely illustrated, where the finishing touches have been delicately laid in by the Great Artist of the Universe! And then what *sermons* ever preached by *stones* can equal the expressive and solemn truths conveyed by the memorials reared by affection and respect, to snatch from forgetfulness the remembrance of those who were once the objects of reverence or of love? Yes, Greenwood has its voices! At all times and in all seasons every step within its hallowed precincts is vocal with the sounds of those eloquent and instructive monitors. The revivifying breath of spring is freighted with their utterings; the soft south winds of summer are laden with their genial teachings; the hollow murmurings of the autumnal breeze sigh forth their solemn warnings; and the winter’s blast echoes with symbolical expression the truths these voices are made to utter. From “morn till dewy eve,” in the broad glare of the meridian sunlight, and under the mellow radiance of the moon, may be heard their whisperings, by all whose hearts are attuned to the reception of genial influences and holy imaginations.

Are these voices as palpable to feeling as to sound? Can we arrest them in their airy flights; and, giving to them the tangible form of type, can we transfer them to our firesides, or carry them with us to the bustling mart, and the sequestered haunt, or make them the companions of our wayfaring excursions? The experiment is worth the trial, albeit we may fail fully to translate their meaning, and may not succeed in rendering their eloquent and impressive lessons with equal force and expression as when they are heard in their own appropriate temple.

Yet to the single-hearted and the sincere, who go forth to Greenwood “to list to nature’s teachings” with simplicity of purpose and obedience of spirit, even our imperfect jottings may be expanded into finished volumes; and for the light-hearted and the unreflective we may perchance recall many a

transient thought and fleeting impression that would otherwise be forgotten.

Let us put ourselves then in communication with these voices, and endeavor to interpret their silent but sage like counsellings. Even afar off we may hear them, for, like the father of the returning prodigal, they come to meet us. You may hear the gentle whisperings, and see their influences, even in the crowded conveyances which transport the visitants to Greenwood. They are in communion with that pale young mother, who is seeking to renew the torn up spring of her love at the grave of her first born; they are saddening the brow of the father at her side, and are drawing him, for the moment, from the cares and toils of incessant labor for the things of earth; they are opening anew the fountains of grief in the widowed and the fatherless; they are sharpening the memories to which affection, friendship and reverence cling, while journeying to the shrines of their respective pilgrimages.

Even the mere pleasure-seekers, as they come within the influence of these "warning voices," are less thoughtless; and levity is subdued under the power of their secret ministrations. How solemn and yet how beautiful are the lessons breathed into our mental ears, even on the threshold of this hallowed spot! We are treading the confines of that "bourne from which no traveler returns," to which we must all be conveyed. How fitting a receptacle this for the soul-untaken clay!—secure as it is from intrusion and desecration—a set apart and sacred spot—guarded by the majesty of the law, and hallowed by the feelings and associations which in all countries have thrown around the sepulchre the ægis of reverence and regard.

The voice of inspiration, first sounded in the patriarchal ages and reverberated through the periods of Mosaic and Christian dispensations, has hallowed the abodes of the dead, forbidding their desecration for profane or mundane purposes. It is a principle, too, apparently instinctive in man to honor the resting places of the departed. The untutored Indian venerates the graves of his ancestors; the rudest savage pays homage to the spot where lie the relics of his race. The mystic idolatry of Egypt expended its world-teaching science in giving an attempted immortality to the perishing remains of humanity, and their yet existing stupendous relics of architecture speak trumpet-tongued to us moderns, how they venerated the memory of the departed. Greece and Rome exhausted the resources of art to testify their

regard for the honored dead. The disciples of Mahomet hold their sepulchres in reverence; the worshippers of Bramah, the devotees of Confucius and Fo; the adorers of the Grand Lama; the believers in Zoroaster, and the Persian fire-worshippers; the children of Woden, and the ignorant adorer of the "Fetish God"—all have testified an honored regard for the burial places of the dead.

It is this sacred impulse of nature, sanctioned by the approval of inspiration, that makes these modern ornamented cemeteries such interesting expository features of the spirit of our age. The rapidity of modern improvement cannot touch them. *They*, at least, are preserved from the experimental process of utilitarianism. New York rushing on to its destined gigantic altitude, and its torrent-like progress, may transform temples raised to the worship of the living God into seats of the money-changers and marts of traffic; and time-honored graveyards may be trampled by her busy crowds, yet *Greenwood* is there, clothed in its sacred prerogative of exclusive privileges, secure from innovation and preserved from future desecration. And there, too, may be traced the progress of modern refinement, fitly assuming the task of modeling public taste, by fostering a love for the beautiful, as exhibited in the combination of Nature improved by Art.

In a country like this, where every man may aspire to become the owner of a "homestead," and where wealthy proprietors possess domains equal in extent to the largest baronial estates of Europe, the cultivation of a taste for ornamental gardening seems almost to become a duty, for who will deny the humanizing tendencies of such pursuits? *Greenwood* is actually a "Capability Brown," quite as eloquent as the great modern expounder of the advantages of landscape gardening. How many an embowering residence, and how many a picturesquely ornamented garden, that adds beauty to our country, may owe their origin to *Greenwood*! And what genial home influences may not have been first awakened by a contemplation of the beauties which are so admirably blended in these ornamented resting-places of the loved and honored dead!

If the "voices of *Greenwood*," are thus suggestive of feelings of reverence to the dead; if they foster those humanizing influences, which are generated by pure and refined tastes, how solemnly impressive are other lessons they convey! Not alone do they say, in the language of the poet:

"Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
 Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
 In still small accents whispering from the ground
 A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

But they speak to us of the busy world, its conflicts and its toils, teaching us not only how to die, but how to live; they arm us for the contests of this world's strifes, and as we linger over the evidences of frail mortality around us, these "voices" point endless *morals* and adorn most eloquent tales.

HYMN TO THE BEAUTIFUL.—R. H. STODDARD.

My heart is full of tenderness and tears,
 And tears are in mine eyes, I know not why;
 With all my grief, content to live for years,
 Or even this hour to die.
 My youth is gone, but that I heed not now;
 My love is dead, or worse than dead can be;
 My friends drop off like blossoms from a bough,
 But nothing troubles me,
 Only the golden flush of sunset lies
 Within my heart like fire, like dew within my eyes!

Spirit of Beauty! whatsoe'er thou art,
 I see thy skirts afar, and feel thy power;
 It is thy presence fills this charmed hour,
 And fills my charmed heart;
 Nor mine alone, but myriads feel thee now,
 That know not what they feel, nor why they bow;
 Thou canst not be forgot,
 For all men worship thee, and know it not;
 Nor men alone, but babes with wondrous eyes,
 New-comers on the earth, and strangers from the skies!

We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
 The gift and heirloom of a former state,
 And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
 Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
 Around our pillows golden ladders rise,
 And up and down the skies,
 With wingéd sandals shod,
 The angels come, and go, the messengers of God!
 Nor do they, fading from us, e'er depart—
 It is the childish heart;
 We walk as heretofore,
 Adown their shining ranks, but see them nevermore!
 Not Heaven is gone, but we are blind with tears,
 Groping our way along the downward slope of years!

From earliest infancy my heart was thine;
 With childish feet I trod thy temple aisles;
 Not knowing tears, I worshipped thee with smiles,
 Or if I ever wept, it was with joy divine!
 By day, and night, on land, and sea, and air—
 I saw thee everywhere!
 A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
 The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
 The birds did sing to lap me in content,
 The rivers wove their charms,
 And every little daisy in the grass
 Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!

Not long can Nature satisfy the mind,
 Nor outward fancies feed its inner flame;
 We feel a growing want we cannot name,
 And long for something sweet, but undefined;
 The wants of Beauty other wants create,
 Which overflow on others soon or late;
 For all that worship thee must ease the heart,
 By Love, or Song, or Art:
 Divinest Melancholy walks with thee,
 Her thin white cheek forever leaned on thine;
 And Music leads her sister Poesy,
 In exultation shouting songs divine!
 But on thy breast Love lies—immortal child!—
 Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild:
 The more we worship him, the more we grow
 Into thy perfect image here below;
 For here below, as in the spheres above,
 All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty, Love!

Not from the things around us do we draw
 Thy light within: within the light is born;
 The growing rays of some forgotten morn,
 And added canons of eternal law.
 The painter's picture, the rapt poet's song,
 The sculptor's statue, never saw the Day,
 Not shaped and moulded after aught of day,
 Whose crowning work still does its spirit bring;
 Hue after hue divinest pictures grow,
 Line after line immortal songs arise,
 And limb by limb, out-starting stern and slow,
 The statue wakes with wonder in its eyes!
 And in the master's mind
 Sound after sound is born, and dies like wind,
 That echoes through a range of ocean caves,
 And straight is gone to weave its spell upon the waves!
 • The mystery is thine,
 For thine the more mysterious human heart,
 The temple of all wisdom, Beauty's shrine,
 The oracle of Art!

Earth is thine outer court, And Life a breath;
 Why should we fear to die, and leave the Earth!
 Not thine alone the lesser key of Birth,—
 But all the keys of Death;
 And all the worlds, with all that they contain
 Of Life, and Death, and Time, are thine alone;
 The universe is girdled with a chain,
 And hung below the throne
 Where Thou dost sit, the universe to bless,—
 Thou sovereign smile of God, eternal loveliness!

ABBOTTSFORD AND MELROSE ABBEY.—BAYARD TAYLOR.

Crossing the Gala we ascended a hill on the road to Selkirk, and behold! the Tweed ran below, and opposite, in the midst of embowering trees planted by the hand of Scott, rose the grey halls of Abbotsford. We went down a lane to the banks of the swift stream, but finding no ferry, as it looked very shallow, we thought we might save a long walk by wading across. The current was ice-cold and very swift, and as the bed was covered with loose stones, it required the greatest care to stand upright. Looking at the bottom, through the rapid water, made my head so giddy, I was forced to stop and shut my eyes; my friend, who had firmer nerves, went plunging on to a deeper and swifter part, where the strength of the current made him stagger very unpleasantly.

We found a foot-path on the other side, which led through a young forest to Abbotsford. Rude pieces of sculpture, taken from Melrose Abbey, were scattered around the gate, some half buried in the earth and overgrown with weeds. The niches in the walls were filled with pieces of sculpture, and an antique marble greyhound reposed in the middle of the court yard. We rang the bell in an outer vestibule, ornamented with several pairs of antlers, when a lady appeared, who, from her appearance, I have no doubt was Mrs. Ormand, the "Duchessa of Abbotsford," so humorously described by D'Arlincourt, in his "Three Kingdoms." She ushered us into the entrance hall, which has a magnificent ceiling of carved oak and is lighted by lofty stained windows. An effigy of a knight in armor stood at either end, one holding a huge two-handed sword found on Bosworth Field; the walls were covered with helmets and breastplates of the olden time.

Among the curiosities in the Armory are Napoleon's pistols, the blunderbuss of Hofer, Rob Roy's purse and gun, and the

offering box of Queen Mary. Through the folding doors between the dining-room, drawing-room and library, is a fine vista, terminated by a niche, in which stands Chantrey's bust of Scott. The ceilings are of carved Scottish oak and the doors of American cedar. Adjoining the library is his study, the walls of which are covered with books; the doors and windows are double, to render it quiet and undisturbed. His books and inkstand are on the table and his writing-chair stands before it, as if he had left them but a moment before. In a little closet adjoining, where he kept his private manuscripts, are the clothes he last wore, his cane and belt, to which a hammer and small axe are attached, and his sword. A narrow staircase led from the study to his sleeping room above, by which he could come down at night and work while his family slept. The silence about the place is solemn and breathless, as if it waited to be broken by his returning footstep. I felt an awe in treading these lonely halls, like that which impressed me before the grave of Washington—a feeling that hallowed the spot, as if there yet lingered a low vibration of the lyre, though the minstrel had departed forever!

Plucking a wild rose that grew near the walls, I left Abbotsford, embosomed among the trees, and turned into a green lane that led down to Melrose.

Melrose is the finest remaining specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Some of the sculptured flowers in the cloister arches are remarkably beautiful and delicate, and the two windows—the south and east oriels—are of a lightness and grace of execution really surprising. We saw the tomb of Michael Scott, of King Alexander II., and that of the Douglas, marked with a sword. The heart of Bruce is supposed to have been buried beneath the high altar. The chancel is all open to the sky, and rooks build their nests among the wild ivy that climbs over the crumbling arches. One of these came tamely down and perched upon the hand of our fair guide. By a winding stair in one of the towers we mounted to the top of the arch and looked down on the grassy floor. I sat on the broken pillar, which Scott always used for a seat when he visited the Abbey, and read the disinterring of the magic book, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." I never comprehended its full beauty till then; the memory of Melrose will give it a thrilling interest, in the future. When we left, I was willing to say, with the minstrel:

"Was never scene so sad and fair!"

ALICE LEE—MISS LONDON.

Through the dim and lonely forest
Comes a low sweet sound,
Like the whispering of angels
To the greenwood round,
Bearing through the hours of midnight,
On their viewless wings,
Music in its measure telling
High and holy things.
Through the forest lone and dim
Swelleth soft the twilight hymn
Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

On the grass the dews unbroken
In their silver lie,
And the stars are out in thousands
On the deep blue sky;
Bright as when the old Chaldeans
Held them as the shrine
Where was kept the varying fortune
Of our human line.
Would that o'er their mystic scroll
Better hours may have to roll
For the old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee!

Time was, coming forth together,
She and Spring might seem
Like the beautiful creations
Of a morning dream;
Each went through the quiet greenwood
Wandering alone,
With the green leaves and wild flowers
O'er their pathway strown.
Of the seasons in the year
Spring seemed fittest to be near
The old knight's lovely daughter,
The gentle Alice Lee.

Round her head the locks are golden,
So the sun in June
Pours his glory o'er the summer
At his crystal noon;
From that shining hair, when parted,
Came the pure high brow,
With the carving of a statue,
With the mountain's snow.

Blue her eyes as yon blue heaven,
 Nature every charm had given
 To the old knight's lovely daughter,
 The gentle Alice Lee.

But it was the inward beauty
 Breathing from her face,
 That gave every look and motion
 Its diviner grace;
 Thought was on the high white forehead,
 In the deep blue eyes,
 And it was the quick warm feeling
 Bade the blushes rise,
 Which could such sweet light impart
 Writing on the cheek, the heart,
 Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
 The gentle Alice Lee.

Lovely was the high-born maiden,
 Happy were the hours
 Gathering in the oak-tree's shelter
 Mosses and wild flowers;
 When the deer from each green coppice
 Fled, a startled band,
 Save when some familiar favorite
 Fed from her small hand.
 Danger now, and fear, and wrath,
 Are around the woodland path
 Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
 The gentle Alice Lee.

Nobly doth she meet the trial,
 She who hath but known
 Till the present time of trouble
 Life's smooth path alone.
 Though her smile be somewhat sadder,
 And her eye subdued,
 Such are lovelier as the token
 Of a higher mood.
 Like an angel's is the face,
 In its meek and pensive grace,
 Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
 The gentle Alice Lee.

Not an hour of calm and quiet
 Hath his old age found;
 There are foes and strangers haunting
 His ancestral ground
 Of his ancient halls and woodlands
 Is the old man left,
 But they have not quite bereaved him,
 For his child is left.

Others evil fortunes move,
 Deeper, dearer, is the love
 Of the old knight's lovely daughter,
 The gentle Alice Lee.

'T is her voice that now is raising
 Words of praise and prayer,
 Heaven will consecrate the worship
 Of this hour of care.
 Earthly care and earthly sorrow
 Only purify;
 Such a heart as that uplifting
 Its best hopes on high.
 Heaven will bless the faithful maid,
 Heaven will bless the duty paid
 By the old knight's lovely daughter,
 The gentle Alice Lee.

THE CARELESS WORD.—MRS. NORTON.

A word is ringing through my brain:
 It was not meant to give me pain;
 It had no tone to bid it stay,
 When other things had passed away;
 It had no meaning more than all
 Which in an idle hour fall:
 It was when *first* the sound I heard
 A lightly-utter'd, careless word.

That word—oh! it doth haunt me now,
 In scenes of joy, in scenes of wo;
 By night, by day, in sun or shade,
 With the half smile that gently play'd
 Reproachfully, and gave the sound
 Eternal power through life to wound.
 There is no voice I ever heard
 So deeply fix'd as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
 Like those whose joyous sound is gone,
 Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
 The careless word comes back again.
 When all alone I sit and gaze
 Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
 Lo! freshly as when first 'twas heard,
 Returns that lightly-utter'd word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
 With all that wishes could not hold;

And from my feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart—
Amid its beating echoes, clear
That little word I seem to hear ;
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep—'twas but a foolish word.

It comes—and with it come the tears,
The hopes, the joys of former years ;
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,
And all as joyless, though they *were*
The brightest things life's spring could share.
Oh ! would to God I ne'er had heard
That lightly-utter'd, careless word !

It was the first, the only one
Of these which lips forever gone
Breathed in their love—which had for me
Rebuke of harshness at my glee ;
And if those lips were heard to say,
“ Beloved, let it pass away,”
Ah ! then, perchance—but I have heard
The last dear tone—the careless word !

Oh ! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasures to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for *one* a home ;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word.

MOSSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.—HAWTHORNE.

WE stand now on the river's brink. It may well be called the Concord—the river of peace and quietness—for it is certainly the most unexcitable and sluggish stream that ever loitered, imperceptibly, toward its eternity, the sea. Positively, I had lived three weeks beside it, before it grew quite clear to my perception which way the current flowed. It never has a vivacious aspect, except when a northwestern breeze is vexing its surface, on a sunshiny day. From the incurable indolence of its nature, the stream is happily incapable of becoming the slave of human ingenuity, as is the fate of so many a wild, free

mountain torrent. While all things else are compelled to subserve some useful purpose, it idles its sluggish life away in lazy liberty, without turning a solitary spindle, or affording even water power enough to grind the corn that grows upon its banks. The torpor of its movement allows it nowhere a bright, pebbly shore, nor so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand, in any part of its course. It slumbers between broad prairies, kissing the long meadow grass, and bathes the overhanging boughs of elder bushes and willows, or the roots of elm and ash trees, and clumps of maples. Flags and rushes grow along its plashy shore; the yellow water-lily spreads its broad, flat leaves on the margin; and the fragrant, white pond lily abounds, generally selecting a position just so far from the river's brink that it cannot be grasped, save at the hazard of plunging in.

It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel, and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its rank life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautified results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others.

The Old Manse!—we had almost forgotten it, but will return thither through the orchard. This was set out by the last clergyman, in the decline of his life, when the neighbors laughed at the hoary-headed man for planting trees, from which he could have no prospect of gathering fruit. Even had that been the case, there was only so much the better motive for planting them, in the pure and unselfish hope of benefiting his successors—an end so seldom achieved by more ambitious efforts. But the old minister, before reaching his patriarchal age of ninety, ate the apples from this orchard during many years, and added silver and gold to his annual stipend, by disposing of the superfluity. It is pleasant to think of him, walking among the trees in the quiet afternoons of early autumn, and picking up here and there a windfall; while he observes how heavily the branches are weighed down, and computes the number of empty flour barrels that will be filled by their burden. He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic char-

acter; they have lost the wild nature of their forest kindred, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants.

I have met with no other such pleasant trouble in the world, as that of finding myself, with only the two or three mouths which it was my privilege to feed, the sole inheritor of the old clergyman's wealth of fruits. Throughout the summer there were cherries and currants; and then came autumn, with his immense burden of apples, dropping them continually from his overladen shoulders, as he trudged along. In the stillest afternoon, if I listened, the thump of a great apple was audible, falling without a breath of wind, from the mere necessity of perfect ripeness. And, besides, there were pear trees, that flung down bushels upon bushels of heavy pears; and peach trees, which in a good year, tormented me with peaches, neither to be eaten nor kept, nor, without labor and perplexity, to be given away. The idea of an infinite generosity and inexhaustible bounty, on the part of our mother nature, was well worth obtaining through such cares as these. That feeling can be enjoyed in perfection only by the natives of summer islands, where the bread-fruit, the cocoa, the palm, and the orange grow spontaneously, and hold forth the ever-ready meal; but, likewise, almost as well, by a man long habituated to city life, who plunges into such a solitude as that of the Old Manse, where he plucks the fruit of trees that he did not plant; and which, therefore, to my heterodox taste, bear the closer resemblance to those that grew in Eden.

Not that it can be disputed that the light toil requisite to cultivate a moderately-sized garden, imparts such zest to kitchen vegetables as is never found in those of the market gardener. Childless men, if they would know something of the bliss of paternity, should plant a seed—be it squash, bean, Indian corn, or perhaps a mere flower, or worthless weed—should plant it with their own hands, and nurse it from infancy to maturity, altogether by their own care. If there be not too many of them, each individual plant becomes an object of separate interest. My garden, that skirted the avenue of the Manse, was of precisely the right extent. An hour or two of morning labor was all that it required. But I used to visit and revisit it a dozen times a day, and stand in deep contemplation over my vegetable progeny, with a love that nobody could share or conceive of, who had never taken part in the process of creation. It was one of the most bewitching sights in the world to ob-

serve a hill of beans thrusting aside the soil, or a row of early peas just peeping forth sufficiently to trace a line of delicate green. Later in the season, the humming birds were attracted by the blossoms of a peculiar variety of bean; and they were a joy to me, those little spiritual visitants, for deigning to sip any food out of my nectar cups. Multitudes of bees used to bury themselves in the yellow blossoms of the summer squashes. This, too, was a deep satisfaction; although, when they had laden themselves with sweets, they flew away to some unknown hive, which would give back nothing in requital of what my garden had contributed. But I was glad thus to fling a benefaction upon the passing breeze, with the certainty that somebody must profit by it, and that there would be a little more honey in the world, to allay the sourness and bitterness which mankind is always complaining of. Yes, indeed; my life was the sweeter for that honey.

ITALY.—BYRON.

— My soul wanders; I demand it back
 To meditate amongst decay and stand
 A ruin amidst ruins; there to track,
 Fallen states, and buried greatness, o'er a land
 Which *was* the mightiest, in its old command,
 And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be.
 The master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand,
 Wherein were cast the heroic, and the free,
 The beautiful, the brave—the lords of earth and sea—

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
 And even since, and now, fair Italy!
 Thou art the garden of the world, the home
 Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree;
 Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
 More rich than other climes's fertility;
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
 With an immaculate charm, which cannot be defaced.

The moon is up; and yet it is not night;
 Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
 Of glory streams along the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
 From clouds; but of all the colors seem to be
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
 Where the day joins the past eternity;

While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest,
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still,
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhatian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order; gently flows
The deep-eyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a newborn rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse;
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away—
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower, of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Would that thou wert in this thy nakedness
Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

Then might'st thou more appall; or, less desired,
Be homely, and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,
Would not be seen the armed torrents poured
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po,
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe.

Yet, Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our religion!* whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

* Alluding to the mission of Augustin to the Anglo-Saxons.

THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.—SIR W. SCOTT.

"Look from that window, Roland," said the Queen; "see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle, and to glimmer palely through the gray of the evening from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer it seems to the verge of the water? It is no brighter at this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Steuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven. By that signal, I know that more than one true heart are plotting my deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope lives. O! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled, and like the lights of Saint Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!"

"If I mistake not," answered Roland, "the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie, the mail-gardener."

"Thou hast a good eye," said the Queen; "it is there where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters, long ere it could mingle in their council; and yet I can hold communication—I will confide the whole to thee—I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window, Fleming."

She obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so, than the light in the cottage of the gardener disappeared.

"Now count," said Queen Mary, "for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself."

The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three, and when she had arrived at ten, the light on the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

"Now our Lady be praised!" said the Queen; "it was but two nights since, that the absence of the light remained while

I could tell thirty. The hour of deliverance approaches. May God bless those who labor in it with such truth to me!—alas! with such hazard to themselves—and bless you too, my children!”

“And now for the signal from the shore!” exclaimed Catherine; “my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights instead of one gleam from that garden of Eden. And then, Roland, do you play your part manfully, and we will dance on the green sward like midnight fairies.”

Catherine’s conjecture misgave not, nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage, instead of one; and the page heard, with beating heart, that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the Queen, she held her hand out to him—he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage, he found it was damp and cold as marble. “For God’s sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now!”

“Call upon Our Lady, my Liege,” said the Lady Fleming—“call upon your tutelar saint.”

“Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from!” exclaimed the page; “in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints.”

“O! Roland Græme,” said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, “be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself! My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour. O, would to God it found me prepared!”

“Madam,” said Catherine Seyton, “remember you are a Queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remain here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses.”

“You are right, Catherine,” said the Queen; “and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture.”

They separated, till again called together by the tolling of the curfew. The Queen appeared grave, but firm and resolved; the Lady Fleming, with the art of an experienced courtier, knew perfectly how to disguise her inward tremors; Catherine’s eye was fired, as if with the boldness of the project, and

the half smile which dwelt upon her beautiful mouth seemed to condemn all the risk and all the consequences of discovery; Roland, who felt how much success depended on his own address and boldness, summoned together his whole presence of mind, and if he found his spirits flag for a moment, cast his eye upon Catherine, whom he thought he had never seen look so beautiful. "I may be foiled," he thought, "but with this reward in prospect, they must bring the devil to aid them ere they cross me." Thus resolved, he stood like a greyhound in the slips, with hand, heart, and eye intent upon making and seizing opportunity for the execution of their project.

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been presented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the Queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church, which stands at some distance from the town, and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by straggling cottages. With her back to the casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual—so at least it seemed to her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the Queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page, who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession, looked sidewise to the churchyard and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles in the vault. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light, as it was called, in the family burial-place, boded death. She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. "Who touches the keys?" said the Lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had touched them, she looked around, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze at the supposed corpse-candles.

"I wish your Grace and your company a good evening. Randal attend us." And Randal, who waited in the ante-

chamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to his mistress as usual, while, leaving the Queen's apartments, she retired to her own.

"To-morrow?" said the page, rubbing his hands with glee as he repeated the Lady's last words, "fools look to to-morrow, and wise folk use to-night. May I pray you, my gracious Liege, to retire for one half hour, until all the castle is composed to rest? I must go and rub with oil these blessed implements of our freedom. Courage and constancy, and all will go well, provided our friends on the shore fail not to send the boat you spoke of."

"Fear them not," said Catherine, "they are true as steel—if our dear mistress do but maintain her noble and royal courage."

"We have but brief time," said Queen Mary; "one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished—that shows the boat is put off."

"They will row very slow," said the page, "or kent where depth permits, to avoid noise. To our several tasks—I will communicate with the good Father."

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase that descended from the Queen's apartment. "Now turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual, that the bolt revolved with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but exchanging a word with the disguised Abbot, asked if the boat were ready?

"This half hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again."

"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-headed knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best head-piece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager."

"Then bring the Queen," said the Abbot, "and I will carry Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair, under the guidance of Roland Græme, and were received at the wicket-gate by Henry Seyton, and the churchman. The former seemed in-

stantly to take upon himself the whole direction of the enterprise. "My Lord Abbot," he said, "give my sister your arm—I will conduct the Queen—and that youth will have the honor to guide Lady Fleming."

This was no time to dispute the arrangement, although it was not that which Roland Græme would have chosen. Catherine Seyton, who well knew the garden path, tripped on before like a sylph, rather leading the Abbot than receiving assistance—the Queen, her native spirit prevailing over female fear, and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton—while the Lady Fleming, encumbered with her fears and her helplessness, Roland Græme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the Queen. The door of the garden which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the Queen in the stern; the Abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the Queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over the boat-side, when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bedchamber, threw the Queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"By Heaven, he is false at last!" said Seyton; "I ever feared it!"

"He is as true," said Catherine, "as Heaven itself, and that I will maintain."

"Be silent, minion," said her brother, "for shame, if not for fear. Fellows, put off, and row for your lives!"

"Help me, help me on board!" said the deserted Lady Fleming, and that louder than prudence warranted.

"Put off—put off;" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the Queen is safe."

"Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death."

"I will not," said the Queen. "Seyton I command you to stay at every risk."

"Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat.

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat, overturning Seyton, on whom he lighted. The youth swore a deep but suppressed oath, and stopping Græme as he stepped toward the stern, said, "Your place is not with high-born dames—keep to the head and trim the vessel. Now give way—give way. Row, for God and the Queen!"

The rowers obeyed, and began to pull vigorously.

"Why did you not muffle the oars?" said Roland Græme; "this dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him."

"It was all thine own delay," said Seyton; "thou shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters."

But Roland's apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. "A boat—a boat!—bring to, or I shoot!" And as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason! treason!" rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl, at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed, and their escape discovered.

"Pull!" again exclaimed Seyton; "stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately."

"That is cared for," said Roland; I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give the keys to the Kelpie's keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the Abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee my son! thy ready prudence puts shame on us all."

"I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity. I must have him dear friends with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton—but where, then, is Douglas?"

"Here, madam," answered the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and who acted as steersman.

"Alas! was it you who stretched your body before me," said the Queen, "when the balls were raining around us?"

"Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protecting his Queen's life with his own?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the midnight echoes of Bennarty, terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners. The boat was run alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted to speak. They landed, and while the Abbot returned thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favored their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the Queen to the house of the gardener.

THERE IS A SWEETNESS IN WOMAN'S DECAY.—JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower
That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays;

And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones that sweetly speak
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth, and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments that pleasure hath
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound;
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast:
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair—
But the hectic spot that flushes there
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush is deeply swelling.
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set;
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear ones cling;

So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes ;
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires,
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last, fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

POETS AND POESY.—LAMARTINE.

ONE of the most natural and universal faculties of man is that of reproducing, internally by imagination and thought, and externally by art and speech, the material and moral universe in the midst of which he has been placed by Providence. Man is the reflecting mirror of nature. Every thing is recreated by him, and, through poetry, every thing is reanimated and receives new life. It is another state of existence, which God has permitted man to make, by multiplying external being in his thoughts and in his words—an inferior power but not the less real—which truly creates, although it only does so from the elements, the images, and recollections of what nature has embodied before him—an imitation like the sport of a child, yet still the play of the mind upon the impressions which it receives from nature—a play in which we continually reiterate the fleeting image of the external and internal worlds, which expands, passes away, and renews itself unceasingly before us. Therefore doth poetry mean CREATION.

Memory is the first element of this creation, because it is by memory that we retrace upon our minds the image of things that have passed. The muses, symbols of inspiration, were said by the ancients to be the daughters of memory.

Imagination is the second ; for imagination colors and animates the outline drawn by memory.

Sensitiveness is the third ; because, on the sight or remembrance of past events presenting itself to the mind, sensitiveness causes us to receive physical or moral impressions almost as

strong and intense as would be the impression of the events themselves if actually occurring before our eyes.

Judgment is the fourth; for by it alone are we taught in what order, in what proportions, in what relations, and in what true harmony to combine and arrange these remembrances or phantasms—these historical or imaginary incidents or feelings—that we make them conform as much as possible to nature, to probability, and to truth, so that they may produce upon ourselves and upon others an impression as complete as if the fiction were reality.

The fifth element necessary to this creation or to this poësy is the gift of expressing by language what we observe and feel internally—of producing outwardly what stirs us from within—to paint with words, to give to words, as we may say, the color, the impression, the movement, the pulsation, the life, the joy, or the grief felt by our own hearts at the sight of the object which we imagine.

Lastly, the sixth element necessary to this creation, which we call poësy, is that the poet's ear should possess musical feeling; for he sings where others speak, and all song requires music to mark its melody, and to render it more sonorous and more voluptuous to our senses and to our mind.

But the poet, as I have described him, must not only be gifted with a vast memory, a copious imagination, a keen sensitiveness, a clear judgment, a strong power of expression, a musical feeling as well of time as of harmony—he must be a deep philosopher, for wisdom is the soul of his song; he must be a legislator, for he should understand the laws which control the relations of men to each other, which are to society and to nations what mortar is to buildings; he must have the warrior's spirit, for he has to sing of the battle-field and the storm of towns, the march and flight of armies; he must have the soul of a hero, for he relates the achievements and the devoted sacrifices of the great; he must be a historian, for his poems are narratives; he must be eloquent, for his characters must harangue and debate; he must have traveled, for he describes, earth, sea, and mountains, the productions of nature, the monuments of men, and the manners of people; he must know animated and inorganic matter, geography, astronomy, navigation, agriculture, the arts, and even the common trades of his time, for his songs extend over heaven, earth, and ocean, and he draws his metaphors, his illustrations, and his comparisons from the motion of the stars, the handling of vessels, the forms and habits of the

wildest and the tamest beasts—a seaman among sailors, a herdsman among graziers, a laborer among laborers, a smith among smiths, a workman among workmen, even a beggar among the beggars at the palace or the cottage gate. His mind should be simple as a child's; tender, compassionate, and pitiful as a woman's; firm and inflexible as that of a judge or of a patriarch; for he tells of the sports, the innocence, and the candor of childhood, the loves of men and beauteous maidens, the affections and the woes of the heart, and the sympathy of compassion with misery; he writes with tears; his master-piece is to make them flow. He should be able to inspire men with pity, the most beautiful, because the most unselfish of human sympathies. Lastly, he should be truly pious, filled with the presence and worship of the Almighty, for he speaks as much of heaven as of earth. His mission is to make men aspire to the invisible and superior world; to force all things, even though inanimate, to proclaim the name of the Most High, and to impress all the emotions he excites in the mind or in the heart with that immortal, infinite, and undefinable character which is, as it were, the atmosphere and invisible element of the Divinity.

Such should be the perfect poet; a living epitome of all the gifts, all the perceptions, all the endowments, all the wisdom, all the tenderness, all the virtuous and heroic instincts of the soul—a creature as perfect as our imperfect humanity will allow.

TRUE WOMAN.—MOTHERWELL.

No quaint conceit of speech,
 No golden, minted phrase—
 Dame Nature needs to teach
 To echo woman's praise;
 Pure love and truth unite
 To do thee, Woman, right!

She is the faithful mirror
 Of thoughts that brightest be—
 Of feelings without error,
 Of matchless constancie;
 When art essays to render
 More glorious heaven's bow—
 To paint the virgin splendor
 Of fresh-fallen mountain snow—
 New fancies will I find,
 To laud true woman's mind.

No words can lovelier make
 Virtue's all-lovely name,
 No change can ever shake
 A woman's virtuous fame;
 The moon is forth anew—
 Though envious clouds endeavor
 To screen her from our view—
 More beautiful than ever;
 So, through detraction's haze,
 True Woman shines alwaies.

The many-tinted rose
 Of gardens is the queen,
 The perfumed violet knows
 No peer where she is seen;
 The flower of woman-kind
 Is aye a gentle mind.

BUGLE SONG.—TENNYSON.

The splendor falls on castle walls,
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going;
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
 The horns of Elf-land faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
 They faint on hill, or field, or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

WEEHAWKEN.—FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

Wehawken! in thy mountain scenery yet,
 All we adore of nature in her wild
 And frolic hour of infancy is met;
 And never has a summer's morning smiled
 Upon a lovelier scene than the full eye
 Of the enthusiast revels on—when high

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave, with startled ear,

Like the death music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in their veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him;
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky in beauty bending o'er him—
The city bright below; and far away,
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle and circling shore are blended there
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood's days
Of happiness were passed, beneath that sun,
That in his manhood's prime can calmly gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to

an association with our ancestors ; by contemplating their example and studying their character ; by partaking their sentiments, and imbibing their spirit ; by accompanying them in their toils ; by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs—we mingle our own existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed. And in like manner, by running along the line of future time ; by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us ; by attempting something which may promote their happiness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard when we shall sleep with the fathers—we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence. As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space ; so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested or connected with our whole race through all time ; allied to our ancestors ; allied to our posterity ; closely compacted on all sides with others ; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride ; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed ; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it. Poetry is found to have

few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality. It deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of being is severed, and who may yet exercise we know not what sympathy with ourselves; and when it carries us forward, also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.—ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Within the darkened chamber sat
 A proud but stricken form;
 Upon her vigil-wasted cheeks
 The grief-wrung tears were warm;
 And faster streamed they as she bent
 Above a couch of pain,
 Where lay a withering flower that wooed
 Those fond eyes' freshening rain.

The raven tress on that young brow
 Was damp with dew of death;
 And glassier grew her upraised eye
 With every fluttering breath.
 Coldly her slender fingers lay
 Within the mourner's grasp;
 Lightly they pressed that fostering hand,
 And stiffened in its grasp.

Then low the mother bent her knee,
 And cried in fervent prayer—
 "Hear me, O God! mine own, my child,
 Oh, holy Father, spare!
 My loved, my last, mine only one—
 Tear her not yet away:
 Leave this crushed heart its best, sole joy
 Be merciful, I pray!"

A radiance lit the maiden's face,
Though fixed in death her eye;
A smile had met the angel's kiss
That stole her parting sigh!
And round her cold lips still that smile
A holy brightness shed,
As though she joyed her sinless soul
To Him who gave had fled.

The mother clasped her senseless form,
And shrieked in wild despair,
And kissed the icy lips and cheek,
And touched the dewy hair.
"No warmth—no life—my child, my child!
Oh for one parting word,
One murmur of that lute-like voice,
Though but an instant heard!

"She is not dead—she could not die—
So young, so fair, so pure;
Spare me, in pity spare this blow!
All else I can endure.
Take hope, take peace, this blighted head
Strike with thy heaviest rod;
But leave me this, thy sweetest boon,
Give back my child, O God!"

The suppliant ceased; her tears were stayed;
Hushed were those wailings loud;
A hallowed peace crept o'er her soul;
Her head to earth was bowed
Low as her knee; for as she knelt,
About her, lo! a flood
Of soft, celestial lustre fell—
A form beside her stood.

And slowly then her awe-struck face
And frightened eyes she raised;
Her heart leaped high: those clouded orbs
Grew brighter as she gazed;
For oh! they rested on a shape
Majestic—yet so mild,
Imperial dignity seemed blent
With sweetness of a child.

It spake not, but that saintlike smile
Was full of mercy's light,
And power and pity from those eyes
Looked forth in gentle might;
Those angel looks, that lofty mien,
Have breathed without a word—
"Trust, and thy faith shall win thee all:
Behold, I am thy Lord!"

He turns, and on that beauteous clay
 His god-like glances rest;
 Commandingly the pallid brow
 His potent fingers pressed:
 The frozen current flows anew
 Beneath that quickening hand;
 The pale lips, softly panting, move;
 She breathes at his command!

The spirit in its kindred realm
 Has heard its Master's call;
 And back returning at that voice,
 Resumes its earthly thrall.
 And now from 'neath those snowy lids
 It shines with meeker light,
 As though 't were chastened, purified,
 By even that transient flight.

Loud swells the mother's cry of joy:
 To Him how passing sweet!
 Her child she snatches to her breast,
 And sinks at Jesus' feet.
 "Glory to thee, Almighty God!
 Who spared my heart this blow;
 And glory to thine only Son—
 My Saviour's hand I know!"

THE DYING IMPROVISATORE.—MRS. HEMANS.

The spirit of my land!
 It visits me once more!—though I must die
 Far from the myrtles which thy breeze has fann'd,
 My own bright Italy!

It is, it is thy breath,
 Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
 Is shaken by the wind;—in life and death
 Still trembling, yet the same.

Oh! that love's quenchless power
 Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky,
 And through thy groves its dying music shower,
 Italy! Italy!

The nightingale is there,
 The sunbeams's glow, the citron-flower's perfume,
 The south-wind's whisper in the scented air,—
 It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh ! nevermore,
On thy Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell,
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
My Italy, farewell !

Alas !—thy hills among,
Had I but left a memory of my name,
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song,
Unto immortal fame !

But, like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odor on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of day-spring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit pass'd !

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay ;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
Leaving no echo to the summer woods
Of the rich breathings and impassion'd sighs,
Which thrill'd their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me,
Friends, that upon its murmurs oft have hung,
When from thy bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark, rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into spring's first hue,
Sweet friends, remember me !

And in the marble halls,
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear,
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
Let me be with you there !

Fain would I bind for you
My memory with all glorious things to dwell ;
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew,—
Sweet friends, bright land, farewell !

CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPEARE.—CARLYLE.

SHAKSPEARE, we may say, embodies for us the outer life of our Europe as developed in the middle ages. Its chivalries, courtesies, humors, ambitions, what practical way of thinking, acting, looking at the world men then had. Just when that chivalry way of life had reached its last finish, and was on the point of breaking down into slow or soft dissolution, as we now see it everywhere, this sovereign poet, with his seeing eye, with his perennial singing voice, was sent to take note of it, to give long-enduring record of it.

Of this Shakspeare of ours, perhaps the opinion one sometimes hears a little idolatrously expressed is, in fact, the right one; I think the best judgment, not of this country only, but of Europe at large, is slowly pointing to the conclusion, that Shakspeare is the chief of all poets hitherto; the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left record of himself in the way of literature. On the whole, I know not such a power of vision, such a faculty of thought, if we take all the characters of it, in any other man. Such a calmness of depth; placid joyous strength; all things imaged in that great soul of his so true and clear, as in a tranquil unfathomable sea! It has been said, that in the constructing of Shakspeare's dramas, there is, apart from all other "faculties," as they are called, an understanding manifested, equal to that in Bacon's *Novum Organum*. That is true; and it is not a truth that strikes every one. It would become more apparent if we tried, any of us for himself, how, out of Shakspeare's dramatic materials, *we* could fashion such a result! The built house seems all so fit—every way as it should be, as if it came there by its own law and the nature of things, we forget the rude disorderly quarry it was shaped from. The very perfection of the house, as if nature herself had made it, hides the builder's merit. Perfect, more perfect than any other man, we may call Shakspeare in this: he discerns, knows as by instinct, what condition he works under, what his materials are, what his own force and its relation to them is. It is not a transitory glance of insight that will suffice; it is deliberate illumination of the whole matter; it is a calmly *seeing* eye; a great intellect, in short.

Or indeed we may say again, it is in what I called portrait painting, delineating of men and things, especially of men, that Shakspeare is great. All the greatness of the man comes out

decisively here. It is unexampled, I think, that calm creative perspicacity of Shakspeare. The thing he looks at reveals not this or that face of it, but its inmost heart and generic secret: it dissolves itself as in light before him, so that he discerns the perfect structure of it. Creative, we said: poetic creation, what is this too but *seeing* the thing sufficiently? The *word* that will describe the thing, follows of itself from such clear intense sight of the thing. And is not Shakspeare's *morality*, his valor, candor, tolerance, truthfulness; his whole victorious strength and greatness, which can triumph over such obstructions, visible there too? Great as the world! No *twisted*, poor convex-concave mirror, reflecting all objects with its own convexities and concavities; a perfectly *level* mirror; that is to say withal, if we will understand it, a man justly related to all things and men, a good man. It is truly a lordly spectacle how this great soul takes in all kinds of men and objects, a Falstaff, an Othello, a Juliet, a Coriolanus; sets them all forth to us in their round completeness; loving, just, the equal brother of all.

If I say that Shakspeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakspeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of. Novalis beautifully remarks of him, that those dramas of his are products of nature too, deep as nature herself. I find a great truth in this saying. Shakspeare's art is not artifice; the noblest worth of it is not there by plan or precontrivance. It grows up from the deeps of nature, through this noble sincere soul, who is a voice of nature. The latest generations of men will find new meanings in Shakspeare, new elucidations of their own human being; "new harmonies with the infinite structure of the Universe; concurrences with later ideas, affinities with the higher powers and senses of man." This well deserves meditating. It is nature's highest reward to a true simple great soul, that he get thus to be *a part of herself*. Such a man's works, whatsoever he with utmost conscious exertion and forethought shall accomplish, grow up withal *unconsciously*, from the unknown deeps in him:—as the oak-tree grows from the earth's bosom, as the mountains and waters shape themselves; with a symmetry grounded on nature's own laws, conformable to all truth whatsoever. How much in Shakspeare lies hid; his sorrows, his silent struggles known to himself; much that was not known at all, not speakable at all: like *roots*, like sap and forces working under ground! Speech is great; but silence is greater.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—SHAKSPEARE.

BAPTISTA, *father to* KATHARINA—PETRUCHIO.

Bap. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ? [Exit.

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail ; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :
Say, that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence ;
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week ;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married :—
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kate. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing ;
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates ; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time : let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come : you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab ; and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face ?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate : in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. But, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he, am born to tame you Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How sped you with
My daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine, in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed one half lunatic.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, hath talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me:—O, the kindest Kate!—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;

And kiss me Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally.]

Katharina marries Petruchio and becomes an affectionate and obedient wife. While on a visit to her family she teaches her sisters their duty to their husbands.

SCENE—A Banquet set out; BAPTISTA, LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, PETRUCHIO and others, seated.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance

Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—What is the wager?

Luc.

Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor.

Content.

Pet.

A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

Gru. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray Heaven, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.]

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile.
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say I command her to come to me. [Exit GRUMIO.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHARINA.]

Luc. Here's a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns!
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more signs of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.
See where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion,—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty was as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women,
What duty they owe to their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow:

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body

To painful labor, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am ashamed, that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,

Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—

That seeming to be most which least we are.

Pet. Come, Kate,

We three are married, but we two are sped.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE MESSIAH.—ALEXANDER POPE.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
 From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
 The æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
 Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! A God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys rise!
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way.
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabea springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountain glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;

But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

THE SKELETON CAVE.—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[The characters of *The Skeleton's Cave*, are Father Ambrose, an aged Catholic priest; Le Maire, a gay sportsman of French origin; and his niece, a young Anglo-American.]

The ecclesiastic had taken the hat from his brow that he might enjoy the breeze which played lightly about the cliffs; and the coolness of which was doubly grateful after the toil of the ascent. In doing this he uncovered a high and ample forehead, such as artists love to couple with the features of old age, when they would represent a countenance at once noble and venerable. This is the only feature of the human face which Time spares; he dims the lustre of the eye; he shrivels the cheek, he destroys the firm or sweet expression of the mouth; he thins and whitens the hairs; but the forehead, that temple of thought, is beyond the reach, or rather, shows more grand and lofty for the ravages which surround it.

The two persons whom he addressed were much younger. One of them was in the prime of manhood and personal strength, rather tall, and of a vigorous make. He wore a hunting-cap, from the lower edge of which curled a profusion of strong dark hair, rather too long for the usual mode in the Atlantic states, shading a fresh-colored countenance, lighted by a pair of full black eyes; the expression of which was compounded of boldness and good-humor. His dress was a blue frock-coat trimmed with yellow fringe, and bound by a sash at the waist, deer-skin pantaloons, and deer-skin moccasins. He carried a short rifle on his left shoulder; and wore on his left side a leathern bag of rather ample dimensions, and on his right a powder-flask. It was evident that he was either a hunter by occupation, or at least one who made hunting his principal amusement; and there was something in his air and the neatness of his garb and equipments that bespoke the latter.

On the arm of this person leaned the third individual of the party, a young woman apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age, slender and graceful as a youthful student of the classic poets might imagine a wood-nymph. She was plainly attired in a straw hat and a dress of russet color, fitted for a ramble through that wild forest. The faces of her two companions were decidedly French in their physiognomy; hers was as decidedly Anglo-American. Her brown hair was parted away from a forehead of exceeding fairness, more compressed on the sides than is usual with the natives of England; and showing in the profile that approach to the Grecian outline which is remarked among their descendants in America. To complete the picture, imagine a quiet blue eye, features delicately moulded, and just color enough on her cheek to make it interesting to watch its changes, as it deepened or grew paler with the varying and fitting emotions which slight cause will call up in a youthful maiden's bosom.

The spot on which they now stood commanded a view of a wide extent of uncultivated and uninhabited country. An eminence interposed to hide from sight the village they had left; and on every side were the summits of the boundless forest, here and there diversified with a hollow of softer and richer verdure, where the hurricane, a short time before, had descended to lay prostrate the gigantic trees, and a young growth had shot up in their stead. Solitary savannas opened in the depth of the woods, and far off a lonely stream was flowing away in silence, sometimes among venerable trees, and sometimes through natural meadows, crimson with blossoms. All around them was the might, the majesty of vegetable life, untamed by the hand of man, and pampered by the genial elements into boundless luxuriance. The ecclesiastic pointed out to his companions the peculiarities of the scenery; he expatiated on the flowery beauty of those unshorn lawns; and on the lofty growth, and the magnificence and variety of foliage which distinguish the American forests, so much the admiration of those who have seen only the groves of Europe.

As the three went forward they passed through a heap of dry leaves lightly piled, which the winds of the last autumn had blown into the cave from the summit of the surrounding forest, and the rustling made by their steps sounded strangely loud amid that death-like silence. A spacious cavern presented itself to their sight, the roof of which near the entrance was low, but several paces beyond it rose to a

great height, where the smoke of the torch, ascending, mingled with the darkness, but the flame did not reveal the face of the vault.

On reaching again the mouth of the cave, they were struck with the change in the aspect of the heavens. Dark heavy clouds, the round summits of which were seen one beyond the other, were rapidly rising in the west; and through the grayish blue haze which suffused the sky before them, the sun appeared already shorn of his beams. A sound was heard afar of mighty winds contending with the forest, and the thunder rolled at a distance.

"We may stay at least until the storm is over," said Father Ambrose; "it would be upon us before we could descend these cliffs. Let us watch it from where we stand above the tops of these old woods; I can promise you it will be a magnificent spectacle."

Emily, though she would gladly have left the cave, could say nothing against the propriety of this advice; and even Le Maire, notwithstanding that he declared he had rather see a well-loaded table at that moment than all the storms that ever blew, preferred remaining to the manifest inconvenience of attempting a descent. In a few moments the dark array of clouds swept over the face of the sun, and a tumult in the woods announced the coming of the blast. The summits of the forest waved and stooped before it, like a field of young flax in the summer breeze—another and fiercer gust descended—another and stronger convulsion of the forest ensued. The trees rocked backward and forward, leaned and rose, and tossed and swung their branches in every direction, and the whirling air above them was filled with their leafy spoils. The roar was tremendous—the noise of the ocean in a tempest is not louder—it seemed as if that innumerable multitude of giants of the wood raised a universal voice of wailing under the fury that smote and tormented them. At length the rain began to fall, first in large and rare drops, and then thunder burst over head, and the waters of the firmament poured down in torrents, and the blast that howled in the woods fled before them as if from an element that it feared. The trees again stood erect, and nothing was heard but the rain beating heavily on the immense canopy of leaves around, and the occasional crashings of the thunder, accompanied by flashes of lightning, that threw a vivid light upon the walls of the cavern. The priest and his companions stood contemplating this scene in silence, when a

rushing of water close at hand was heard. Father Ambrose showed the others where a stream, formed from the rains collected on the highlands above, descended on the crag that overhung the mouth of the cavern, and shooting clear of the rocks on which they stood, fell in spray to the broken fragments at the base of the precipice.

A gust of wind drove the rain into the opening where they stood, and obliged them to retire farther within. The priest suggested that they should take this opportunity to examine that part of the cave which, in going to the skeleton's chamber, they had passed on their left, observing, however, that he believed it was no otherwise remarkable than for its narrowness and its length. Le Maire and Emily assented, and the former taking up the torch which he had stuck in the ground, they went back into the interior. They had just reached the spot where the two passages diverged from each other, when a hideous and intense glare of light filled the cavern, showing for an instant the walls, the roof, the floor, and every crag and recess, with the distinctness of the broadest sunshine. A frightful crash accompanied it, consisting of several sharp and deafening explosions, as if the very heart of the mountain was rent asunder by the lightning, and immediately after a body of immense weight seemed to fall at their very feet with a heavy sound, and a shock that caused the place where they stood to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake. A strong blast of air rushed by them, and a suffocating odor filled the cavern.

Father Ambrose had fallen upon his knees in mental prayer, at the explosion; but the blast from the mouth of the cavern threw him to the earth. He raised himself, however, immediately, and found himself in utter silence and darkness, save that a livid image of that insufferable glare floated yet before his eyeballs. He called first upon Emily, who did not answer, then upon Le Maire, who replied from the ground a few paces nearer the entrance of the cave. He also had been thrown prostrate, and the torch he carried was extinguished. It was but the work of an instant to kindle it again, and they then discovered Emily extended near them in a swoon.

"Let us bear her to the mouth of the cavern," said Le Maire; "the fresh air from without will revive her." He took her in his arms, but on arriving at the spot he placed her suddenly on the ground, and raising both hands, exclaimed, with an accent of despair, "The rock is fallen!—the entrance is closed!" It was but too evident—Father Ambrose need not have looked

to convince him of its truth—the huge rock which impended over the entrance had been loosened by the thunderbolt, and had fallen upon the floor of the cave, closing all return to the outer world.

On the third day the cavern presented a more gloomy spectacle than it had done at any time since the fall of the rock took place. It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the shrill singing of the wind about the cliffs, and through the crevice, which now admitted a dimmer light than on the day previous, announced the approach of a storm from the south. The hope of relief from without was growing fainter and fainter as the time passed on; and the sufferings of the prisoners became more poignant.

In the meantime the light from the aperture grew dimmer and dimmer, and the eyes of the prisoners, though accustomed to the twilight of the cavern, became at length unable to distinguish objects at a few paces from the entrance. The priest and Le Maire had placed themselves by the couch of Emily, but rather, as it seemed, from that instinct of our race which leads us to seek each other's presence, than for any purpose of conversation, for each of the party preserved a gloomy silence. The topics of speculation on their condition had been discussed to weariness, and no others had now any interest for their minds. It was no unwelcome interruption to that melancholy silence, when they heard the sound of a mighty rain pouring down upon the leafy summits of the woods, and beating against the naked walls and shelves of the precipice. The roar grew more and more distinct, and at length it seemed that they could distinguish a sort of shuddering of the earth above them, as if a mighty host was marching heavily over it. The sense of suffering was for a moment suspended in a feeling of awe and curiosity.

"That, likewise, is the rain," said Father Ambrose, after listening for a moment. "The clouds must pour down a perfect cataract, when the weight of its fall is thus felt in the heart of the rock."

"Do you hear that noise of running water?" asked Emily, whose quick ear had distinguished the rush of the stream formed by the collected rains over the rocks without at the mouth of the cave.

"Would that its channel were through this cavern," exclaimed Le Maire, starting up. "Ah! here we have it—we have it!—listen to the dropping of water from the roof near the entrance.

And here at the aperture!" He sprang thither in an instant. A little stream detached from the main current, which descended over rocks that closed the mouth of the cave, fell in a thread of silver amid the faint light that streamed through the opening; he knelt for a moment, received it between his burning lips, and then hastily returning, bore Emily to the spot. She held out her hollowed palm, white, thin, and semi-transparent, like a pearly shell, used for dipping up the waters from one of those sweet fountains that rise by the very edge of the sea—and as fast as it filled with the cool bright element, imbibed it with an eagerness and delight inexpressible. The priest followed her example; Le Maire also drank from the little stream as it fell, bathed in it his feverish brow, and suffered it to fall upon his sinewy neck.

"It has given me a new hold on life," said Le Maire, his chest distending with several full and long breathings. "It has not only quenched that burning thirst, but it has made my head less light, and my heart lighter. I will never speak ill of this element again—the choicest grapes of France never distilled anything so delicious, so grateful, so life-giving. Take notice, Father Ambrose, I retract all I have ever said against water and water-drinkers. I am a sincere penitent, and shall demand absolution.

Father Ambrose had begun gently to reprove Le Maire for his unseasonable levity, when Emily cried out—"The rock moves!—the rock moves! Come back—come further into the cavern!" Looking up to the vast mass that closed the entrance, he saw plainly that it was in motion, and he had just time to draw Le Maire from the spot where he had stooped down to take another draught of the stream, when a large block which had been wedged in overhead, gave way and fell in the very place where he had left the prints of his feet. Had he remained there another instant, it must have crushed him to atoms. The prisoners, retreating within the cavern far enough to avoid the danger, but not too far for observation, stood watching the event with mingled apprehension and hope. The floor of the cave, just at the edge, on which rested the fallen rock, yawned at the fissures, where the earth with which they were filled had become saturated and swelled with water, and unable any longer to support the immense weight, settled away, at first slowly, under it, and finally, along with its incumbent load, fell suddenly and with a tremendous crash, to the base of the precipice, letting the light of day and the air of heaven into

the cavern. The thunder of that disruption was succeeded by the fall of a few large fragments of rock on the right and left, after which the priest and his companions heard only the fall of the rain and the heavy sighing of the wind in the forest.

Father Ambrose and Emily knelt involuntarily in thanksgiving at their unexpected deliverance. Le Maire, although unused to the devotional mood, observing their attitude, had bent his knee to imitate it, when a glance at the outer world now laid open to his sight, made him start again to his feet with an exclamation of delight. The other two arose also, and turned to the broad opening which now looked out from the cave over the forest. On one side of this opening rushed the torrent whose friendly waters had undermined the rock at the entrance and now dashed themselves against its shivered fragments below. It is not for me to attempt to describe how beautiful appeared to their eyes the world which they feared never again to see, or how grateful to their senses was that fresh and fragrant air of the forests which they thought never to breathe again. The light, although the sky was thick with clouds and rain, was almost too intense for their vision, and they shaded their brows with their hands as they looked forth upon that scene of woods and meadows and waters, fairer to their view than it had ever appeared in the most glorious sunshine.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—Hood.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If **THIS** is Christian work!

“ Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream !

“ Oh ! men with sisters dear !
Oh ! men with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A SHROUD as well as a shirt !

“ But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone ;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fast I keep ;
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw
A crust of bread—and rags :
A shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

“ Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime ;
Work—work—work !
As prisoners work, for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand !

“ Work—work—work !
In the dull December light ;
And work—work—work !
When the weather is warm and bright :
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
 With the sky above my head,
 And the grass beneath my feet;
 For only one short hour
 To feel as I used to feel,
 Before I knew the woes of want,
 And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!
 No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
 A little weeping would ease my heart—
 But in their briny bed
 My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread;
 Stitch—stitch—stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still in a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE LAST VENDUE.—REV. RALPH HOYT.

As I was on a journey late, a mental one I mean,
 Around this mighty world of ours, I came upon a scene
 Was so astonishing to see, so comic, grave, and grand,
 I took my note book out with haste and clambered to a stand
 Upon a heap of broken wares, a motley pile of things,
 That seemed they might have once belonged to some old race of kings;

And heaps on heaps were strewn about, as far as eye could scan,
 Around the fields, along the streams, where e'er the vision ran;
 As if some ruthless creditor had levied on the world,
 And kingdoms, thrones, and diadems, were all to ruin hurled;
 Ill-gotten chattles of the powers that were compelled to "fail,"
 And were all brought together there for one stupendous sale!

Stood side by side the vassal-born, and they of proudest birth;
 No more a slave, no more a lord, in all Republic earth.
 Yet smiled the skies approvingly, and, every landscape round,
 Rich harvests waited but a word, to burst the teeming ground;

Betokening a coming hour, when, war's red banner furled,
Abundance, and content would bless a liberated world.

What may it mean, quoth I to one, this great grotesque array,
As though the peasant and the prince were made of kindred clay;
Methinks I see all equal here, the humble and the proud;
Now what hath moved these haughty heads to mingle with the crowd?

And whence this huge chaotic mass, here piled on every hand:
Magnificence and meanness strewn, like wrecks along a strand,
As, when some direful storm hath swept the surging ocean o'er,
Fleet, argosy, and tiny bark with ruins line the shore.

Then lifted he to whom I spake a fixed and frowning eye,
As to rebuke such questioning, yet deigning no reply;
For, by the tokens at his feet, a crown and broken mace,
Behold, I was in audience with one of royal race!
Poor wanderer! I pitying said, and prayed for him a prayer,
But quick he vanished in the throngs and rueful tumults there.

Oh, ye ancestral kingly shades, the Cymbri, Saxon, Gaul,
Mourn for the towering thrones you reared to crush your race,—and fall!
Mourn for the Mighty Arm that smote your majesty, and threw
Your idle splendor to the winds at that august Vendue!

A venerable patriarch arose as Auctioneer,
And, though so aged, still his voice could make all nations hear.
'Tis said he is the veteran that first began his trade
When sang the morning stars for joy, and this great globe was made;
And one could never doubt at all, he seemed so hale and well,
That he will live as long as there is aught on earth to sell!

Upon the shattered parapet of some old tower he sprang,
And, planting his red signal there, his thundering call outrang:
Ye multitudes give ear to me, this merchandise survey;
What bargains these for king and clown, what fortunes here to-day!
Oppression is all bankrupt now, and despot sway is done,
For, in the chancery above, lo, freedom's plea hath won;

The famished world has payment claimed of its most rightful debt,
And sheriff Revolution hence has palaces—"To Let!"
All idle pomp, all princely state, all signs of royal rule
Are going, going, now! for man has spurned the kingly school;
And the stern lessons he has learned through many a weary page,
Matured to mighty deeds, have oped a grand Fraternal Age!

A tarnished bauble in his hand then lifted he on high,
And cried, Ye crownless potentates, ye powerless princes buy!
'Tis somewhat faded, it is true, but still it is a crown,
I'll throw the iron sceptre in—'tis going, going—down!
And here, the remnant of a Throne—Ye sovereigns of the soil,
Buy now the monster that devoured the products of your toil!

Once it was bright with burnished gold, with quaint devices graced,
But long the lustre has been dimmed, each emblem long defaced;
See Justice bearing broken scales; Honor and Truth seem dead,

Power has lost his thunderbolts; Mercy and Hope have fled!
How much the antiquated Throne? who'll buy the regal seat?
What bliss to sit there and suppose an empire at your feet.
Ah, could they speak, whose once it was august thereon to reign,
What desperate battle would they bid for this old Might again.
I cannot dwell, it must be sold, who makes it now his own?
Once, twice, the last, 'tis going, gone!—here, serf, ascend your throne!

Then at his hand a massive coil of ponderous chains I saw;
A sign that men would nevermore the car of bondage draw.
Here, here! again he cried aloud, ye kingdoms in decay,
Buy now a girdle for your realms, and hold them to your sway.
What hopeless thralldom for a world might these strong bands secure;
So potent to subdue the great, and crush the rebel poor.
Ye Cæsars listen e'er too late, for soon shall all men hear
The final word to sell these chains to some brave buyer here.

Is there no Alexander now would grasp the globe again,
Ere my reluctant arm descend, and you lament in vain?
All going—going!—At the word the listless throng awoke,
And down irrevocably came the long impending stroke!
But lo, the old corroded links, drawn clanking up to sight,
Fell piecemeal at the blow to earth—no more to re-unite!

Then burst one thundering peal of joy from all the gathered host,
Till mountain shouted to the sea, and coast replied to coast!
The woe-worn earth, so hopeful long, for that ecstatic time,
Put on again her Eden robes in every happy clime,
And down the sky a glorious Zone the nations saw descend,
Expanding o'er remotest hills, where human homes extend,
Till firm, within its glittering verge it shut the world's wide span,
And bound by lasting CHRISTIAN LOVE, the heart of man to man.

THE STORM-SHIP.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

IN the golden age of the province of the New Netherlands, when under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed one sultry afternoon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain fell in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to

play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unparalleled storms which only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of "the oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars, after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed-post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sank into a growl; and the setting sun, breaking from under the fringed borders of the clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed: to the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessities. The good vrouw could not have her new cap nor new gown until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the schoolboy for his top and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship—the ship—the ship—was the continual topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished-for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groups collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather-beaten fellows who had been seamen or fishermen in their times, and

were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions, and caused great disputes among their several adherents: but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient telescope, covered with tarry canvas, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt, had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the meantime the ship became more distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch-built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colors. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvas, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel, who had given notice of her approach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder-cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and with some difficulty, loaded and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it! What was strange, she had all her sails set, and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbor-master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success. Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather porsy and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit on their hands; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew; who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers; not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she

faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, smoking his long jasmin pipe, and listening to all that his counsellors had to say on a subject about which they knew nothing; but in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings—the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week elapsed, but she never returned down the Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous for intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near the Palisadoes, sometimes off Croton Point, and sometimes in the Highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the Highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these apparitions; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder-storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against the wind. Sometimes, in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the Highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her topsails glittering in the moonbeams; by the time, however, that the voyagers reached the place, no ship was to be seen; and when they had passed on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again, with her top-sails in the moonshine! Her appearance was always just after, or just before, or just in the midst of unruly weather; and she was known among the

skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the storm-ship."

These reports perplexed the governor and his council more than ever, and it would be endless to repeat the conjectures and opinions uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off the coast of New England, navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutchman, which had so long haunted Table Bay, but being unable to make port, had now sought another harbor. Others suggested, that if it really was a supernatural apparition, as there was every natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of the Halfmoon, who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a north-west passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor, but it passed current out of doors, for, indeed, it had already been reported that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountain; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose, that his ship might infest the river where the enterprise was baffled, or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council, and the storm-ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, a matter of popular belief, and marvellous anecdote through the whole time of the Dutch government, and particularly just before the capture of New Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province by the English squadron. About that time the storm-ship was repeatedly seen in the Tappaan Zee, and about Weehawk, and even down as far as Hoboken, and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of Dutch domination.

Since that time we have no authentic accounts of her, though it is said she still haunts the Highlands, and cruises about Point-no-point. People who live along the river insist that they sometimes see her in summer moonlight, and that in a deep, still midnight, they have heard the chant of her crew, as if heaving the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores, and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen

in these highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar-loafed hat, with a speaking trumpet in his hand, which they say keeps the Dunderberg. They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in low Dutch, for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps, in broad clothes and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Antony's nose; and that, at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder-gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, she labored dreadfully, and the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast head, known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast-head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued laboring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard, and seemed in continual danger either of upsetting, or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the Highlands, until she had passed Pollopol's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat spun up into the air, like a top, whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg, while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck, but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast, a wise precaution against evil spirits, since adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul-weather urchin, by Skipper Daniel Ouslesticker, of Fishkill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that, in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Antony's nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the hymn of St. Nicholas, whereupon the goblin threw

himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the nightcap of the Dominie's wife, which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weathercock of Esopus church steeple, at least forty miles off. Several events of this kind having taken place, the regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the mountain, and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested.

"Such," said Antony Vander Heyden, "are a few of the stories written down by Selyne the poet, concerning this storm-ship; which he affirms to have brought a crew of mischievous imps into the province, from some old ghost-ridden country of Europe. I could give you a host more, if necessary; for all the accidents that so often befall the river craft in the Highlands are said to be tricks played off by these imps of the Dunderberg; but I see that you are nodding, so let us turn in for the night."

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHASE.—JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

WILDRAKE and CONSTANCE.

Wild. Kind lady, I attend your fair commands.

Con. Worthy sir,

Souls attract souls, when they're of kindred vein.
The life that you love, I love. Well I know,
'Mongst those who breast the seats of the bold chase,
You stand without a peer; and for myself,
I dare avow, 'mong such none follows them
With heartier glee than I do.

Wild. Churl were he

That would gainsay you, madam!

Con. [*courtesying*] What delight

To back the flying steed, that challenges
The wind for speed!—seems native more of air
Than earth!—whose burden only lends him fire!—
Whose soul, in his task, turns labor into sport!
Who makes your pastime his! I sit him now!
He takes away my breath!—He makes me reel!
I touch not earth—I see not—hear not—All
Is ecstasy of motion!

Wild. You are used,

I see, to the chase.

Con. I am, Sir! Then the leap!
 To see the saucy barrier, and know
 The mettle that can clear it. Then your time
 To prove you master of the manage. Now
 You keep him well together for a space,
 Both horse and rider braced as you were one,
 Scanning the distance—then you give him rein,
 And let him fly at it, and o'er he goes,
 Light as a bird on wing.

Wild. Twere a bold leap,
 I see, that turned you, madam.

Con. [*courtesying*] Sir, you're good!
 And then the hounds, sir! Nothing I admire
 Beyond the running of the well-trained pack.
 The training's everything! Keen on the scent!
 At fault none losing heart!—but all at work!
 None leaving his task to another!—answering
 The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,
 As steed his rider's rein! Away they go!
 How close they keep together!—What a pack!
 Nor turn, nor ditch, nor stream divides them—as
 They moved with one intelligence, act, will!
 And then the concert they keep up!—enough
 To make one tenant of the merry wood,
 To list their jocund music!

Wild. You describe
 The huntsman's pastime to the life!

Con. I love it!
 To wood and glen, hamlet and town, it is
 A laughing holiday!—not a hill-top
 But's then alive!—Footmen with horsemen vie,
 All earth's astir, roused with the revelry
 Of vigor, health and joy! Cheer awakes cheer,
 While Echo's mimic tongue that never tires,
 Keeps up the hearty din! Each face is then
 Its neighbor's glass—where gladness sees itself,
 And, at the bright reflection grows more glad!
 Breaks into tenfold mirth!—laughs like a child!
 Would make a gift of its heart, it is so free!
 Would scarce accept a kingdom, 'tis so rich!
 Shakes hands with all, and vows it never knew
 That life was life before!

Wild. Nay, every way
 You do fair justice, lady, to the chase.

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.—REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE.

Deep night o'er thy waters, thou dark-rolling Nile,
And the Hebrew sleeps trembling, his lord with a smile,
For a voice comes in dreams to the children of God:
But the proud have no whisper that Death is abroad!

So, nestled in rocks, when the whirlwind is nigh,
They hear its far coming—the birds of the sky!
While trees it must shiver in leaf and in form,
Are hush as the stillness that heralds the storm.

And the Memphian, at midnight, lay smiling and pleased,
His sin all unshriven, his God unappeas'd,
Till o'er his dark slumbers chill shadows were curl'd,
And the soul of the dreamer was far from the world.

And he lay in the coils of the death-spirit, mute,
With a seal on his lips, like the blast in the fruit;
And he seem'd as when hoar frost hath stiffen'd the flower.
'Twas the blight of the Lord, 'twas the touch of his power.

But still was the starlight, while shrouded and hid,
Death brooded o'er palace, and cold pyramid;
No voice on the midnight; no larum of wrath;
No sound of the whirlwind—but only its path.

And a cry was in Egypt, when rose the red morn,
For a thousand pale mothers bewail'd their first born;
And Memnon's sweet music that greeted the Sun
Was lost in the moan of a nation undone.

And shriek'd the young wife o'er the child of her pain,
That never should breathe on her bosom again,
And breasts that were warm with their nursling before;
But heaved, in her grief, for the boy that she bore.

And the bride shrunk aghast, like the death-stricken dove,
When she woke in the cold frozen lock of her love;
And a groan for the noble, the lovely outpour'd,
A wail for the battle they waged with the Lord.

And they seem'd like the willows, that, left on the steep,
Are bent o'er the wreck of the forest to weep,
Or lilies that dripping, and drooping of form,
Shed tears o'er the broken, the spoil of the storm.

Ye join not the wailing, ye dwellers of Zan!
Hath the death-angel spared ye, that smote as he ran?
Oh, the blood-sprinkled lintel hath stayed his proud reign,
And watch'd at your threshold the Lamb that was slain.

RETURN OF THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH.—JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

The movement of the timid hare is scarce more hurried, or more undecided, than that of the creature who now suddenly presented herself to the warriors. It was apparent, by the hesitating and half-retreating step that succeeded the light bound with which she came in view, that she dreaded to advance, while she knew not how far it might be proper to retire. For the first moment, she stood in a suspended and doubting posture, such as one might suppose a creature of mist would assume ere it vanished, and then meeting the eye of Conanchet, the uplifted foot retouched the earth, and her whole form sunk into the modest and shrinking attitude of an Indian girl, who stood in the presence of a Sachem of her tribe. As this female is to enact no mean part in that which follows, the reader may be thankful for a more minute description of her person.

The age of the stranger was under twenty. In form she rose above the usual stature of an Indian maid, though the proportions of her person were as light and buoyant as at all comported with the fullness that properly belonged to her years. The limbs, seen below the folds of a short kirtle of bright scarlet cloth, were just and tapering, even to the nicest proportions of classic beauty; and never did foot of higher instep, and softer roundness, grace a feathered moccason. Though the person, from the neck to the knees, was hid by a tightly-fitting vest of calico and the short kirtle named, enough of the shape was visible to betray outlines that had never been injured, either by the mistaken devices of art or by the baneful effects of toil. The skin was only visible at the hands, face, and neck. Its lustre having been a little dimmed by exposure, a rich, rosy tint had usurped the natural brightness of a complexion that had once been fair even to brilliancy. The eye was full, sweet, and of a blue that emulated the sky of evening; the brows, soft and arched; the nose, straight, delicate, and slightly Grecian; the forehead, fuller than that which properly belonged to a girl of the Narragansetts, but regular, delicate, and polished; and the hair, instead of dropping in long straight tresses of jet black, broke out of the restraints of a band of beaded wampum, in ringlets of golden yellow.

The peculiarities that distinguished this female from the

others of her tribe, were not confined alone to the indelible marks of nature. Her step was more elastic; her gait more erect and graceful; her foot less inwardly inclined, and her whole movements freer and more decided than those of a race doomed from infancy to subjection and labor. Though ornamented by some of the prized inventions of the hated race to which she evidently owed her birth, she had the wild and timid look of those with whom she had grown into womanhood. Her beauty would have been remarkable in any region of the earth, while the play of muscle, the ingenuous beaming of the eye, and the freedom of limb and action, were such as seldom pass beyond the years of childhood, among people who, in attempting to improve, so often mar the works of nature.

"Why has Conanchet sent for a woman from the woods?"

"Narra-mattah, come near;" returned the young chief, changing the deep and proud tones in which he had addressed his restless and bold companion in arms, to those which better suited the gentle ear for which his words were intended. "Fear not, daughter of the morning, for those around us are of a race used to see women at the council-fires. Now look, with an open eye—is there anything among these trees that seemeth like an ancient tradition? Hast ever beheld such a valley, in thy dreams? Have yonder Pale-faces, whom the tomahawks of my young men spared, been led before thee by the Great Spirit, in the dark night?"

The female listened, in deep attention. Her gaze was wild and uncertain, and yet it was not absolutely without gleamings of a half-reviving intelligence. Until that moment, she had been too much occupied in conjecturing the subject of her visit to regard the natural objects by which she was surrounded: but with her attention thus directly turned upon them, her organs of sight embraced each and all, with the discrimination that is so remarkable in those whose faculties are quickened by danger and necessity. Passing from side to side, her swift glances ran over the distant hamlet, with its little fort; the buildings in the near grounds; the soft and verdant fields; the fragrant orchard, beneath whose leafy shades she stood, and the blackened tower, that rose in its centre, like some gloomy memorial, placed there to remind the spectator not to trust too fondly to the signs of peace and loveliness that reigned around. Shaking back the ringlets that had blown about her temples,

the wondering female returned thoughtfully and in silence to her place.

"'Tis a village of the Yengeese!" she said, after a long and expressive pause. "A Narragansett woman does not love to look at the lodges of the hated race."

"Listen.—Lies have never entered the ears of Narra-mattah. My tongue hath spoken like the tongue of a chief. Thou didst not come of the sumach, but of the snow. This hand of thine is not like the hands of the women of my tribe; it is little, for the Great Spirit did not make it for work; it is of the color of the sky in the morning, for thy fathers were born near the place where the sun rises. Thy blood is like spring water. All this thou knowest, for none have spoken false in thy ear. Speak—dost thou never see the wigwam of thy father? Does not his voice whisper to thee, in the language of his people?"

The female stood in the attitude which a sibyl might be supposed to assume, while listening to the occult mandates of the mysterious oracle, every faculty entranced and attentive.

"Why does Conanchet ask these questions of his wife? He knows what she knows; he sees what she sees; his mind is her mind. If the Great Spirit made her skin of a different color, he made her heart the same. Narra-mattah will not listen to the lying language; she shuts her ears, for there is deceit in its sounds. She tries to forget it. One tongue can say all she wishes to speak to Conanchet; why should she look back in dreams, when a great chief is her husband?"

The eye of the warrior, as he looked upon the ingenuous and confiding face of the speaker, was kind to fondness. The firmness had passed away, and in its place was left the winning softness of affection, which, as it belongs to nature, is seen, at times, in the expression of an Indian's eye, as strongly as it is ever known to sweeten the intercourse of a more polished condition of life.

"Girl," he said with emphasis, after a moment of thought, as if he would recall her and himself to more important duties, "this is a war-path; all on it are men. Thou wast like the pigeon before its wing opens, when I brought thee from the nest; still the winds of many winters had blown upon thee. Dost never think of the warmth and of the food of the lodge in which thou hast past so many seasons?"

"The wigwam of Conanchet is warm; no woman of the tribe hath as many furs as Narra-mattah."

"He is a great hunter! when they hear his moccason, the

beavers lie down to be killed! But the men of the Pale-faces hold the plow. Does not 'the driven snow' think of those who fenced the wigwam of her father from the cold, or of the manner in which the Yengeese live?"

His youthful and attentive wife seemed to reflect; but raising her face, with an expression of content that could not be counterfeited, she shook her head in the negative.

"Does she never see a fire kindled among the lodges, or hear the whoops of the warriors as they break into a settlement?"

"Many fires have been kindled before her eyes. The ashes of the Narragansett town are not yet cold."

"Does not Narra-mattah hear her father speaking to the God of the Yengeese? Listen—he is asking favor for his child!"

"The Great Spirit of the Narragansett has ears for his people."

"But I hear a softer voice! 'Tis a woman of the Pale-faces among her children; cannot the daughter hear?"

Narra-mattah, or "the driven snow," laid her hand lightly on the arm of the chief, and she looked wistfully and long into his face, without an answer. The gaze seemed to deprecate the anger that might be awakened by what she was about to reveal.

"Chief of my people," she said, encouraged by his still calm and gentle brow to proceed, "what a girl of the clearings sees in her dreams shall not be hid. It is not the lodges of her race, for the wigwam of her husband is warmer. It is not the food and clothes of a cunning people, for who is richer than the wife of a great chief? It is not her father speaking to their Spirit, for there is none stronger than Manitou. Narra-mattah has forgotten all: she does not wish to think of things like these. She knows how to hate a hungry and craving race. But she sees one that the wives of the Narragansetts do not see. She sees a woman with a white skin; her eyes look softly on her child in her dreams; it is not an eye, it is a tongue! It says, what does the wife of Conanchet wish?—is she cold? here are furs—is she hungry? here is venison—is she tired? the arms of the pale woman open, that an Indian girl may sleep. When there is silence in the lodges, when Conanchet and his young men lie down, then does this pale woman speak. Sachem, she does not talk of the battles of her people, nor of the scalps that her warriors have taken, nor of the manner in which the Pequots and Mohicans fear her tribe.

She does not tell how a young Narragansett should obey her husband, nor how the woman must keep food in the lodges for the hunters that are wearied; her tongue useth strange words. It names a mighty and just Spirit; it telleth of peace and not of war; it soundeth as one talking from the clouds; it is like the falling of the water among rocks. Narra-mattah loves to listen, for the words seem to her like the Wish-Ton-Wish, when he whistles in the woods."

Conanchet had fastened a look of deep and affectionate interest on the wild and sweet countenance of the being who stood before him. She had spoken in that attitude of earnest and natural eloquence that no art can equal; and when she ceased, he laid a hand, in kind but melancholy fondness, on the half-inclined and motionless head, as he answered:

"This is the bird of night singing to its young! The Great Spirit of thy fathers is angry, that thou livest in the lodge of a Narragansett. His sight is too cunning to be cheated. He knows that the moccasin, and the wampum, and the robe of fur are liars; he sees the color of the skin beneath."

"Conanchet, no!" returned the female hurriedly, and with a decision her timidity did not give reason to expect. "He seeth further than the skin, and knoweth the color of the mind. He hath forgotten that one of his girls is missing."

"It is not so. The eagle of my people was taken into the lodges of the pale faces. He was young, and they taught him to sing with another tongue. The colors of his feathers were changed, and they thought to cheat the Manitou. But when the door was open, he spread his wings and flew back to his nest. It is not so. What hath been done is good, and what will be done is better. Come, there is a straight path before us."

Thus saying, Conanchet motioned to his wife to follow toward the group of captives. The foregoing dialogue had occurred in a place where the two parties were partially concealed from each other by the ruin; but as the distance was so trifling, the Sachem and his companion were soon confronted with those he sought. Leaving his wife a little without the circle, Conanchet advanced, and taking the unresisting and half-unconscious Ruth by the arm, he led her forward. He placed the two females in attitudes where each might look the other full in the face. Strong emotion struggled in a countenance, which, in spite of its fierce mask of war-paint, could not entirely conceal its workings.

"See," he said in English, looking earnestly from one to the other. "The Good Spirit is not ashamed of his work. What he hath done, he hath done; Narragansett nor Yengeese can alter it. This is the white bird that came from the sea," he added, touching the shoulder of Ruth lightly with a finger, "and this the young, that she warmed under her wing."

Then, folding his arms on his naked breast, he appeared to summon his energy, lest, in the scene that he knew must follow, his manhood might be betrayed into some act unworthy of his name.

The captives were necessarily ignorant of the meaning of the scene which they had just witnessed. So many strange and savage-looking forms were constantly passing and repassing before their eyes, that the arrival of one more or less was not likely to be noted. Until she heard Conanchet speak in her native tongue, Ruth had lent no attention to the interview between him and his wife. But the figurative language and no less remarkable action of the Narragansett had the effect to arouse her suddenly, and in the most exciting manner, from her melancholy.

No child of tender age ever unexpectedly came before the eyes of Ruth Heathcote, without painfully recalling the image of the cherub she had lost. The playful voice of infancy never surprised her ear, without the sound conveying a pang to the heart; nor could allusion, ever so remote, be made to persons or events that bore resemblance to the sad incidents of her own life, without quickening the never-dying pulses of maternal love. No wonder, then, that when she found herself in the situation and under the circumstances described, nature grew strong within her, and that her mind caught glimpses, however dim and indistinct they might be, of a truth that the reader has already anticipated. Still, a certain and intelligible clue was wanting. Fancy had ever painted her child in the innocence and infancy in which it had been torn from her arms; and here, while there was so much to correspond with reasonable expectation, there was little to answer to the long and fondly cherished picture. The delusion, if so holy and natural a feeling may thus be termed, had been too deeply seated to be dispossessed at a glance. Gazing long, earnestly, and with features that varied with every changing feeling, she held the stranger at the length of her two arms, alike unwilling to release her hold, or to admit her closer to a heart which might rightfully be the property of another.

"Who art thou?" demanded the mother in a voice that was tremulous with the emotions of that sacred character. "Speak, mysterious and lovely being—who art thou?"

Narra-mattah had turned a terrified and imploring look at the immovable and calm form of the chief, as if she sought protection from him at whose hands she had been accustomed to receive it. But a different sensation took possession of her mind, when she heard sounds which had too often soothed the ear of infancy, ever to be forgotten. Struggling ceased, and her pliant form assumed the attitude of intense and entranced attention. Her head was bent aside, as if the ear were eager to drink in a repetition of the tones, while her bewildered and delighted eye still sought the countenance of her husband.

"Vision of the woods!—wilt thou not answer?" continued Ruth. "If there is reverence for the Holy One of Israel in thine heart, answer, that I may know thee!"

"Hist! Conanchet!" murmured the wife, over whose features the glow of pleased and wild surprise continued to deepen. "Come near, Sachem; the Spirit that talketh to Narra-mattah in her dreams is nigh."

"Woman of the Yengeese!" said the husband, advancing with dignity to the spot, "let the clouds blow from thy sight. Wife of a Narragansett! see clearly. The Manitou of your race speaks strong. He telleth a mother to know her child!"

Ruth could hesitate no longer; neither sound nor exclamation escaped her, but as she strained the yielding frame of her recovered daughter to her heart, it appeared as if she strove to incorporate the two bodies into one. A cry of pleasure and astonishment drew all around her. Then came the evidence of the power of nature when strongly awakened. Age and youth alike acknowledged its potency, and recent alarms were overlooked in the pure joy of such a moment. The spirit of even the lofty-minded Conanchet was shaken. Raising the hand, at whose wrist still hung the bloody tomahawk, he veiled his face, and, turning aside, that none might see the weakness of so great a warrior, he wept.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.—JOHN A. HOWS.

To-day there is a purple haze o'er all the landscape,
And the distant hills are covered with a veil
Of warm and misty blue, which, spreading
Softly to the upper sky, grows warmer still
And golden, in the yellow sunshine.
In the woods, a mellow radiance:
As in a church, where painted windows
Flood the air, languid and rich with incense.
Here a tall and many-tinted maple
Shines like some great east-window,
Thick-set with pictured Saints and Angels:
There a slender birch, far in the woods
Lights up their purple dimness like a lancet
In the shadow of some narrow aisle.
Through the trees the lazy breathings of the
South wind come and go, laden with scents
Of orchards, and of beehives, of forest grapes
And autumn flowers; and, most of all,
Of withered autumn leaves, that falling with
Faint rustle, lie amid the ferns, and gem
The banks of grey and verdant moss with brightest hues.
Beneath the hills, the lake is sleeping in the
Midday sun; flashing in golden ripples here and there
Where wing of waterfowl, and leaping fish
Startle its mirrored rest; while in its
Bosom, as it dreams, it bears the many-
Colored glories of the autumn woods
That looked upon it from the glowing shore,
When first the frosty morning wind called up
The waves, to welcome in the day with dances.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.—JOHN KEBLE.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.

Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stain'd with fear and strife;
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,
 What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while
 Your first and perfect form ye show,
 The same that won Eve's matron smile
 In the world's opening glow.
 The stars of heaven a course are taught
 Too high above our human thought;
 Ye may be found if ye are sought,
 And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
 Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,
 And guilty man, where'er he roams,
 Your innocent mirth may borrow.
 The birds of air before us fleet,
 They cannot brook our shame to meet—
 But we may taste your solace sweet
 And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
 Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
 Your silent lessons, undescried
 By all but lowly eyes;
 For ye could draw the admiring gaze
 Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys;
 Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
 He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
 As when He paus'd and own'd you good;
 His blessing on earth's primal bower,
 Ye felt it all renew'd.
 What care ye now, if winter's storm
 Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
 Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,
 Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
 That daily court you and caress,
 How few the happy secret find
 Of your calm loveliness!
 "Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
 To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight,
 Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
 And Heaven thy morn will bless."

THE SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.—MISS SEDGWICK.

The observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal affairs were suspended; and so zealously did our fathers maintain the letter, as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to *work* on Sunday.

It must be confessed, that the tendency of the age is to laxity; and so rapidly is the wholesome strictness of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary, fifty years hence, in exploring his garret rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn, that, even now, the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Judaical severity.

On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns' matrons, are plying the needle, making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or *help*, (we prefer the national descriptive term), are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all *tidy* for the sabbath.

As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and after the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well-ordered household, and not a foot-fall is heard in the village street. It cannot be denied, that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate their usual bed time. The obvious inference from this fact is skillfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege, that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire, how this peculiarity was adjusted, when the first day of the week was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and with solemn demeanor, bend

their measured steps to the meeting-house ;—the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality, which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent. If a morning salutation is reciprocated, it is in a suppressed voice ; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter—"My dear, you forget it's Sunday," is the ever ready reproof.

Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

The farmer's ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daughters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, pruned shoes, Leghorn hats, fans and parasols, and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society—a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonition of his fellows.

Toward the close of the day, (or to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings, who first used it), "when the Sabbath begins to *abate*," the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain ; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk ; the boys gather on "the green ;" the lads and girls throng to the "singing school ;" while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor ; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.—MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
 There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears,
 But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away,
 And bent with pitying glance to hear each word he had to say.
 The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
 And he said: "I never more shall see my own—my native land!
 Take a message and a token to the distant friends of mine,
 For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
 To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
 That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
 Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
 And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
 The death-wound on their gallant breasts—the last of many scars.
 But some were young, and suddenly beheld Life's morn decline—
 And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
 For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
 For my father was a soldier, and even when a child,
 My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
 And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty board,
 I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword!
 And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
 On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sisters not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
 When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
 But look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
 For their brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die!
 And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
 And to hang the old sword in its place—(my father's sword and mine,)
 For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another—not a sister, in happy days gone by,
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—
 O, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
 Tell her the last night of my life—for ere the morn be risen,
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
 I dreamed I stood with her and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were 'on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine!

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed, and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn!
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.—MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Our western land can boast no lovelier spot.
The hills which in their ancient grandeur stand,
Piled to the frowning clouds, the bulwarks seem
Of this wild scene, resolved that none but Heaven
Shall look upon its beauty. Round their breast
A curtained fringe depends, of golden mist,
Touched by the slanting sunbeams; while below
The silent river, with majestic sweep,
Pursues his shadowed way—his glassy face
Unbroken, save when stoops the lone wild swan
To float in pride, or dip his ruffled wing.
Talk ye of solitude!—It is not here.
Nor silence. Low, deep murmurs are abroad.
Those towering hills hold converse with the sky
That smiles upon their summits; and the wind
Which stirs their wooded sides, whispers of life,
And bears the burden sweet from leaf to leaf,
Bidding the stately forest-boughs look bright,
And nod to greet his coming! And the brook,
That with its silvery gleam comes leaping down
From the hillside, has, too, a tale to tell;
The wild bird's music mingles with its chime;
And gay young flowers, that blossom in its path,
Send forth their perfume as an added gift.
The river utters, too, a solemn voice,
And tells of deeds long past, in ages gone,
When not a sound was heard along his shores,
Save the wild tread of savage feet, or shriek
Of some expiring captive—and no bark
E'er cleft his gloomy waters. Now, his waves
Are vocal often with the hunter's song;
Now visit, in their glad and onward course,

The abodes of happy men, gardens, and fields,
And cultured plains—still bearing, as they pass,
Fertility renewed and fresh delights.

The time has been—so Indian legends say—
When here the mighty Delaware poured not
His ancient waters through, but turned aside
Through yonder dell and washed those shaded vales.
Then, too, these riven cliffs were one smooth hill,
Which smiled in the warm sunbeams, and displayed
The wealth of summer on its graceful slope.
Thither the hunter-chieftains oft repaired
To light their council-fires; while its dim height,
For ever veiled in mist, no mortal dared,
'T is said, to scale; save one white-haired old man,
Who there held commune with the Indian's God,
And thence brought down to men his high commands.
Years passed away: the gifted seer had lived
Beyond life's natural term, and bent no more
His weary limbs to seek the mountain's summit.
New tribes had filled the land, of fiercer mien,
Who strove against each other. Blood and death
Filled those green shades where all before was peace,
And the stern warrior scalped his dying captive
E'en on the precincts of that holy spot
Where the Great Spirit had been. Some few, who mourned
The unnatural slaughter, urged the aged priest
Again to seek the consecrated height,
Succor from Heaven, and mercy to implore.
They watched him from afar. He labored slowly
High up the steep ascent, and vanished soon
Behind the folded clouds, which clustered dark
As the last hues of sunset passed away.
The night fell heavily; and soon were heard
Low tones of thunder from the mountain-top,
Muttering, and echoed from the distant hills
In deep and solemn peal; while lurid flashes
Of lightning rent anon the gathering gloom.
Then, wilder and more loud, a fearful crash
Burst on the startled ear; the earth, convulsed,
Groaned from its solid centre; forests shook
For leagues around; and, by the sudden gleam
Which flung a fitful radiance on the spot,
A sight of dread was seen. The mount was rent
From top to base; and where so late had smiled
Green boughs and blossoms, yawned a frightful chasm,
Filled with unnatural darkness. From afar
The distant roar of waters then was heard;
They came, with gathering sweep, o'erwhelming all
That checked their headlong course; the rich maize field,
The low-roofed hut, its sleeping inmates—all
Were swept in speedy, undistinguished ruin!
Morn looked upon the desolated scene

Of the Great Spirit's anger, and beheld
Strange waters passing through the cloven rocks;
And men looked on in silence and in fear,
And far removed their dwellings from the spot,
Where now no more the hunter chased his prey,
Or the war-whoop was heard. Thus years went on;
Each trace of desolation vanished fast;
Those bare and blackened cliffs were overspread
With fresh, green foliage, and the swelling earth
Yielded her stores of flowers to deck their sides.
The river passed majestically on
Through his new channel; verdure graced his banks;
The wild bird murmured sweetly as before
In its beloved woods; and naught remained,
Save the wild tales which hoary chieftains told,
To mark the change celestial vengeance wrought.

FAMILY PICTURES—MR. BRITAIN AND HIS SPOUSE.—DICKENS.

It was a warm autumn afternoon, and there had been heavy rain. The sun burst suddenly from among the clouds: and the old battle-ground, sparkling brilliantly and cheerfully at sight of it in one green place, flashed a responsive welcome there, which spread along the country side as if a joyful beacon had been lighted up, and answered from a thousand stations.

How beautiful the landscape kindling in the light, and that luxuriant influence passing on like a celestial presence, brightening everything! The wood, a sombre mass before, revealed its varied tints of yellow, green, brown, red; its different forms of trees, with raindrops glittering on their leaves and twinkling as they fell. The verdant meadow-land, bright and glowing, seemed as if it had been blind a minute since, and now had found a sense of sight wherewith to look up at the shining sky. Corn-fields, hedge-rows, fences, homesteads, the clustered roofs, the steeple of the church, the stream, the watermill, all sprung out of the gloomy darkness, smiling. Birds sang sweetly, flowers raised their drooping heads, fresh scents arose from the invigorated ground; the blue expanse above, extended and diffused itself; already the sun's slanting rays pierced mortally the sullen bank of cloud that lingered in its flight; and a rainbow spirit of all the colors that adorned the earth and sky, spanned the whole arch with its triumphant glory.

At such a time, one little roadside Inn, snugly sheltered be-

hind a great elm-tree with a rare seat for idlers encircling its capacious bole, addressed a cheerful front toward the traveler, as a house of entertainment ought, and tempted him with many mute but significant assurances of a comfortable welcome. The ruddy sign-board perched up in the tree, with its golden letters winking in the sun, ogled the passer-by from among the green leaves, like a jolly face, and promised good cheer. The horse-trough, full of clear fresh-water, and the ground below it, sprinkled with droppings of fragrant hay, made every horse that passed prick up his ears. The crimson curtains in the lower rooms, and the pure white hangings in the little bed-chambers above, beckoned, Come in! with every breath of air. Upon the bright green shutters, there were golden legends about beer and ale, and neat wines, and good beds; and an affecting picture of a brown jug frothing over at the top. Upon the window-sills were flowering plants in bright red pots, which made a lively show against the white front of the house; and in the darkness of the doorway there were streaks of light, which glanced off from the surfaces of bottles and tankards.

On the door-step, appeared a proper figure of a landlord, too; for though he was a short man, he was round and broad; and stood with his hands in his pockets, and his legs just wide enough apart to express a mind at rest upon the subject of the cellar, and an easy confidence—too calm and virtuous to become a swagger—in the general resources of the Inn. The superabundant moisture, trickling from everything after the late rain, set him off well. Nothing near him was thirsty. Certain top-heavy dahlias, looking over the palings of his neat well-ordered garden, had swilled as much as they could carry; but the sweet-briar, roses, wall-flowers, the plants at the windows, and the leaves on the old tree were in the beaming state of moderate company that had taken no more than was wholesome for them, and had served to develop their best qualities. Sprinkling dewy drops about them on the ground, they seemed profuse of innocent and sparkling mirth, that did good where it lighted, softening neglected corners which the steady rain could seldom reach, and hurting nothing.

This village Inn had assumed, on being established, an uncommon sign. It was called The Nutmeg Grater. And underneath that household word, was inscribed, up in the tree, on the same flaming board, and in the like golden characters, By Benjamin Britain.

At a second glance, and on a more minute examination of his face, you might have known that it was no other than Benjamin Britain himself that stood in the doorway—reasonably changed by time, but for the better; a very comfortable host indeed.

"Mrs. B.," said Mr. Britain, looking down the road, "is rather late. It's tea time."

As there was no Mrs. Britain coming, he strolled leisurely out into the road and looked up at the house, very much to his satisfaction. "It's just the sort of house," said Benjamin, "I should wish to stop at, if I didn't keep it."

Then he strolled toward the garden paling, and took a look at the dahlias. They looked over at him with a helpless, drowsy hanging of their heads: which bobbed again, as the heavy drops of wet dripped off them.

"You must be looked after," said Benjamin. "Memorandum, not to forget to tell her so. She's a long time coming!"

Mr. Britain's better half seemed to be by so very much his better half, that his own moiety of himself was utterly cast away and helpless without her.

"She hadn't much to do, I think," said Ben. "There were a few little matters of business after market, but not many. Oh! here we are at last!"

A chaise-cart, driven by a boy, came clattering along the road: and seated in it, in a chair, with a large well-saturated umbrella spread out to dry behind her, was the plump figure of a matronly woman, with her bare arms folded across a basket which she carried on her knee, several other baskets and parcels lying crowded about her, and a certain bright good-nature in her face and contented awkwardness in her manner, as she jogged to and fro with the motion of her carriage, which smacked of old times, even in the distance. Upon her nearer approach, this relish of bygone days was not diminished; and when the cart stopped at the Nutmeg Grater door, a pair of shoes, alighting from it, slipped nimbly through Mr. Britain's open arms, and came down with a substantial weight upon the pathway, which shoes could hardly have belonged to any one but Clemency Newcome.

In fact they did belong to her, and she stood in them, and a rosy comfortable-looking soul she was; with as much soap on her glossy face as in times of yore, but with whole elbows now, that had grown quite dimpled in her improved condition.

"You're late, Clemmy!" said Mr. Britain.

"Why, you see, Ben, I've had a deal to do!" she replied, looking busily after the safe removal into the house of all the packages and baskets; "eight, nine, ten—where's eleven? Oh! my baskets, eleven! It's all right. Put the horse up, Harry, and if he coughs again give him a warm mash to-night. Eight, nine, ten. Why, where's eleven? Oh I forgot, it's all right. How's the children, Ben?"

"Hearty, Clemmy, hearty."

"Bless their precious faces!" said Mrs. Britain, unbonneting her own round countenance (for she and her husband were by this time in the bar), and smoothing her hair with her open hands. "Give us a kiss, old man."

Mr. Britain promptly complied.

"I think," said Mrs. Britain, applying herself to her pockets, and drawing forth an immense bulk of thin books and crumpled papers, a very kennel of dogs' ears: "I've done everything. Bills all settled—turnips sold—brewer's account looked into and paid—'bacco pipes ordered—seventeen pound four paid into the Bank."

"Then there's the pony," said Clemency—"he fetched eight pound two; and that an't bad, is it?"

"It's very good," said Ben.

"I'm glad you're pleased!" exclaimed his wife. "I thought you would be; and I think that's all, and so no more at present from yours and cetrer, C. Britain."

Though the host of the Nutmeg Grater had a lively regard for his good wife, it was of the old patronising kind; and she amused him mightily. Nothing would have astonished him so much, as to have known for certain from any third party, that it was she who managed the whole house, and made him, by her plain straightforward thrift, good-humor, honesty, and industry, a thriving man. So easy it is, in any degree of life (as the world very often finds it), to take those cheerful natures that never assert their merit, at their own modest valuation; and to conceive a flippant liking of people for their outward oddities and eccentricities, whose innate worth, if we would look so far, might make us blush in the comparison!

It was comfortable to Mr. Britain, to think of his own condescension in having married Clemency. She was a perpetual testimony to him of the goodness of his heart, and the kindness of his disposition; and he felt that her being an excellent wife was an illustration of the old precept, that virtue is its own reward.

PARRHASIUS.—N. P. WILLIS.

The golden light into the painter's room
 Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
 From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
 And, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
 Like forms and landscapes magical, they lay.
 The walls were hung with armour, and about,
 In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms
 Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
 And from the casement soberly away
 Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,
 And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
 The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvass. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
 Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
 My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift;
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens, around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.

"Ha! bind him on his back!
 Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
 Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
 Now bend him to the rack!
 Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

"So—let him writhe! How long
 Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
 What a fine agony works upon his brow!
 Ha! grey-haired, and so strong!
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
 Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity" thee! So I do!
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
 But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
 I'd rack thee, though I knew

A thousand lives were perishing in thine :
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine ?

“Ha! there's a deathless name—
A spirit, that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn ;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me.

“Ay, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst ;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild ;—

“Al, I would do it all,
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot ;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
O heavens! but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive—Ha! on your lives,
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives !

“Vain, vain; give o'er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow.
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

“Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead!”

ROME.—BYRON.

O Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee—
Lone mother of dead empires! and control,
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are your woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day:—
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climbed the Capitol: far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us: we but feel our way to err:
 The Ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
 And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
 But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
 Our hands and cry "Eureka! it is clear!"—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas! for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictured page! but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.
 Alas! for earth; for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!

THE EXECUTION OF QUEEN MARY.—LAMARTINE.

THE Queen arrived in the hall of death. Pale, but unflinching, she contemplated the dismal preparations. There lay the block and the axe. There stood the executioner and his assistant. All were clothed in mourning. On the floor was scattered the sawdust which was to soak her blood, and in a dark corner lay the bier which was to be her last prison. It was

nine o'clock when the Queen appeared in the funeral hall. Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, and certain privileged persons, to the number of more than two hundred, were assembled. The hall was hung with black cloth; the scaffold, which was elevated about two feet and a half above the ground, was covered with black frieze of Lancaster; the arm-chair in which Mary was to sit, the footstool on which she was to kneel, the block on which her head was to be laid, were covered with black velvet.

The Queen was clothed in mourning like the hall and as the ensigns of punishment. Her black velvet robe, with its high collar and hanging sleeves, was bordered with ermine. Her mantle, lined with marten sable, was of satin, with pearl buttons, and a long train. A chain of sweet-smelling beads, to which was attached a scapulary, and beneath that a golden cross, fell upon her bosom. Two rosaries were suspended to her girdle, and a long veil of white lace, which in some measure softened this costume of a widow and of a condemned criminal was thrown around her.

* * * * *

Arrived on the scaffold, Mary seated herself in the chair provided for her, with her face toward the spectators. The Dean of Peterborough, in ecclesiastical costume, sat on the right of the Queen, with a black velvet footstool before him. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were seated like him on the right, but upon larger chairs. On the other side of the Queen stood the Sheriff Andrews, with white wand. In front of Mary were seen the executioner and his assistant, distinguishable by their vestments of black velvet, with red crape round the left arm. Behind the Queen's chair, ranged by the wall, wept her attendants and maidens. In the body of the hall, the nobles and citizens from the neighboring counties were guarded by the musketeers of Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drew Drury. Beyond the balustrade was the bar of the tribunal. The sentence was read; the Queen protested against it in the name of royalty and of innocence, but accepted death for the sake of the faith. She then knelt before the block, and the executioner proceeded to remove her veil. She repelled him by a gesture, and turning toward the Earls with a blush on her forehead, "I am not accustomed," she said, "to be undressed before so numerous a company, and by the hands of such grooms of the chamber." She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who took off her mantle, her veil, her chains, cross and scapulary. On

their touching her robe, the Queen told them to unloose the corsage, and fold down the ermine collar, so as to leave her neck bare for the axe. Her maidens weepingly yielded her these last services. Melvil and the three other attendants wept and lamented, and Mary placed her finger on her lips to signify that they should be silent. She then arranged the handkerchief embroidered with thistles of gold, with which her eyes had been covered by Jane Kennedy. Thrice she kissed the crucifix, each time repeating, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." She knelt anew, and leant her head on that block which was already scored with deep marks; and in this solemn attitude she again recited some verses from the Psalms. The executioner interrupted her at the third verse by a blow of the axe, but its trembling stroke only grazed her neck; she groaned slightly, and the second blow separated the head from the body.

EARTH, WITH HER THOUSAND VOICES, PRAISES GOD.—LONGFELLOW.

When first, in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue,
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and Elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord;—
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him, the Eternal One,—
To Him, that, with bright inspiration, touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warmed the soul with new vitality,
A stirring energy through nature breathed;
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit
Moved in the hearts of men to do him homage;
And when the Morning smiled, or Evening, pale,
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,
They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,
Where the pale vine hung round their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,

And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below
 The bright and widely wandering rivulet
 Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots,
 That choked its reedy fountain—and dark rocks,
 Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there
 The listless wave, that stole, with mellow voice,
 Where reeds grew rank upon the rushy brink,
 And to the wandering wind the green sedge bent,
 Sang a sweet song of fixed tranquillity.
 Men felt the heavenly influence; and it stole
 Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;
 And even the air they breathed,—the light they saw,—
 Became religion;—for the ethereal spirit,
 That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,
 And mellows everything to beauty, moved
 With cheering energy within their breasts,
 And made all holy there—for all was love.
 The morning stars, that sweetly sang together—
 The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky—
 Dayspring—and eventide—and all the fair
 And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice
 Of eloquent worship. Ocean, with its tide,
 Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
 Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
 The pulses of the sea, sent forth a voice
 Of awful adoration to the Spirit,
 That, wrapped in darkness, moved upon its face.
 And when the bow of evening arched the east,
 Or, in the moonlight pale, the gentle wave
 Kissed, with a sweet embrace, the sea-worn beach,
 And the wild song of winds came o'er the waters,
 The mingled melody of wind and wave
 Touched like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
 For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
 And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth
 No pure reflections caught from heavenly love?
 Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?
 Let him, that, in the summer-day of youth,
 Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,
 And him, that, in the nightfall of his years,
 Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
 His weary eyes on life's short wayfaring,
 Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

WILLIAM TELL.—JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

GESLER, TELL, and ALBERT, VERNER, SARNEM, and Soldiers.

Sarnem. Down, slave!

Behold the governor. Down! down! and beg
For mercy!

Gesler. Does he hear?—Thy name?

Tell. My name?

It matters not to keep it from thee now:

My name is Tell.

Ges. Tell!—William Tell?

Tell. The same.

Ges. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat!
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss!—[*Aside.*] Indeed! I'll take
Exquisite vengeance!—Mark! I'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's, too. Both of you are free—on one
Condition.

Tell. Name it.

Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow
You shoot so well with.

Tell. Name the trial you

Would have me make. [Tell looks on Albert.]

Ges. You look upon your boy,
As though instinctively you guessed it.

Tell. Look

Upon my boy!—What mean you? Look upon
My boy, as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean—No—no—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.

Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.

Tell. Is my boy to hold it?

Ges. No.

Tell. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!

Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great Heaven,
Thou hear'st him!

Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.

Tell. O, monster!

Ges. Wilt thou do it?

Alb. He will! he will!

Tell. Ferocious monster! Make

A father murder his own child!

Ges. Take off

His chains, if he consents.

Tell. With his own hand!

Ges. Does he consent?

Alb. He does.

[*Gesler signs to his Officers, who proceed to take off
Tell's chains, Tell all the while unconscious of
what they do.*]

Tell. With his own hand!

Murder his child with his own hand!

The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!

[*His chains fall off.*] What's that you

Have done to me? [*To the Guard.*]

Villains! put on my chains again.

My hands

Are free from blood, and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's!—

I'll not

Murder my boy for Gesler.

Alb. Father—father!

You will not hit me, father!

Ges. Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father, no!

To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.

Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth—

I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me!—Do

You know for what?—I will not make the trial,

To take him to his mother in my arms,

And lay him down a corse before her!

Ges. Then

He dies this moment; and you certainly

Do murder him, whose life you have a chance

To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well—I'll do it!

I'll make the trial.

Alb. Father!

Tell. Speak not to me.

Let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb;

And so should all things be—earth should be dumb

And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at

The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me

My bow and quiver!

Ges. That is your ground.—Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.

Tell. Is

The line a true one?

Ges. True or not, what is't
To thee?

Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing: a yard or two
Is nothing here or there, were it a wolf
I shot at!

Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.

Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun. [*To the Attendant.*]

Ges. And what of that?
What matter, whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I'd have it at my back.—The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots,
I cannot see to shoot against the sun:—
I will not shoot against the sun!

Ges. Give him his way!—Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.

Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm about to shoot at.

Ges. Show me
The basket.—There! [*Gives a very small apple.*]

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Ges. I know I have.

Tell. Oh! do you?—But you see
The color of't is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.

Ges. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.
Tell. True—true—I didn't think of that. I wonder
I did not think of that.—Give me some chance
To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple.*] I will not murder him,

If I can help it—for the honor of
The form thou wear'st, if all the heart is gone.

Ges. Well! choose thyself.

[*Hands a basket of apples.—Tell takes one.*]

Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?

Verner. Here, Tell!

Tell. I thank thee, Verner!—Take the boy
And set him, Verner, with his back to me.—
Set him upon his knees; and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady—tell him
I'll hit the apple!—Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! [*Leading him out.*]

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go?

Ver. No—

Alb. I would only kiss his hand—

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must!—I cannot go from him without!

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. His will, is it?

I am content, then; come.

Tell. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*]

Alb. My father! [*Running into Tell's arms.*]

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go now,

My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—

Go, boy—be thou but steady, I will hit

The apple. Go: God bless thee!—Go.

My bow! [*Sarnem gives the bow.*]

Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou?—Thou

Hast never failed him yet, old servant.—No,

I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty;

Thou'rt stanch—stanch;—I'd deserve to find thee treacherous,

Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake

My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver. [*Retires.*]

Ges. Give him a single arrow. [*To an Attendant.*]

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?

The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged;

That's all the use 'tis fit for. [*Breaks it.*]

Ges. Let him have

Another. [*Tell examines it.*]

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,

But yet not good enough for such an aim

As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:

I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver

Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen

I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less

A dove like that!—What is't you fear? I'm but

A naked man, a wretched naked man!

Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,

With every one of you a weapon in

His hand. What can I do in such a strait

With all the arrows in that quiver?.. Come,

Will you give it me or not?

Ges. It matters not,

Show him the quiver.

[*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow, then secretes one in his vest.*]

Tell. See if the boy is ready.

Ver. He is.

Tell. I'm ready too.—Keep silence for [*To the people.*]

Heaven's sake! and do not stir, and let me have

Your prayers—your prayers:—and be my witnesses,

That if his life's in peril from my hand,

'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless

And silent!

[*Tell shoots; and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd.*]

Ver. [*Rushing in with Albert.*] Thy boy is safe; no hair of him is touched!

Alb. Father, I'm safe!—your Albert's safe! Dear father, Speak to me! speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!
Open his vest,
And give him air.

[*Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops; Tell start, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*]

Tell. My boy! my boy!

Ges. For what

Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

Liberty

Would at thy downfall shout from every peak!
My country then were free!

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.—MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Oh, I love an old-fashioned thanksgiving,
When the crops are all safe in the barn;
When the chickens are plump with good living,
And the wool is all spun into yarn.

It is pleasant to draw round the table,
When uncles and cousins are there,
And grandpa, who scarcely is able,
Sits down in his old oaken chair.

It is pleasant to wait for the blessing,
With a heart free from malice and strife,
While a turkey that's portly with dressing,
Lies, meekly awaiting the knife.

Amid all the varieties of architecture—Grecian, Gothic, Swiss, Chinese, and even Egyptian, to be met with on Long Island, there may yet be found some genuine old farms, with barns instead of carriage-houses, and cow-sheds in the place of pony stables. To these old houses are still attached generous gardens, hedged in with picket-fences, and teeming with vegetables, and front yards full of old-fashioned shrubbery, with thick grass half a century old mossing them over. These things, primitive, and full of the olden times, are not yet crowded out of sight by sloping lawns, gravel walks and newly acclimated flowers; and if they do not so vividly appeal to the taste, those, who have

hearts, sometimes find them softened by the relics of the past, to warmer and sweeter feelings than mere fancy ever aroused.

One of these old houses, a low-roofed, unpretending dwelling, exhibiting unmistakable evidence of what had once been white paint on the edges of its clap-boards, and crowned by a huge stone chimney, whose generous throat seemed half choked up with swallows' nests, belonged to a character in our story which the reader cannot have forgotten without breaking the author's heart.

It was autumn—but a generous, balmy autumn, that seemed to cajole and flatter the summer into keeping it company close up to Christmas. True, the gorgeous tints of a late Indian summer lay richly among the trees, but some patches of bright green were still left, defying the season, and putting aside, from day to day, the red and golden veil which the frost was constantly endeavoring to cast over them.

In front of the old house stood two maples—noble trees, such as have had no time to root themselves around your modern cottages. These maples, symmetrical as a pair of huge pine cones, rose against the house a perfect cloud of gorgeous foliage. One was red as blood, and with a dash of the most vivid green still keeping its hold down the centre of each leaf—the other golden all over, as if its roots were nourished in the metallic soil of California, and its leaves dusted by the winds that drift up gold in the valley of Sacramento. These superb trees blended and wove their ripe leaves together, now throwing out a wave of red, now a mass of gold, and here a tinge of green in splendid confusion.

All around, under these maples, the grass was littered with a fantastic carpet of leaves, showered down from their branches. They hung around the huge old lilac bushes. They fluttered down to the rose thickets, and lay in patches of torn crimson and crumpled gold among the house-leeks and mosses on the roof.

In and out, through this shower of ripe leaves fluttered the swallows. In and out along the heavy branches, darted a pair of red squirrels, who owned a nest in one of the oldest and most stately trees. In and out, through the long, low kitchen, the parlor, the pantries, and the milk-room, went and came our old friend, Mrs. Gray, the comely huckster-woman of Fulton market. That house was hers. That great square garden at the back door was hers. How comfortable and harvest-like it lay, sloping down toward the south, divided into sections,

crowded with parsnips, beets, onions, potatoes, raspberry thickets, and strawberry patches; in short, running over with a stock in trade that had furnished her market stall during the year.

The season was late. The frost had been there nipping, biting and pinching up the noble growth of vegetables that was to supply Mrs. Gray's stall in the winter months. Half the great white onions lay above ground, with their silvery coats exposed. The beet beds were of a deep blackish crimson; and the cucumber vines had yielded up their last delicate gherkins. All her neighbors had gathered in their crops days ago, but the good old lady only laughed and chuckled over the example thus offered for her imitation. New England born and accustomed to the sharp east winds of Maine, she cared nothing for the petty frosts that only made the leaves of her beet and parsnip beds gorgeous, while their precious bulbs lay safely bedded in the soil. No matter what others did, she never gathered her garden crop till Thanksgiving. That was her harvest time, her great yearly jubilee—the season when her accounts were reckoned up—when her barns and cellars were running over with the wealth of her little farm.

Christmas, New Year, the Fourth of July, in short, all the holidays of the year were crowded into one with Mrs. Gray. During the whole twelve months, she commemorated Thanksgiving only. The reader must not, for a moment, suppose that the Thanksgiving Mrs. Gray loved to honor, was the miserable counterfeit of a holiday proclaimed by the Governor of New York. No! Mrs. Gray scorned this poor attempt at imitation. It made her double chin quiver only to think of it. If ever a look of contempt crept into those benevolent eyes, it was when people would try to convince her that any Governor out of New England, could enter into the spirit of a regular Down-East Thanksgiving; or, that any woman south of old Connecticut, could be educated into the culinary mysteries of a mince pie. Her faith was boundless, her benevolence great, but in these things Mrs. Gray could not force herself to believe.

You should have seen the old lady as Thanksgiving week drew near—not the New York one, but that solemnly proclaimed by the Governor of Maine. Mrs. Gray heeded no other. That week the woman of a neighboring stall took charge of Mrs. Gray's business. The customers were served by a strange hand; the brightness of her comely face was confined to her own roof tree. She gave thanks to God for the bounties of

the earth, heartily, earnestly ; but it was her pleasure to render these thanks after the fashion of her ancestors.

You should have seen her then, surrounded by raisins, black currants, pumpkin sauce, peeled apples, sugar boxes and plates of golden butter, her plump hand pearly with flour dust, the whole kitchen redolent with ginger, allspice and cloves ! You should have seen her grating orange peel and nutmegs, the border of her snow-white cap rising and falling to the motion of her hands, and the soft gray hair underneath, tucked hurriedly back of the ear on one side, where it had threatened to be in the way.

You should have seen her in that large, splint-bottomed rocking-chair, with a wooden bowl in her capacious lap, and a sharp chopping-knife in her right hand ; with what a soft, easy motion the chopping-knife fell ! with what a quiet and smiling air the dear old lady would take up a quantity of the powdered beef on the flat of her knife, and observe, as it showered softly down to the tray again, that "meat chopped too fine for mince pies was sure poison."

Yes, you should have seen Mrs. Gray at this very time, in order to appreciate fully the perfections of an old-fashioned New England housewife. They are departing from the land. Railroads and steamboats are sweeping them away. In a little time, providing our humble tale is not first sent to oblivion, this very description will have the dignity of an antique subject. Women who cook their own dinners and take care of the work hands are getting to be legendary even now.

The day came at last, bland as the smile of a warm heart, a breath of summer seemed whispering with the over-ripe leaves. The sunshine was of that warm, golden yellow which belongs to the autumn. A few hardy flowers glowed in the front yard, richly tinted dahlias, marigolds, chrysanthemums, and China-asters, with the most velvety amaranths, still kept their bloom, for those huge old maples sheltered them like a tent, and flowers always blossomed later in that house than elsewhere. No wonder ! Inside and out, all was pleasant and genial. The fall flowers seemed to thrive upon Mrs. Gray's smiles. Her rosy countenance, as she overlooked them, seemed to warm up their leaves like a sunbeam. Every thing grew and brightened about her. Every thing combined to make this particular Thanksgiving one to be remembered.

Mrs. Gray had done wonders that morning. The dinner was in a most hopeful state of preparation. The great red crested,

imperious looking turkey, that had strutted away his brief life in the barn-yard, was now snugly bestowed in the oven—Mrs. Gray had not yet degenerated down to a cooking stove—his heavy coat of feathers was scattered to the wind. His head, that arrogant crimson head, that had so often awed the whole poultry yard, lay all unheeded in the dust, close by the horse-block. There he sat, the poor denuded monarch—turned up in a dripping pan, simmering himself down in the kitchen oven. Never, in all his pomp, had that bosom been so warmed and distended—yet the huge turkey had been a sad gourmand in his time. A rich thymy odor broke through every pore of his body; drops of luscious gravy dripped down his sides, filling the oven with an unctuous stream that penetrated a crevice in the door, and made the poor Irish girl cross herself devoutly. She felt her spirit so yearning after the good things of earth, and never having seen Thanksgiving set down in the calendar, was shy of surrendering her heart to a holiday that had no saint to patronize it.

No wonder! the odor that stole so insidiously to her nostrils was appetising, for the turkey had plenty of companionship in the oven. A noble chicken-pie flanked his dripping pan on the right; a delicate sucking pig was drawn up to the left wing; in the rear towered a mountain of roast beef, while the mouth of the oven was choked up with a generous Indian pudding. It was an ovenful worthy of New England, worthy of the day.

The hours came creeping on when guests might be expected.

Mrs. Gray was ready for company, and tried her best to remain with proper dignity in the great rocking chair that she had drawn to a window commanding a long stretch of the road; but every few moments she would start up, bustle across the room, and charge Kitty, the Irish girl, to be careful and watch the oven, to keep a sharp eye on the sauce-pans in the fire-place, and, above all, to have the mince pies within range of the fire, that they might receive a gradual and gentle warmth by the time they were wanted. Then she would return to the room, arrange the branches of asparagus that hung laden with red berries over the looking-glass, or dust the spotless table with her handkerchief, just to keep herself busy, as she said.

At last she heard the distant sound of a wagon, turning down the cross road toward the house. She knew the tramp of her own market horse even at that distance, and seated herself by the window ready to receive her expected guests with becoming dignity.

The little one-horse wagon came down the road with a sort of dash quite honorable to the occasion. Mrs Gray's hired man was beginning to enter into the spirit of a holiday; and the old horse himself made every thing rattle again, he was so eager to reach home the moment it hove in sight.

The wagon drew up to the door yard gate with a flourish worthy of the Third avenue. The hired man sprang out, and with some show of awkward gallantry, lifted a young girl in a pretty pink calico dress and a cottage bonnet, down from the front seat. Mrs. Gray could maintain her position no longer; for the young girl glanced that way with a look so eloquent, a smile so bright, that it warmed the dear old lady's heart like a flash of fire in the winter time. She started up, hastily shook loose the folds of her dress, and went out, rustling all the way like a tree in autumn.

"You are welcome, dear, welcome as green peas in June, or radishes in March," she cried, seizing the little hand held toward her, and kissing the heavenly young face.

The girl turned with a bright look, and making a graceful little wave of the hand toward an aged man who was tenderly helping a female from the wagon, seemed about to speak.

"I understand, dear, I know all about it! the good old people—grandpa and grandma, of course. How could I help knowing them?" Mrs. Gray went up to the old people as she spoke, with a bland welcome in every feature of her face.

"Know them, of course I do!" she said, enfolding the old gentleman's hand with her plump fingers. "I—I—gracious goodness, now, it really does seem as if I had seen that face somewhere!" she added hesitating, and with her eyes fixed doubtingly on the stranger, as if she were calling up some vague remembrance, "strange, now isn't it? but he looks natural as life."

The old man turned a warming glance toward his wife, and then answered, with a grave smile "that, at any rate, Mrs. Gray could never be a stranger to them, she who had done so much—"

She interrupted him with one of her mellow laughs. Thanks for a kind act always made the good woman feel awkward, and she blushed like a girl.

All truly benevolent persons shrink from spoken thanks. The gratitude expressed by looks and actions may give pleasure, but there is something too material in words—they destroy all the refinement of a generous action. Good Mrs. Gray felt this the more sensitively, because her own words had seemed to chal-

lunge the thanks of her guest. The color came into her smooth cheek, and she began to arrange the folds of her dress with both hands, exhibiting a degree of awkwardness quite unusual to her. When she lifted her eyes again, they fell upon a young man coming down the cross road on foot, with an eager and buoyant step.

"There he comes; I thought he would not be long on the way," she cried, while a flash of gladness radiated her face. "It's my nephew; you see him there, Mrs. Warren—no the maple branch is in the way! Here he is again—now look! a noble fellow, isn't he?"

Mrs. Warren looked, and was indeed struck by the free air and superior appearance of the youth. He had evidently walked some distance, for a light over-sacque hung across his arm, and his face was flushed with exercise. Seeing his aunt, the boy waved his hand; his lips parted in a joyous smile, and he hastened his pace almost to a run.

Mrs. Gray's little brown eyes glistened; she could not turn them from the youth even while addressing her guest.

"Isn't he handsome? and good—you have no idea, ma'am, *how* good he is! There, that is just like him, the wild creature!" she continued, as the youth laid one hand upon the doorway fence, and vaulted over, "right into my flower-beds, tramping over the grass there—did you ever?"

"Couldn't help it, Aunt Sarah," shouted the youth, with a careless laugh, "I'm in a hurry to get home, and the gate is too far off. Three kisses for every flower I tramp down—will that do? Ha, what little lady is this?"

The last exclamation was drawn forth by Julia Warren, who had seated herself at the foot of the largest maple, and with her lap full of flowers, was arranging them into bouquets. On hearing Robert's voice she looked up with a glance of pleasant surprise, and a smile broke over her lips. There was something so rosy and joyous in his face, and in the tones of his voice, that it rippled through her heart as if a bird overhead had just broken into song. The youth looked upon her for a moment with his bright, gleeful eyes, then, throwing off his hat and sweeping back the damp chestnut curls from his forehead, he sat down by her side, and cast a glance of laughing defiance at his relative.

"Come out here and get the kisses, Aunt Sarah, I have made up my mind to stay among the flowers!"

Mrs. Gray laughed at the young rogue's impudence, as she called it, and came out to meet him.

At that moment the Irish girl came through the front door with an expression of solemn import in her face. She whispered in a flustered manner to her mistress, and the words "spoilt entirely" reached Robert's ear.

Away went the aunt, all in a state of excitement, to the kitchen.

Whatever mischief had happened in the kitchen, the dinner turned out magnificently. The turkey came upon the table a perfect miracle of cookery. The pig absolutely looked more beautiful than life, crouching in his bed of parsley, with his head up, and holding a lemon daintily between his jaws. The chicken pie, pinched around the edge into a perfect embroidery by the two plump thumbs of Mrs. Gray, and then finished off by an elaborate border done in key work, would have charmed the most fastidious artist.

You have no idea, reader mine, how beautiful colors may be blended on a dinner table, unless you have seen just the kind of feast to which Mrs. Gray invited her guests. The rich brown of the meats; the snow-white bread; the fresh, golden butter; the cranberry sauce, with its bright, ruby tinge, were daintily mingled with plates of pies, arranged after a most tempting fashion. Golden custard; the deep red tart; the brown mince and tawny orange color of the pumpkin, were placed in alternate wedges and radiating from the centre of each plate like a star, stood at equal distances round the table. Water sparkling from the well; currant wine brilliantly red—contrasted with the sheeted snow of the table-cloth; and the gleam of crystal; then that old arm-chair at the head of the table, with its soft crimson cushions. I tell you again, reader, it was a Thanksgiving dinner worthy to be remembered. That poor family from the miserable basement in New York, did remember it for many a weary day after. Mrs. Gray remembered it, for she had given delicious pleasure to those old people. She had, for that one day at least, lifted them from their toil and depression.

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.—REV. GEORGE CROLY.

It was the wild midnight,—a storm was in the sky,
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by;
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore,
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground, three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round the leader of the field.
He spoke no warrior-word, he bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roar'd, and they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element, show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart and flag, and tent, like the spectres of a dream.
All up the mountain side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide, waved the Persian banners pale.

And king Leonidas, among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass, like the lightning's living brand;
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased to moan,
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw, a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill: a host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onward still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came;
And still the Greek rushed on, beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast, the bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name in cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame, was sung in strains divine.
They took the rose-wreath'd lyres from ev'ry cringing slave,
And taught the languid wires the sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star crown'd Eta's twilight brow,
And the Persian horn of war from the hill began to blow;
Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup pour'd high,
Then, hand in hand, they drank—"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell, he saw the warriors come;
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower, till sank the Dorian's targe.

They march'd within the tent, with all their strength unstrung:
To Greece one look they sent, then on high their torches flung;
To heaven the blaze uproll'd, like a mighty altar-fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold were the Grecians' funeral pyre.

Their king sat on the throne, his captains by his side,
While the flame rush'd roaring on, and their pæan loud replied!
Thus fought the Greek of old! Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould bring forth the self-same men?

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast—
A screen of shivering branches
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo! the vision passed.

Again mine eyes were opened—
The feeble had waxed strong;
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng.
By shadowed lake and winding stream,
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

They slept—the village fathers—
By river, lake, and shore,
When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more:
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour;
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore.

Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye:
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try;
"God for the right!" I faltered,
And lo! the train passed by.

Once more; the strife was ended,
The solemn issue tried;
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Had helped our Israel's side:
Gray stone and grassy hillock,
Told where her martyrs died;
And peace was in the borders
Of victory's chosen bride.

A crash...as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees!
With side to side, and spar to spar,
Whose smoking decks are these?

I know Saint George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas;
But what is she, whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze?

Ah! well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips
That pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared, a wreath of stars
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

O, trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought
This Western Palestine!

I see the living tide roll on,
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's "land of flowers;"
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the Northern showers—
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours!

The weary pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed,
The dust was o'er him strown:
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth—
His memory lives alone.

THE HUNTER—A LEGEND.—J. G. WHITTIER.

The hunter went forth with his dog and gun,
In the earliest glow of the golden sun;
The trees of the forest bent over his way,
In the changeful colors of autumn gay;
For a frost had fallen, the night before,
On the quiet greenness which nature wore:—

A bitter frost!—for the night was chill,
And starry and dark, and the wind was still;
And so, when the sun looked out on the hills,
On the stricken woods and the frosted rills,
The unvaried green of the landscape fled,
And a wild, rich robe was given instead.

We know not whither the hunter went,
Or how the last of his days was spent;
For the noon drew nigh—but he came not back,
Weary and faint, from his forest track;
And the wife sat down to her frugal board,
Beside the empty seat of her lord.

And the day passed on, and the sun came down
To the hills of the west like an angel's crown;
The shadows lengthened from wood and hill,
The mist crept up from the meadow-rill,
Till the broad sun sank, and the red light rolled
All over the west like a wave of gold.

Yet he came not back—though the stars gave forth
Their wizard light to the silent earth;
And his wife looked out from the lattice dim
In the earnest manner of fear for him;
And his fair-haired child on the door-stone stood
To welcome his father back from the wood!

He came not back—yet they found him soon
In the burning light of the morrow's noon,
In the fixed and visionless sleep of death,
Where the red leaves fall at the soft wind's breath;
And the dog, whose step in the chase was fleet,
Crouched silent and sad at the hunter's feet.

He slept in death;—but his sleep was one
Which his neighbors shuddered to look upon:
For his brow was black, and his open eye
Was red with the sign of agony;—
And they thought, as they gazed on his features grim
That an evil deed had been done on him.

They buried him where his fathers laid,
By the mossy mounds in the grave-yard shade;
Yet whispers of doubt passed over the dead,
And beldames muttered while prayers were said;
And the hand of the sexton shook as he pressed
The damp earth down on the hunter's breast.

The seasons passed ; and the autumn rain
And the colored forest returned again :
'Twas the very eve that the hunter died :
The winds wailed over the bare hill-side,
And the wreathing limbs of the forest shook
Their red leaves over the swollen brook.

There came a sound on the night-air then,
Like a spirit-shriek to the homes of men,
And louder and shriller it rose again,
Like the fearful cry of the mad with pain ;
And trembled alike the timid and brave,
For they knew that it came from the hunter's grave ;

And, every year, when autumn flings
Its beautiful robe on created things,
When Piscataqua's tide is turbid with rain,
And Cocheco's woods are yellow again,
That cry is heard from the grave-yard earth,
Like the howl of a demon struggling forth.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—JOHN RUSKIN.

It has been said by Schiller, in his letters on æsthetic culture, that "the sense of beauty never farthered the performance of a single duty."

Although this gross and inconceivable falsity will hardly be accepted by any one in so many terms, seeing that there are few so utterly lost but that they receive, and know that they receive, at certain moments, strength of some kind, or rebuke from the appealings of outward things ; and that it is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, flower, leaf, nor sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling upon him out of the sky ; though I say, this falsity is not wholly and in terms admitted, yet it seems to be partly and practically so in much of the doing and teaching even of holy men, who in the recom-

mending of the love of God to us, refer but seldom to those things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown; though they insist much on his giving of bread, and raiment, and health, (which he gives to all inferior creatures,) they require us not to thank him for that glory of his works which he has permitted us alone to perceive; they tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not, like Isaac, into the fields at even, they dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight. Now, there are reasons for this, manifold, in the toil and warfare of an earnest mind, which, in its efforts at the raising of men from utter loss and misery, has often but little time or disposition to take heed of anything more than the bare life, and of those so occupied it is not for us to judge; but I think, that, of the weaknesses, distresses, vanities, schisms, and sins, which often, even in the holiest men, diminish their usefulness and mar their happiness, there would be fewer, if, in their struggle with nature fallen, they sought for more aid from nature undestroyed. It seems to me that the real sources of bluntness in the feelings toward the splendor of the grass and glory of the flower, are less to be found in ardor of occupation, in seriousness of compassion, or heavenliness of desire, than in the turning of the eye at intervals of rest too selfishly within; the want of power to shake off the anxieties of actual and near interest, and to leave results in God's hands; the scorn of all that does not seem immediately apt for our purposes, or open to our understanding, and perhaps something of pride, which desires rather to investigate than to feel. At all events, whatever may be the inability in this present life to mingle the full enjoyment of the Divine works with the full discharge of every practical duty, and confessedly in many cases this must be, let us not attribute the inconsistency to any indignity of the faculty of contemplation, but to the sin and the suffering of the fallen state, and the change of order from the keeping of the garden to the tilling of the ground. We cannot say how far it is right or agreeable with God's will, while men are perishing round about us, while grief, and pain, and wrath, and impiety, and death, and all the powers of the air, are working wildly and evermore, and the cry of blood going up to heaven, that any of us should take hand from the plough; but this we know, that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of him; and though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, his Spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we

are left to cast anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day, that day will come, when with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within, and there shall be "no more curse, but his servants shall serve him, and shall see his face."

THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Oh! what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, grasping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf or blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
 His mate feels the egg beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
 In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?
 Now is the high-tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God so wills it;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack;
 We could guess it all by yon heifers lowing—
 And hark! how clear bold chancicleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how:
 Every thing is happy now,
 Every thing is upward striving;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
 'Tis the natural way of living:
 Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
 In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
 And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
 The heart forgets its sorrow and ache:
 The soul partakes the season's youth,
 And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
 Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
 Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

THE CONSTANCY OF NATURE.—RICHARD H. DANA.

How like eternity doth nature seem
 To life of man—that short and fitful dream!
 I look around me; nowhere can I trace
 Lines of decay that mark our human race.
 These are the murmuring waters, these the flowers
 I mused o'er in my earlier, better hours.
 Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.
 Long years have past since this was last my home!
 And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame;
 But all this vale shuts in is still the same:
 'Tis I alone am changed; they know me not:
 I feel a stranger—or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow
 Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.
 The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,
 While gazing idly on them, as they played,
 Are holding yet their frolic in the air;
 The motion, joy, and beauty still are there
 But not for me!—I look upon the ground:
 Myriads of happy faces throng me round,
 Familiar to my eye; yet heart and mind
 In vain would now the old communion find.
 Ye were as living, conscious beings then,
 With whom I talked—but I have talked with men!
 With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts I've met;
 Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset;
 Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow;
 Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

ON VULGARITY AND AFFECTATION.—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Few subjects are more nearly allied than these two—vulgarity and affectation. It may be said of them truly that “thin partitions do their bounds divide.” There cannot be a surer proof of a low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being genteel. We must have a strong tendency to that which we are always trying to avoid; whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves very nearly on a level with it. Of the two classes of people, I hardly know which is to be regarded with most distaste, the vulgar aping the genteel, or the genteel constantly sneering at, and endeavoring to distinguish themselves from the vulgar. These two sets of persons are always thinking of one another; the lower of the higher with envy, the more fortunate of their less happy neighbors with contempt. They are habitually placed in opposition to each other; jostle in their pretensions at every turn; and the same objects and train of thought (only reserved by the relative situation of either party,) occupy their whole time and attention. The one are straining every nerve and outraging common sense, to be thought genteel; the others have no other object or idea in their heads than *not* to be thought vulgar. This is but poor spite; a very pitiful style of ambition. To be merely not that which one heartily despises, is a very humble claim to superiority: to despise what one really is, is still worse.

Gentility is only a more select and artificial kind of vulgarity. It cannot exist but by a sort of borrowed distinction. It plumes itself up and revels in the homely pretensions of the mass of mankind. It judges of the worth of every thing by name, fashion, opinion; and hence, from the conscious absence of real qualities, or sincere satisfaction in itself, it builds its supercilious and fantastic conceit on the wretchedness and wants of others. Violent antipathies are always suspicious, and betray a secret affinity. The difference between the “Great Vulgar and the Small” is mostly in outward circumstances. The coxcomb criticises the dress of the clown, as the pedant cavils at the bad grammar of the illiterate. Those who have the fewest resources in themselves, naturally seek the food of their self-love elsewhere. The most ignorant people find most to

laugh at in strangers : scandal and satire prevail most in country places ; and a propensity to ridicule every the slightest or most palpable deviation from what we happen to approve, ceases with the progress of common sense and decency. True worth does not exult in the faults and deficiency of others ; as true refinement turns away from grossness and deformity, instead of being tempted to indulge in an unmanly triumph over it. Raphael would not faint away at the daubing of a sign-post, nor Homer hold his head the higher for being in the company of a Grub-street bard. Real power, real excellence does not seek for a foil in imperfection ; nor fear contamination from coming in contact with that which is coarse and homely. It reposes on itself, and is equally free from spleen and affectation. But the spirit of gentility is the mere essence of spleen and affectation ; — of affected delight in its own *would-be* qualifications, and of ineffable disdain poured out upon the involuntary blunders or accidental disadvantages of those whom it chooses to treat as its inferiors.

SOUNDS.—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

Hearken, hearken !
 The rapid river carrieth
 Many noises underneath
 The hoary ocean ;
 Teaching his solemnity,
 Sounds of inland life and glee,
 Learnt beside the waving tree,
 When the winds in summer prank
 Toss the shades from bank to bank,
 And the quick rains, in emotion
 Which rather glads than grieves,
 Count and visibly rehearse
 The pulses of the universe
 Upon the summer leaves—
 Learnt among the lilies straight,
 When they bow them to the weight
 Of many bees, whose hidden hum
 Seemeth from themselves to come—
 Learnt among the grasses green,
 Where the rustling mice are seen,
 By the gleaming, as they run,
 Of their quick eyes in the sun ;
 And lazy sheep are browsing through,
 With their noses trailed in dew ;

And the squirrel leaps adown,
 Holding fast the filbert brown;
 And the lark, with more of mirth
 In his song that suiteth earth,
 Droppeth some in soaring high,
 To pour the rest out in the sky:
 While the woodland doves, apart
 In the copse's leafy heart,
 Solitary not ascetic,
 Hidden and yet vocal, seem
 Joining, in a lovely psalm,
 Man's despondence, nature's calm,
 Half mystical and half pathetic,
 Like a sighing in a dream.
 All these sounds the river telleth,
 Softened to an undertone
 Which ever and anon he swelleth
 By a burden of his own,
 In the ocean's ear,
 Ay! and ocean seems to hear,
 With an inward gentle scorn,
 Smiling to his caverns worn.

II.

Hearken, hearken!
 The child is shouting at his play
 Just in the tramping funeral's way;
 The widow moans as she turns aside
 To shun the face of the blushing bride,
 While, shaking the tower of the ancient church,
 The marriage bells do swing;
 And in the shadow of the porch
 An idiot sits, with his lean hands full
 Of hedgerow flowers and a poet's skull,
 Laughing loud and gibbering,
 Because it is so brown a thing,
 While he sticketh the gaudy poppies red
 In and out the senseless head,
 Where all sweet fancies grew instead.
 And you may hear, at the self-same time,
 Another poet who reads his rhyme,
 Low as a brook in the summer air—
 Save when he droppeth his voice adown,
 To dream of the amaranthine crown
 His mortal brows shall wear.
 And a baby cries with a feeble sound
 'Neath the weary weight of the life new-found;
 And an old man groans—with his testament
 Only half signed—for the life that's spent;
 And lovers twain do softly say,
 As they sit on a grave, "for aye, for aye!"
 And foeman twain, while Earth, their mother,
 Looks greenly upward, curse each other.

A school-boy drones his task, with looks
 Cast over the page to the elm-tree rooks:
 A lonely student cries aloud,
Eureka! clasping at his shroud;
 A beldame's age-cracked voice doth sing
 To a little infant slumbering:
 A maid forgotten weeps alone,
 Muffling her sobs on the trysting-stone;
 A sick man wakes at his own mouth's wail;
 A gossip coughs in her thrice-told tale;
 A muttering gamester shakes the dice;
 A reaper foretells good-luck from the skies;
 A monarch vows as he lifts his hand to them;
 A patriot leaving his native land to them,
 Invokes the world against perjured state;
 A priest disserts upon linen skirts;
 A sinner screams for one hope more;
 A dancer's feet do palpitate
 A piper's music out on the floor;
 And nigh to the awful Dead, the living
 Low speech and stealthy steps are giving,
 Because he cannot hear;
 And *he* who on that narrow bier
 Has room enow, is closely wound
 In a silence piercing more than sound.

III.

Hearken, hearken!
 God speaketh to thy soul;
 Using the supreme voice which doth confound
 All life with consciousness of Deity,
 All senses into one;
 As the seer-saint of Patmos, loving John,
 For whom did backward roll
 The cloud-gate of the future, turned to *see*
 The Voice which spake. It speaketh now—
 Through the regular breath of the calm creation,
 Through the moan of the creature's desolation,
 Striking, and in its stroke resembling
 The memory of a solemn vow,
 Which pierceth the din of a festival
 To one in the midst—and he letteth fall
 The cup, with a sudden trembling.

IV.

Hearken, hearken!
 God speaketh in thy soul;
 Saying, "O thou, that movest
 With feeble steps across this earth of mine,
 To break beside the fount thy golden bowl
 And spill its purple wine—
 Look up to heaven and see how like a scroll,

My right hand hath thine immortality
 In an eternal grasping! Thou, that lovest
 The songful birds and grasses underfoot,
 And also what change mars, and tombs pollute—
I am the end of love!—give love to me!
 O thou that sinnest, grace doth more abound
 Than all thy sin! sit still beneath my rood,
 And count the droppings of my victim-blood,
 And seek none other sound!"

V.

Hearken, hearken!
 Shall we hear the lapsing river
 And our brother's sighing, ever,
 And not the voice of God?

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—GOLDSMITH.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;

But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
 E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD—YOUNG.

Retire;—the world shut out—thy thoughts call home!
 Imagination's airy wing repress;
 Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
 Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone;—
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of nature's silence,—midnight, thus inquire,
 As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

What am I? and from whence? I nothing know,
 But that I am; and since I am, conclude
 Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been; eternal there must be.
 But what eternal?—why not human race;
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?
 That's hard to be conceived; since every link

Of that long-chained succession is so frail:
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise:
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 Would want some other father. Much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
 Design implies intelligence and art;
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man below?
 And nothing greater, yet allowed than man.—
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? then, each atom,
 Asserting it indisputable right
 To dance, would form a universe of dust.
 Has matter none? then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man!
 If art, to form; and counsel to conduct.
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns,—
 And, if a God there is, that God how great!

THE BIBLE.—GRIMKÉ.

The Bible is the only book which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send into this world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer: rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and like the sun, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all

mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of woe, are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful.

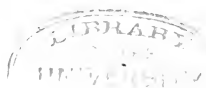
Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on the eloquent and the dumb. From all it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, and promises to the good, the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence and truth of the Scriptures, less conspicuous than their justice. In sublimity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures.

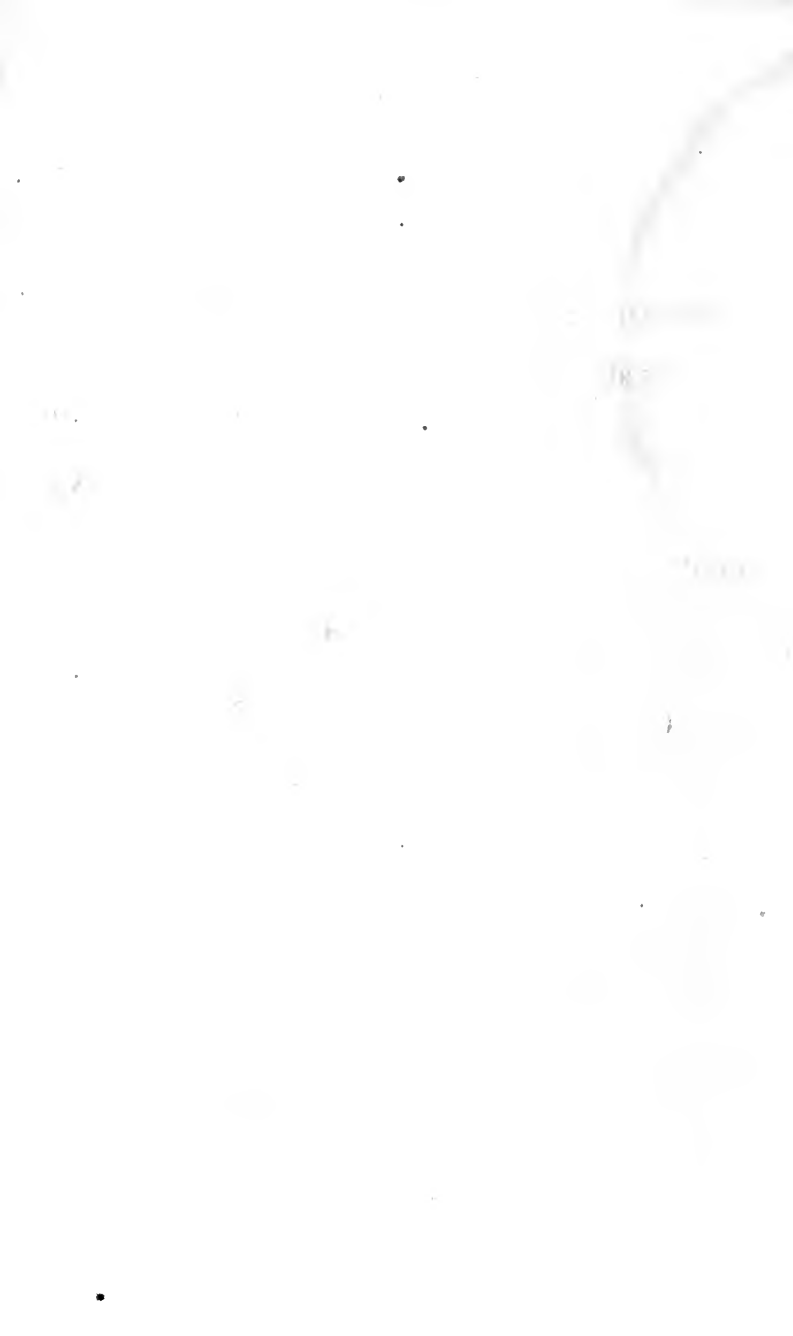
The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country, of time and eternity, more humble and simple than the primer of a child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the drama, when genius with his chariot of fire, and his horses of fire, ascends in whirlwind into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals!

If you boast that the Aristotles, and the Platos, and the Tullies, of the classic age, "dipped their pens in intellect," the sacred authors dipped theirs in inspiration. If those were the "secretaries of nature," these were the secretaries of the very Author of nature. If Greece and Rome have gathered into their cabinet of curiosities the pearls of heathen poetry and eloquence, the diamonds of Pagan history and Philosophy, God himself has treasured up, in the Scriptures, the poetry and eloquence, the philosophy and history of sacred lawgivers, of prophets and apostles, of saints, evangelists, and martyrs. In vain may you seek for the pure and simple light of universal truth in the Augustan ages of antiquity. In the Bible only is the poet's wish fulfilled—

"And like the sun be all one boundless eye."

FINIS.





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